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filmindia

Editor : BABURAO PATEL

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WANTED at secondhand prices Times of India Year Book 1946-47-48 and 1950 and Mitra Annual Register volumes for years 1935 (Vol. I) 41-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53 and 54. Write with prices. Box No. 1152, "filmindia".

THE MAGAZINE THAT SELLS ITSELF SELLS A THOUSAND THINGS!

Writing On The Wall

In New Delhi, the Holi was celebrated with great zest this year. White-capped Congressmen, blessed with chronic short-sight, patted each other on backs and buttocks and congratulated themselves on their victory over the Communists in the recent Andhra elections. And as if to show the Communists how the Red monkeys look in defeat, Congressmen got themselves painted red from head to foot and ran all over the capital like mad monkeys escaping from an export consignment.

Yes, the Congress won 146 seats out of a total of 196 in the Andhra Legislative Assembly, conceding only 15 seats to the Communists. The Congress will now form a stable government in Andhra for the next two years—the first one which Andhra will have since its inception on October 1, 1953.

As Congressmen, we welcome this victory of the largest democratic party in India, a party that has won our country its freedom from foreign bondage and given it a stable democratic government. But as patriots who feel that the future of our nation is entirely dependent on the strength and substance of our democracy, there is little in our victory in Andhra to enthuse us.

The Andhra elections reveal an unfortunate tale of the tragedy that is one day going to overtake all those who love democracy. We give below a table giving a comparative analysis of the people's will behind the two elections Andhra had in the last three years.

	1952	1955		
	Total Votes Secured	Total Votes Secured	Gain in Number of Votes	Gain in Percentage
Congress	38,77,003	42,65,814	+ 3,88,811	+10%
Communists	14,52,516	26,95,562	+12,43,046	+85.57%

In the 11 districts of Andhra the total electorate was 1,15,68,659. Out of these 86,30,311 (i.e. 74.60%) went to the polls in 1955. From these the Congress secured 42,65,814 votes (i.e. 49.42%) and the Communists secured 26,95,562 votes (i.e. 31.23%). The gap between democracy and Communism is thus narrowed down to 15,70,252 votes (i.e. 18.19%).

If the Communists could by themselves get 12,43,046 more votes in Andhra in three years, as seen from the table above, in comparison with the meagre 3,88,811 more votes which the Congress got after a three-party coalition, what is to stop the Communists from getting the remaining 15,70,252 votes in the next two years?

Here the basic difference in the Congress vote and the Communist one must be borne in mind. The Congress vote is a democratic vote with temporary loyalty and complexion. It can shift its loyalty from the Congress to any other democratic party like the P. S. P. or the K. L. P. without



The nose is the bow over which they shoot the arrows of the eyes and wound the unwary. This one has a good equipment and to count the millions she is going to hurt, you must begin from her producer. Ranjana Shukla, a newcomer, makes her debut in "Patrani", a romantic experience.

losing its democratic conscience. But with a Communist vote the thesis is entirely different. A Communist vote is an ideological conversion, as permanent and fanatic as a Muslim's faith in Islam. A Communist vote is a permanent gain to the political party. It has not to be wooed or canvassed again and again from election to election. Every Communist voter is one more pillar of the proletarian tyranny. In the recent Andhra elections, the Communists have therefore gained 12,43,046 more ideological converts, people who will never go back to democracy but will infect others with their Red germs. And that is a solid, single Party gain of 85.57% over the 1952 elections. And seeing

that it is not a gain merely in election voters but in Party conversions, the result of the Andhra elections poses a dangerous problem for all those who have a stake in democracy

It was thus a Pyrrhic victory which the Congress won. The Congress temporarily got the reins of power but permanently lost the hearts of 12,43,046 more people. That is a permanent 14.40% loss from the 86,30,311 votes polled. Mark the word "permanent" because when democracy loses a vote to Communism, it is a permanent loss, the voter being a neo-convert and therefore a greater fanatic of the Communist ideology. Communist gains are always automatically stabilized by virtue of their rigid and fanatic ideology while democratic gains remain fluid because of the flexibility and liberality of democracy.

In the Congress victory in the Andhra elections there is therefore nothing to pat the backs and buttocks of white-capped Congressmen. There is a lot in it to remove the white caps and scratch the blank heads seriously. In this victory there is a serious warning which must not be lost on our Congressmen whose irritating complacency is perhaps the worst national scandal in free India.

After 26th November 1949—the day on which we, the people of India, solemnly resolved to constitute our country



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Screen lovers must learn how to embrace their sweethearts. Dillip Kumar seems to be pressing a hot-water bag over his alcoholic liver. But what else can he do with Meena Kumari being constantly watched by her chaperon on the sets of "Azaad", a romantic thriller which has begun to make new box-office history?

into a Sovereign Democratic Republic and gave ourselves a Constitution that guaranteed Justice—social, economic and political, Liberty—of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship, Equality—of status and of opportunity and Fraternity, assuring individual dignity and unity of the nation—we ought to have declared the Communist Party of India and all other political parties, like the Bolshevik, the Marxist and the Revolutionary Socialist, illegal. These parties automatically became illegal because their methods and ideals militated against the fundamental spirit and principles of our democratic Constitution. It was a denial of democracy and a defiance of our Constitution to have allowed these parties to function in India.

But in our flush of freedom and the generosity of our democracy we went a step further and in February 1953, the Election Commission, basing its recognition of a political party on merely a numerical support of 3% voters of the valid votes polled, recognized the Communist Party of India as one of the national parties for the purpose of allotment of symbols on an all-India basis.

This recognition by the Election Commission was at once wrong and suicidal. Moreover it was basically illegal to recognize as a national party a revolutionary political group which by its own manifestoes and confessions sought to overthrow the present democratic government and put in its place a proletarian dictatorship completely foreign and hostile to the very spirit and letter of our democratic Constitution.

April, 1955

To protect the secularity of our State Pandit Nehru refused permission to the Muslim League to operate as a political party in the country. If our secularity is so dear to us, is our democracy on which the entire structure of our Constitution and nation is based less dear? Can anyone in the entire world say that Communism is not a basic negation of democracy? Then why did we recognize the Communist Party of India as a national party? Because we have stupid, blundering Congressmen who do not yet know what is legal and illegal. They are people who have not yet found even the correct definition of democracy.

And these Congressmen did not realize that all political opposition in a democracy must be primarily democratic and within the spirit and letter of our Constitution. Any political opposition or ideology, that defies or flouts the Constitution and the basic democratic principles laid down in it, automatically becomes seditious and illegal. The Communist Party of India is thus an illegal political entity today if our Constitution is to be accepted as an inviolable legal charter. Unless we scrap our present Constitution or change its democratic complexion, we cannot accommodate the revolutionary opposition of the Communist Party of India. We cannot allow even the word "Communism" to grow in India under our present democratic set-up. For, democracy and Communism are two entirely different and contradictory ideologies and cannot coexist in a single society, nation or government. A nation can either be democratic or Communist. India, under Nehru, is trying to be both at once. And that is an impossible national existence.

Apart from the numerous blood-curdling threats and violent and revolutionary plans framed in Marxist phrase and fable in the Communist Party manifestoes and policy resolutions from time to time, some of the Communist leaders have been consistently spitting mouthfuls of sedition on all occasions and without any provocation. On January 12, 1954, Ajoy Ghosh, No. 1 Communist in India, told pressmen in Delhi, "We think that the present Government cannot serve the interests of the people and that it has got to be replaced by a democratic government. That continues to be the aim of our party."

If that is not sedition, what else is? Here is a Communist who does not recognize an existing democratic government elected by the people under a democratic Constitution and he wants to overthrow and replace it by the usual Communist methods and says that doing so is the only aim of his party. It is only in Nehru's neutral and non-violent India that such brazen sedition can go unpunished under the handy cloak of democracy. Aren't we overplaying democracy?

On August 11, 1950, the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, our Deputy Prime Minister, told Parliament that, "the Communist Party had murdered some 2500 persons in Hydera-

The pre-marital smile is a gay, carefree affair because the dreams are still vague and rosy and youth is an age where serious thought becomes a strain. Shyama brings new joy to the screen in "Do Dulhe", a comedy.



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April, 1955

bad, from August 15, 1947 to February 1950, including women and children, often in circumstances of fiendish brutality". Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel placed two Government pamphlets before the House and said, "These pamphlets show that in pursuance of their policy of violent revolt, the Communist Party have been responsible for numerous acts of murder, arson, looting and sabotage."

That is the general pattern of Ajoy Ghosh's "democracy" with which he wants to replace Nehru's government. We are familiar with Ajoy's "democracy" as we have been seeing it in full glory in Soviet Russia, China and other Communist countries. Ajoy, himself, may one day stop a bullet of his "democracy", though we never wish him that and pray for his long life. We never shoot our political enemies in a democracy. We let them live and live ourselves.

Since August 11, 1950, the day the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel told us the fearful tale of Communist violence, have the Communists of India changed?

Listen to our Prime Minister! Speaking at the Ramlila grounds in Delhi on November 28, 1954 (i.e. 4 years and 3 months after Sardar Patel), Pandit Nehru said, "The Indian Communists who described themselves as revolutionaries were living in the past. Unable to recognize revolutionary changes that had taken place in India, they wanted to implement faithfully the lessons they had learnt from the Russian revolution of 37 years ago and the writings of Karl Marx, which were nearly 100 years old.

"The Communists of India are certainly not patriots. They are not interested in the well-being of Indian people, whatever other cause they may be seeking to serve. They are carrying on anti-national activities solely designed to promote unrest and disrupt national progress. They speak about the country in a derogatory manner abroad. They preach violence which can only lead to a disastrous civil war. They seek to exploit all minor and major grievances of the people for partisan ends. They are still wedded to violence. Though unable to enact another Telengana, they are keen to keep all manners of troubles brewing."

And yet after knowing and realizing all this, our Prime Minister, in whom we have put our supreme faith, himself chooses to stab our people in the back by allowing the Communists of India to function as a political party and continue their illegal existence in defiance of the spirit and letter of our democratic Constitution? And does our Prime Minister realize that in tolerating the anti-Constitutional activities of the Indian Communists, the Prime Minister is himself committing a crime against our democratic Constitution which he has solemnly sworn to respect and uphold while assuming the office of the Prime Minister?

If a noble Nehru can take his solemn oath of office so lightly, then why blame the Communists for their lack of patriotism seeing that they are but the rabble?

"Girnar",
Bombay,
11-3-1955.

Baburao Patel

*'Usha' Is a part
of my Five-Year plan!*

*Says Film-star
Venus Bannerjee*

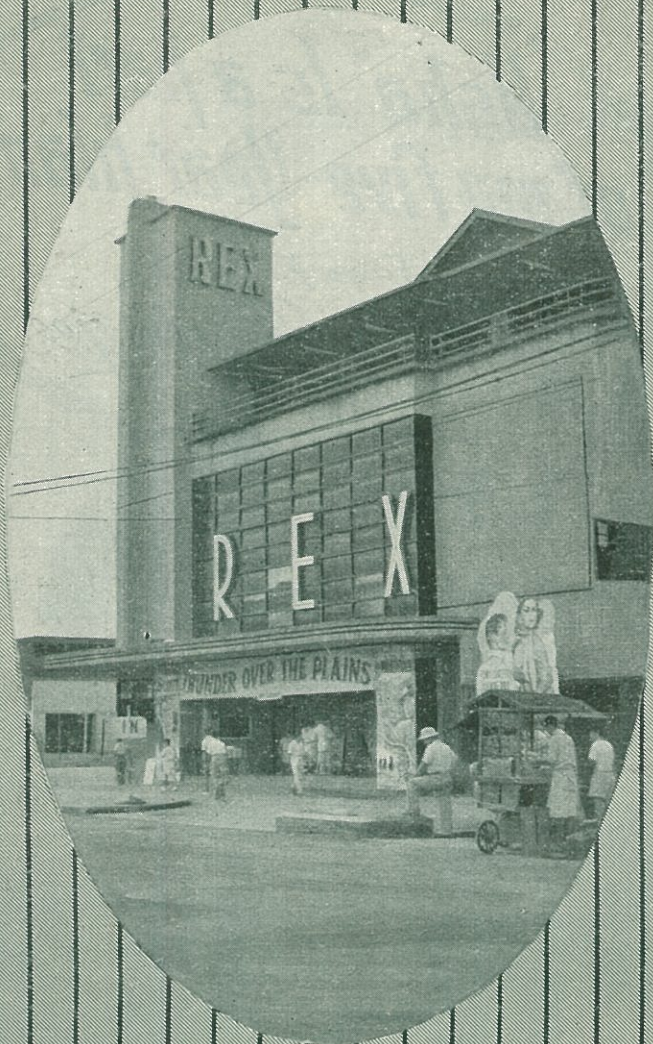


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Editor's Mail

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

B. B. LAL (Jullundur)

How to mould a chronically nagging wife, who being low-bred does not appreciate a dutiful and hard-working husband?

Get up one morning and say that you have become as deaf as Dr. Katju and then play up the role through all sessions of nagging. Katju got the Press Objectionable Matter Act passed that way.

B. SINGH (Darbhanga)

What do you think of a minister who went to inspect a Power House and asked the Chief Engineer to show him the store room where power had been stored for emergency purposes in case the engine failed suddenly?

I know a Defence Minister who asked the Naval Headquarters how many warships they could send to Kashmir in the case of a war with Pakistan.

S. K. BANERJEE (Alwar)

Suppose you are trapped by some college girls on the bank of a river, what will you do?

Do I have to play water-polo to avoid meeting my Waterloo?

What stimulates Dr. Keskar?

The Keskar Sanman Samitis formed in different towns to sustain his morale these days.

G. N. PAI (Bombay)

Will you allow Miss Lina Miranda to kiss your feet?

What is wrong with my lips?

It is said that it was from a dhobi that Shri Khandubhai got the first news of his appointment as the Union Labour Minister. How come?

The dhobi must have recommended him to Nehru.

When to open and close one's eyes?

Open them to catch a sight, close them to catch a thought.

Had Bhagat Singh been alive?

He would not have been noticed. In India martyrs sleep on flowers, men on thorns.

Mr. Clifford Agarwala, funny name—isn't it?



Mock modesty is but another hue of the rainbow-tinted personality of a woman. And even the gods have failed to distinguish the genuine from the synthetic. But in a woman anything illusive is also another shade of beauty, which Jamuna proves conclusively in "Naya Admi", a modern romance.

The old boy is in a funny job too.

I would like to see S. K. Patil weeping?

You will, at Morarji's funeral, but don't be in a hurry to test Patil's histrionic talent. We need a good administrator for many more years.

M. VIDYA (Madras)

What happens when the Kapoors speak?

Their ears dance to the tune of their words.

Were your horoscopes compared and tallied before you got married?

We checked our moles and left the stars alone.

A. A. PIRANI (Bombay)

What is B.C.G.?

Bombay College Girl! That is a vaccine that gives dreams and tuberculosis.

B. B. RAI (Kathmandu)

Which of the film stars have no library at home?

Even Meena, who cannot sign her name, has a library these days because books are needed for intellectual poses in press photographs. Most of the books are, of course, old telephone directories.

MRS. PRAKASH (Delhi)

The other day I saw Prithviraj Kapoor. He looks so majestic?

Yes, he has a good frontage. Most Peshawaris have.

Beggars eat so much and yet are so thin and lean. Why?

The distance between the two morsels is too long. By the time a second morsel is got the first one is lost. The human stomach is a mechanical engine requiring its full fuel at once and cannot understand the social complications which bring food in long instalments.

Do you also say that Bombay is the most beautiful city in India?

Yes, it is the least ugly one.

Why is this Sindhi actress Sheila Ramani often seen with foreigners?

She probably believes in our dynamic foreign policy of friendship to the right and friendship to the left.

I'm so weak-minded that I cannot control my tears when I see or read anything painful. What to do?

Don't do anything, remain the good woman that you are. Tears of a mother heal all wounds quicker.

BERNARD P. C. (Kuala Lumpur)

What is the difference between Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha?

Lok Sabha has a mouth with tongue and teeth. The other one has no teeth.

S. S. SHENOY (Bombay)

Where is Madam Chiang Kai-Shek now?

She is in America, as Chiang's security with the Yankee pawnbrokers.

K. B. LALL (Gwalior)

Why doesn't Pandit Nehru bless Shri D. G. Tendulkar?

Tendulkar has not become a Tenzing yet. In India mountain-climbing is considered more important than writing "Mahatma".

Does Pandit Nehru know that every editorial of yours is echoed in the country these days?

Yes, and he does his best to correct things.

Is Venus Bannerjee a Bengali?

She is a Bhopal belle with Urdu accent.

I don't know what to do with cigarette ends?

Put them in a pot of water. After a week let your rose plant drink that water.

What is the advantage of being the private secretary of Pandit Nehru?

Your brain gets complete rest. Nehru does all the work of thinking and framing the thoughts in words.

Do you know that Dr. Keskar is a great lover of music?

Men have loved women since Adam without understanding them.

K. LAKSHMI (Madras)

Who are the "yes men" of Baburao?

Power has noddors, intelligence has eyebrow raisers.

CAN YOU WRITE?

If you have ideas and if you can put them on paper in an attractive manner, in words or sketches, Filmindia is interested in buying them. Unique and unusual contributions on art, travel, fashions, politics, culture, music, dancing, industry, commerce, insurance, trades, professions, economics, science and all other fields of human activity will be considered and suitably paid for if accepted. Articles on films are not required.

Short stories on Indian life up to 3000 words are also invited. All material should be neatly typed and double-spaced on one side of the paper. Return postage should be enclosed.

Our payments are good and prompt. Address all manuscripts to the Editor, Filmindia, Fort, Bombay 1.

Differentiate between a butcher and a surgeon?

A butcher's meat is served on a table, the surgeon's is carried on a bier.

In South India the question is, "Are you a Brahmin or a non-Brahmin"? Why?

That is an ancient question. The Brahmins asked it once. Now they are answering it.

When is a dark girl an angel?

In darkness angels are not identified by their complexions.

Will Nehru eat his own words?

People swallow his words so fast that nothing is left for poor Nehru.

Contribution of Maganlal Dresswala to our film industry?

He put the goods in the shop-window.

Does your wife worship cow and 'tulsi'?

My wife worships Lord Shiva and Nehru.

Rajaji says that those who do not wear handloom cloth are sinners. My brother wears khadi and my husband mill cloth. Both are sinners. How about you?

I must be a damn sinner because I wear sharkskin. Very soon voting for the Congress will be the only virtue left in this part of the world.

A. C. NARASIMHA RAO (Secunderabad)

Mysore state is said to be famous for elephants. What is the best proof of this?

The Rajpramukh!

K. CHOUDHARY (Poona)

Is Producer Radheshyam Jhunjhunwala, a surprise packet?

Not at bay! Just tantalizing! They always shrink to bring the guy nearer. Shyama is ready for mischief in "Haseena", a thrilling romance.





Baby was always so fretful...not gaining weight as he should. No wonder the mother was so worried about him.



She asked advice from those of her friends who were mothers and who had such happy babies, progressing month by month. They all recommended 'Glaxo'.



'Glaxo' is a pure nourishing milk food to which Vitamin D has been added to build strong bones and teeth ; and iron to enrich the blood.



What a difference 'Glaxo' made to baby ! He is no trouble now. He sleeps well, gains steadily and is contented all day.

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in Stamps to 'Glaxo' Dept. G., Worli, Bombay 18.



In love one has to step carefully because the cat might turn and scratch any minute. Uday is not taking chances. He is getting the feel of the sari first to make sure of Chitra in "Aaj-Ki-Baat", a social romance.

Yes, even in his obligations!

Isn't it strange that even a man of C. D. Deshmukh's calibre has failed to deliver the goods?

Deshmukh has been over-rated. A good scholar does not necessarily make a good Finance Minister. Deshmukh ought to have been put in charge of education.

What role does Ramoo Thakkar play in "filmindia"?

He is our family ghost. He appears when least expected and frightens us with his declarations of hard work.

What happens when Pandit Nehru loses his temper?

The Congressmen sweep the whole house and find it for him. We can't allow Nehru to lose anything. Even his temper is an heirloom of the nation.

MISS K. L. RANI (Meerut)

Is India not a mature nation?

With Keskar Sanman Samitis being formed to garland Dr. Keskar? Which mature nation does this to its three-year-old ministers?

What is Sushila Rani's mission in life?

When beauty has power, youth becomes a brutal passion and even a woman tries to force the issue. Shashikala has provided some compulsory thinking time to Pradeep Kumar in "Hoor-e-Arab", a powerful story of love and strife.

To be my shadow till I leave the scene and then discover her own shadow.

What is 'Bhiksha'?

That is a handful of insult.

Who is Pandit Nehru?

That is our nuclear atom. The more he splits, the greater the release of energy.

What is the virtue of fools nowadays?

The noise of the claps with which they fill the ears of our Congress knaves. Clapping hands carry bread whilst going home.

Why don't you plan to visit different parts of India?

Like our ministers I don't get a travelling allowance from the tax-payers.

R. D. JAIN (Meerut)

Nehru will never become old?

He mustn't, the nation will get wrinkles.

Why does Pandit Nehru always put a red rose?

He likes nature's sweet communism. There is no bloodshed in it.

Some hints for improving a garden, please? I am in charge of one.

Love your plants and they will smile at you.

You say courtesy does not pay and they say courtesy costs you nothing?

I am talking of returns, not of costs

R. BHASKARAN (Bangalore)

Is there a land without humourists?

Soviet Russia! Humour is shot dead there.

People don't worship a cocoanut tree. Why?

Because its fruit has the shape of a human head. One nut staring at another can hardly create any spiritual atmosphere.

Why is it that poor people don't get heart attacks?

They have no income-tax worries.

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Who is Chou?

That is a Chinese face with a set of good grinders.

Can't Baburao beat Karaka in writing a book on Nehru?

I don't know Nehru so well and I don't tap another man's meter to light my lamps.

When does a dialogue-writer turn a producer?

When the producer doesn't pay him, he thinks he can do the trick himself and make others wear their shoes out.

Where is Nigar Sultana's heart?

In a hotel room. She can never keep it at home.

What induced Bharat Bhushan to drink a glass of beer at the Brindavan Gardens?

Seeing him in the roles of saints and reformers, people started calling him a Congressman. Bharat couldn't stand the abuse long, so he proved that he was actually a cave-man.

Anglo-Indian girls here have begun to grace 'Khatau Voiles'. Do you wonder?

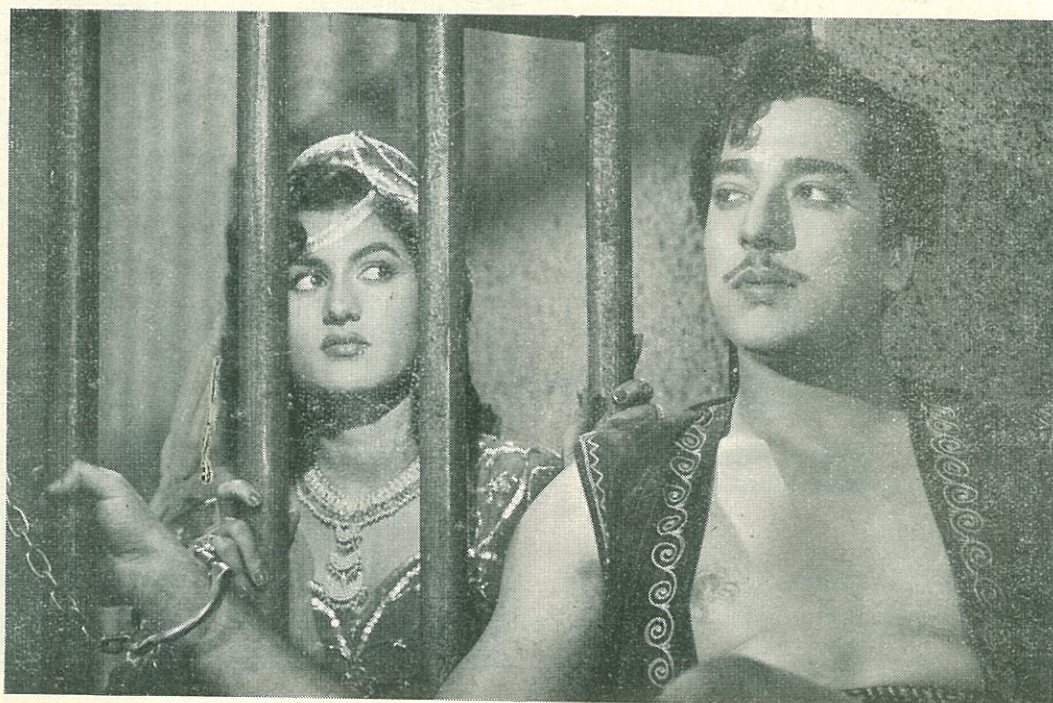
No, I have seen many rich and ugly women on the racecourse looking attractive in these beautiful voiles.

Canteenwala boosted Tata too much?

Astrology has many words which can be profitably used in advertising.

They say Baburao is in wrong company?

That is right. Morarji is not a very stimulating company. I often feel like committing suicide by drinking a glass of Neera.



April, 1955

In what mood does Kishore Sahu play the role of Hamlet?

In the mood of failure and frustration. That man anticipated the fate of his picture.

Why do the Prithvi-trained actors close their eyes in love scenes?

Like a cat, Prithvi probably believes in drinking milk with eyes closed.

What is in Jabeen Jalil?

That is a "noo" spot on the film canvas.

Why does the ground sink below Prem Nath's feet?

That is an illusion people experience when they get a swollen head.

What is Hemraj Mehra doing?

Who the hell is he? But if he is nobody, you can be sure he is producing a picture.

How am I to learn my lessons in Sindhi when no Sindhi girls are available here?

Try Sindhi boys. They will teach you some trade tricks too.

Why is the film world against Nigar Sultana?

No one is against Nigar. Nigar is her own enemy. That girl is too volcanic to be steady.

Has Bombay State any model prison for women?

The society dames have their homes. You don't know how quickly they escape from the warders every morning.

What is Qutub Minar?

That is a standing footprint of a slave-driver.

What is your handy explanation for the late release of "filmindia"?

Three labour unions in one printing press and a hundred labour laws outside.

At what stage is education in your state now?

We have an Education Minister who is worried more about the size of our textbooks than their contents. We are fast becoming perfectly uneducated and therefore better Congress voters.

Why are there no insemination centres in Bombay?

We have several clubs. Insemination is necessary only for those who have lost their sex sensitivity on the ballroom floors.

If wolves are to be canonized?

Wolves in power often leave behind altars for posterity.

They say Mridula Sarabhai is angry with Baburao?

How can she? We both love the same man, Nehru.

What is a lipstick?

That is Marilyn Monroe perching on a housewife's lips.

Mohammed Ali says, no "filmindia" issues are allowed inside his territory and Baburao says 1500 copies are smuggled every month to Pakistan. Whom should I believe?

Mohammed Ali is telling Morarji's Prohibition story.

Have you seen Shantaram crying?

Yes, but he swallowed the tears quickly because I had forgotten to take my camera. Shantaram sheds only photogenic pearls.

Has Devdas contacted our Baburao?

No. He doesn't want to meet another Mahatma. The one he inherited always made him look so small.

Engagement rings have gone out of fashion. What is the latest fashion?

The arm girdles the waist. You can no longer hold a woman by the finger.

If one morning I see two suns?

You are in New Delhi with Nehru in Parliament.

Haven't you any tour programmes?

The Income Tax Department has cut down my travelling allowance.

Where is Joachim Alva's heart?

In Nehru's eye! But Nehru has become myopic.

Why has Prem Nath ceased roaring?

People in debts don't roar, they whimper.

Many ayahs stare at me. What to do?

Rush to the liberation of Goa.

If Maulana Azad begins to take opium?

Johnny Walker will lose his complexion.

Why is Prithviraj shown as praying only?

Because he is being photographed.

I have made you a god. Why don't you bless me?

Man has no right to bless. His hands must rise only in prayer. Blessings come from above.

Do you know Calcutta is full of rowdy journalists?

It has rowdier politicians. The initiative is thus lost.

Can you point out one proverb that is a wrong guidance to humanity?

Marriages are made in heaven.

Even the Income Tax Department does not remember my figure?

I am more lucky. They seem to be anxious for my statue the way they have fallen in love with me these days.

H. L. SETHI (New Delhi)

I hear that film actors and actresses hold press conferences. Who attends?

Publicity managers of their film studios.

PRITHI P. SINGH (Chandigarh)

I am doomed to spend another 31 years at Chandigarh. Can you help me to get out?

*"Nothing to beat them
in Colour & Quality!"*

*Says
Venus Bannerjee*



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RAM CHARAN (New Delhi)

Do women ever repent?

Always after divorce! Their second victim never compensates them fully for the loss of their first victim.

What is a marriage of an air hostess with a sailor?

Part-time aeronautics resulting in full-time bubble-blowers.

What will be the value of Rita Hayworth's body after death?

It will easily provide a banquet to a hundred worms.

Has Meena curves?

At this age? Curves frame only youth.

MRS. G. S. MALLYA (Singapore)

Singapore is known as "Paradise of the East". Why don't you ever visit this Paradise?

The journey to the genuine Paradise in heaven is free. Why should I spend money on this synthetic earthly Paradise?

Has your first wife no objection to your second marriage? If I were your first wife I would have killed you?



The dancing Travancore Sisters—Lalitha, Padmini and Ragini—invaded "Girnar" and jumped on a copy of "filmindia" before anyone had a chance even to wink at them. That is one magazine over which the famous dancers forget their team-play and quarrel.

Or got killed in the attempt. Women become goddesses when they love the same man without hating each other.

People are usually more handsome in their youth but I think it is the other way round

with you. In your photos of youth, you look like a crook while now you look a symbol of nobility. Can you explain?

Age lends dignity even to a crook. I follow my Congress leaders.

I. KASIM (Madras)

I think you are a better writer than K. A. Abbas?

If you say that loudly you will put Islam in danger.

A. J. MOSES (Bombay)

Is second-fiddling an art or science?

It is a profession which pays dividends in power politics.

T. P. AGNANI (Poona)

What can you say in favour of the American magazine "Time"?

It is a good dope for Red-rattled Yankees.

What is wrong with us Sindhis?

Your intelligence and enterprise are dissipated in fashions and drinks.

Here Christian missionaries parade the Main Street with leaflets bearing such titles as "Awake"?

Then why don't you wake up and push them back into the church? A secular state does not give licence to convert people in the streets.

H. M. KASKAR (Cape Town)

What is Chandulal Shah doing now?



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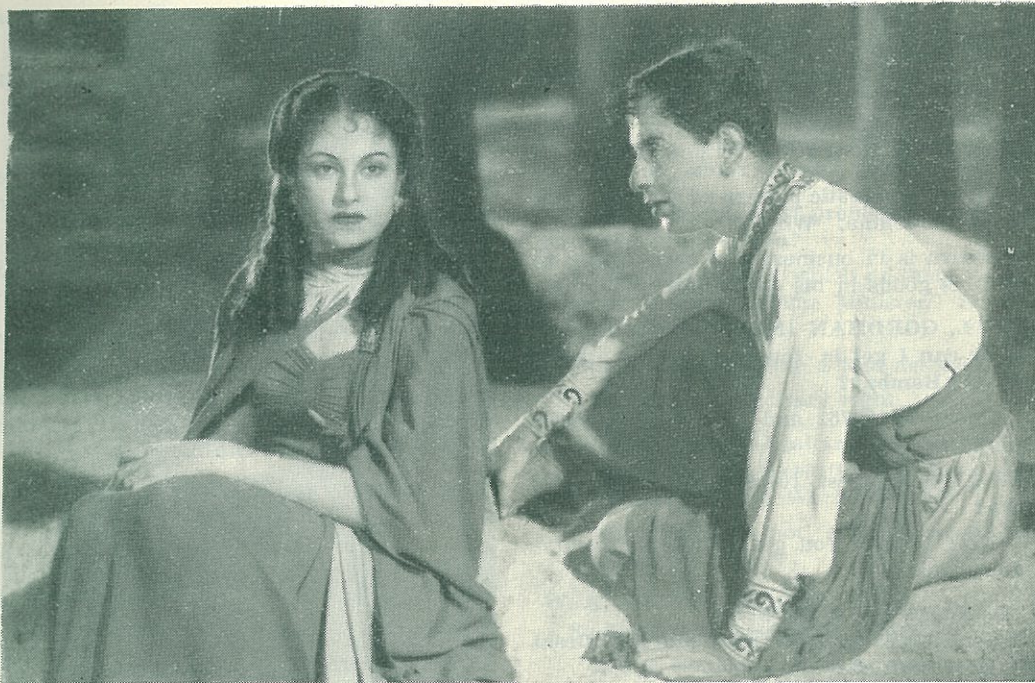
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He is working now and I am praying for his success.

S. PRAKASH (Jullundur)

I am haunted by a Chinese girl?

Beware of Red babies.

According to Professor Hiren Mukherjee, a successful marriage is possible only between a blind wife and a deaf husband. Any comment?

That is not a good certificate for Bengali men.

Who serves as a court jester in our Lok Sabha?

There is a community of them: Tyagi, Katju, Keskar, Azad, etc.

Don't you wish to swim with American girls?

I never like useless waste of energy.

Have you ever led an anti-Nehru demonstration?

I am not Mohammed of Ghazni. As a Hindu I believe in our Somnaths.

Why is clapping allowed in Lok Sabha?

To wake up the Congress members in good time for voting.

Is S. K. Patil a kind-hearted man?

Very! That is why Nehru sent him to supervise Andhra elections.

What is Maulana Azad's side business?

Education of our people!

Are women cowards?

Only when far away from danger but brave in the face of it.

Why are Sindhi boys so fond of Anglo-Indian girls?

I am also fond of Anglo-Indian girls. Sindhi boys merely follow their "guru".

I simply laugh at Morarji's utterances!

Don't! His words get frozen into laws and fall like hailstones on our head.

Is there any luxury which the poor people can afford but the rich cannot?

Children!

MISS G. KALSI (Edinburgh)

It is a crying shame that some of our people in this country attempt to hide their nationality and make such fools of themselves in the process. You would think it was a crime to be an Indian?

They try to be Romans in Rome to romance with a restaurant waitress.

I saw a sketch of a Kashmiri girl made by Nicholas Roerich in 1913 at the Festival Exhibition. Please enlighten me who this person is?

Nicholas was Devika Rani's father-in-law. Svetoslav is the husband.

J. X. D'SOUZA (Jabalpur)

Mahavir Tyagi has declared that all army commands will soon be in Hindi?

Let us hope our Tamil "jawans" don't misunderstand and pull the trigger on Tyagi.

MOHAN W. SITLANI (Hong Kong)

Nehru is going to Russia. What for?

To become a guided missionary. At least, that is the Soviet hope.

D. V. JOSHI (Belvanki)

Name a business without capital?

Politics!

If I start hating you now?

You will light a fire in your heart which will burn you first.



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R. K. SHANKER (New Delhi)

What do you say to ministers and dignitaries wearing khaddar riding in comfortable foreign automobiles? Shouldn't they be forced to take to the bullock-cart?

That will bring them to the public meetings more late. Why punish the people?

K. A. K. AYYANGAR (Madras)

Where can I park my heart?

Leave it at home and take only your mind to the work.

S. NALINI (Madras)

From China comes this colour guide which young girls consult when dressing for a man: Blue to enchant him, red to excite him, black to impress him, white to enslave him, green to intrigue him, mauve to disturb him, gold to inspire him, yellow to make him happy, grey to make him sad, purple to arouse passion and silver for tenderness.

And all the time he looks only at the colour of her skin.

OM PRAKASH (Mombasa)

How to achieve freedom from fears?

Make a list of your fears and their probable dates of maturity. Refer to the list on the days of maturity and you will soon see the face of a damn fool in your mirror.

G. RAMAMOORTHY (Poona)

Does Mr. Vasan smoke?

Only success! Cigarettes give him a sore throat.

B. SAHAI (Arrah)

What will be your confessions?

Crimes of poverty are not sins of conscience. Only sins are confessed.

V. S. RAMAIAH (New Delhi)

Pandit Nehru always refers to what is known as "socialistic pattern of society" after his visit to China. Why?

Nehru is in business and he is trying to sell his goods in his competitor's packing.

MISS L. GORDHAN (New Zealand)

How can I get in touch with you after I arrive in Bombay?

Phone up 26752 and ask the son where his father is.

Which is the best town in India to settle down?

New Delhi! You get spoiled in twenty-four hours.

V. L. NARAYANA (Howrah)

Co-existence between Shri Morarji Desai and H. K. Mahtab?

The flirtation began on 2nd March. Let us watch the lanes and parks it goes through.

I am fed up with the acting of Vyjayanti-mala. What to do?

There are other beads in our celluloid rosary.

How are contracts signed in New Delhi?

With lipsticks on currency notes.

I think Morarji will not rest in peace till he keeps you behind iron bars?

That is a friend who wants to make me a minister.

B. S. PURI (Delhi)

Is there any way to awaken these white-capped Meghanaths to see how people are living around them?

The Communists are tunnelling the way.

MRS. S. Y. KAGDA (Singapore)

In this world what is it that a man cannot do?

He cannot live peacefully. He must scratch the surface of things to see what is below. A curious animal.

V. S. KRISHNAN (Kuala Lumpur)

E. V. R. Naicker came here and preached atheism. Kundrakudi Adigal came next and preached theism. Now we are on the fence. What to do?

Follow your mother but jump from the fence before the iron enters your soul.

SHEILA VARMA (Jabalpur)

If Formosa is attacked, what then?

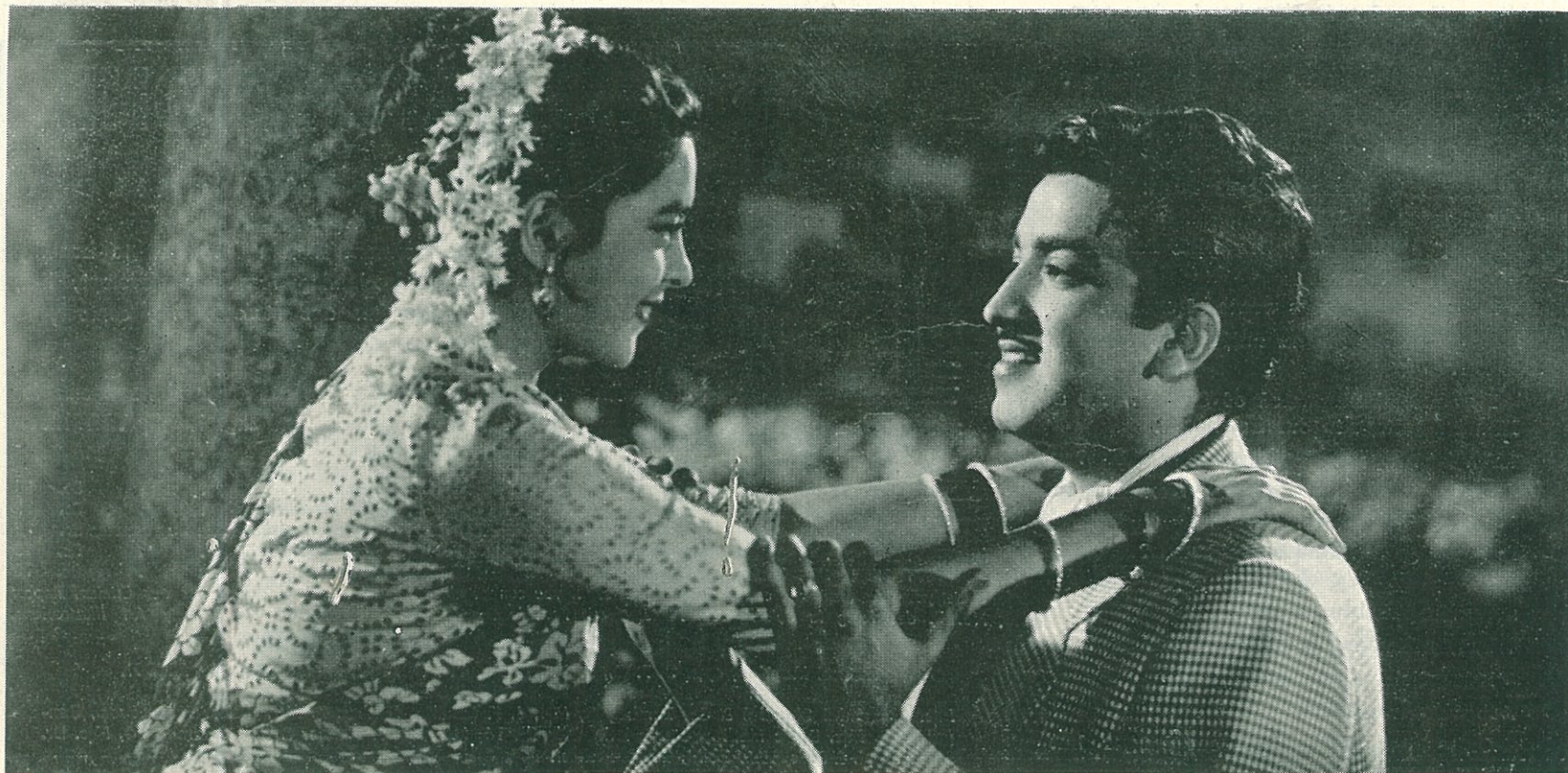
Jabalpur will be safe. Don't worry unnecessarily and grow wrinkles.

J. G. SAMBRANI (Bombay)

Why do you go to Kulsum Terrace at Colaba?

There is a "Jumble Shop" there, the most unique business in India run by my friend

Men will never really understand the look this girl is giving to the willing slave before her. It is this look of doting surprise which makes a man stupid and goads him to propose and lose his freedom of thought and action. He calls it love. She calls it 'my foot' and together they call it marriage which cynics describe as suicide. Watch Nalini Jaywant making mince-meat of Rajan in "Fifty-Fifty", a modern love tale.





When men discover that their old fashioned wives can also teach them a trick or two, they get shocked. Jamuna, the leg-massaging wife, also knows how to unbutton the coat and Rama Rao thought he was the only one who knew all the buttons in "Naya Admi".

Marjorie Boccarro, the most jumbled woman I have ever met. I buy old clothes there for my village friends.

Why do you especially put a stress on that Christian virtue—'Love Thy Neighbour'?

Because it is the most difficult virtue to practise in my neighbourhood. When I look at the old Parsis and hear the sound of their ducks, my faith in Christ is shaken.

A. K. VASUDEVA (Mercara)

What is the main object of your honest criticism?

Provoke better effort. A man is most eloquent in anger.

What can be the idea of a girl who buys three copies of "filmindia" every month?

I know a girl who did that for years and stood first in the General Knowledge examination. One copy she kept for her annual volume while she cut two copies and made her own paste-books of classified knowledge. They were the neatest books I was ever asked to autograph. I offered to buy

those thirty books for a thousand rupees but she kissed me and took them away.

How can the love of a woman grow?

Try a new sari every month. Feed the woman's mirror if you want her cup of love to be full.

What is the greatest problem in which our ministers are involved?

They don't know which of them is going to be the next Prime Minister. Some of them died thinking.

Can a harlot become a film actress?

She has a hereditary right.

D. G. LALWANI (Djakarta)

Will Chiang be successful in pushing America reluctantly into World War III?

No! Wars are not fought to keep pimps of politics in power.

W. R. LAHORI (Poona)

Sindhis want a separate state?

I will campaign if they guarantee that they won't infect other provinces.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad)

Is Amrit Kaur a picturesque personality?

She seems to be almost a perfect picture of cubism.

For whom are our actresses in their late thirties waiting?

Producers in their late fifties.

Has Nehru no time for prayers?

A man who works eighteen hours a day prays as many hours. Meditating with folded hands and closed eyes on one's buttocks does not necessarily mean a prayer.

Is it poverty that keeps you going?

Fear of it! I have been burnt so much that nowadays I blow even my icecream before I eat it.

S. J. RELE (Bombay)

What do crocodiles in Delhi eat?

Lipstick!

What is New Delhi's next attraction?

Colonel Nasser of Egypt. In him we shall at once discover the angles of the Pyramids and the triangles of Cleopatra.

Can the dead snore?

When Vinoba speaks, don't you hear Gandhiji's snoring?

Is David thinking of becoming a saint?

Not yet! A Jew meditates only when wealth accumulates.

When does a star husband apologize?

When his liquor bill becomes an annoying debt.

You are sometimes so hospitable?

"Sometimes" is correct. "All the time"

"Oh how beautifully they are made"
Says
Venus Bannerjee

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would be a crime to a hard-working man.
If Balraj Sahni had wings?

He would smuggle roubles into India.
What is Kantilal Desai's hobby?
"Inssurans bijnesh".

E. S. SOANS (Calcutta)

I saw you and Morarji drink Nira in my dream yesterday.

You need a night-cap. Take a neat whiskey before retiring.

When is J. C. Jain happy?

When he plays the host with Dalmia's money.

What was this Film Seminar in Delhi?

49th birthday celebration of Devika Rani.

Your January issue beats even the best Yankee magazines like "Life", "Collier's" in its get-up also. Congrats!

Dr. Keskar also thought so.

India China "Bhai Bhai". Why not Pakistan?

We are not scared of Pakistan.

KATTA (Thiruvalla)

Is there a thing called 'I'?

Yes, that "thing" is the main rival of God.

MANOHAR M. (Simla)

In spite of my best efforts I could not drop a single tear after the death of my father?

Fathers rarely bring tears to the eyes of their sons because they have to be the rod-bearers in the family.

Is there any special uniform for fools?

Fools are dressed in the most transparent thought human beings can imagine.

B. K. WAGHELA (Anand)

Whom do the hungry love?

Themselves! Hunger is a selfish mistress.

How can a Muslim marriage be dissolved?

They use a minute-a-woman solvent called "Talaq! Talaq! Talaq!" It is the quickest cure ever invented for a chronic disease.

Why does Christianity want more and more followers?

To carry the cross into the parliaments of power.

Is Africa a country of black people?

Yes, nowadays, with the whites providing the contrast. A single colour is always perfect in itself.

Can you predict the future of Kripalani?

He buried his future with his past. What you see now is the vapour of both.

Raj doesn't smoke in the presence of his father. What reverence?

His father also doesn't smoke in the presence of Raj. What an example! Both father and son cheat the world to make an impression. Great artistes, both.

Seeing the increase of our population, economists say that there will be a great shortage of food in 1970. Do you believe?

Let us believe that and work more in the fields and factories and less in the bedrooms.

Do our ministers appreciate criticism of Government?

The best minister we have is the Prime Minister and he doesn't like criticism. He hates even the critic.

Should noble persons join the film industry?

Do you mean to say we are all ignoble?

When does a woman learn to tell a lie?

Woman has to be taught to tell the truth. Lying is natural.

What will be the position of a minister's son after his father's death?

A good son will get sympathy but the one who has misused his father's position will become a despised orphan.

At whose cost do our film stars go to Russia?

The stars pay for everything till the Russians lift them on the border. In the "Paradise", the honeymoon is free.

Isn't Nehru imaginative?

Very much so! The importance which Krishna Menon enjoys proves that.

How has Indira Gandhi served India so far?

She has stopped Nehru from becoming an absolute dictator.

Are you a staunch believer in non-violence?

Morarji says that I am more violent than a Muslim professional.

What will India do in the third world war?

Sit and pray! We are a spiritual people.

How does Nargis pass her idle hours?

So far she has had no idle hours. They will come, as they must in the lives of all women, men being what they have been always.

Has Raj Kapoor many-sided activities?

Raj is a multi-purpose project.

What irritates Nehru?

Nehru's list of irritants is too long. To be liked by him you have to assume the stature of a child. His favourites are all mental pygmies. The best way is to love him from a hundred yards without being noticed by him.

Doesn't Mrs. Morarjibhai look like Kasturba?

All mothers look like Kasturba to a good Hindu.

Ambalal Sarabhai seldom opens his mouth. Wise?

Absolutely! He keeps his ears open and follows Polonius' advice.

David, a Jew—the proverbial money-lender. Does he lend money to film stars?

Worship whom you like—Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh—with beard and braid to convince the world, woman still remains the final altar where a man breaks his head, if not in supreme devotion at least in utter desperation. Watch this bearded guy (Shahu Modak) looking away and yet not missing the maid with the pot (Padmini) in "Shiv Bhakta", a devotional tale.



David is the receiving end of the race. Gujarati girls don't know even to wink. What a pity?

Winking is a crude and vulgar expression of the eye. Gujarati girls have some culture and traditions to uphold.

What is "Talaqnama"?

That is the expiry notice of the licence to practise matrimony amongst Muslims.

MISS SUSHAMA DEBI (Asansol)

Does ballroom dancing corrupt our nation?

It shakes the very foundation of our homes.

JAGDISH JAIN (Hapur)

Is Nargis still a miss?

She insists on saying so, in spite of the Russians.

Is virginity over 25 believable?

The law of the land leaves us no choice.

Can Nalini Jaywant sing?

Whenever she sings our national anthem she kills all patriotism in us.

What does a man need to be a diplomat?

A nagging wife! If he can control his tongue and temper at home, he can weigh and sell his words outside.

Does winking hurt?

You get a black eye if the girl has a hefty brother.

C. S. S. RAO (Bodhan)

Why are the Legislative Assembly, the Zoo and the Museum accommodated in the same compound at Hyderabad?

Don't we believe in the joint Hindu family system?

D. S. MANERKAR (Bombay)

Love is a quest, marriage is a conquest and divorce is an inquest. What is re-marriage?

Re-quest. It is a vicious circle which always brings you to the starting point.

Our Education Ministry run by Messrs. Maulana Azad, Humayun Kabir, Sayyadin and Ashfaq Hussein has earmarked the following sums for the maintenance of Archaeological Monuments in India:—Safdarjung's Tomb—Rs. 6,500, Kotla Firozeshah—89,500, Taj Mahal—30,000, Fatehpur Sikri—30,400, Hajeera, Baroda—12,600, Gol Gumbaz, Bijapur—14,000, Jumma Masjid, Bijapur—3,500, Twin Gumbaz, Bijapur—3,800, Salabatkhana's Tomb—12,200 and Humayun's Tomb—25,000. Total Rs. 2,27,500. But "huge" sums of Rs. 2,000, 1,000 and 1,000 have been earmarked for Nalanda, Sarnath and



When marriage becomes a misadventure, a woman knows a little more than others and she begins to warn others. But who listens, for every woman would have marriage at least once even to get the thrill of a suicide once in life. Anyway, let us see what Nalini Jaywant has to say in "Fifty Fifty", a tale that hoists the warning finger.

Brihadeeshwar Temple, Tanjore, respectively. Please comment.

Like the Hindus they have no cows to protect. You mustn't look at a secular state so closely.

SUDARSHAN (New Delhi)

All the ministers condemned from the Central Cabinet are posted as Governors?

Now you don't need an astrologer to tell the names of our future governors.

S. VANNITAMBY (Badulla)

Were you deceived by any woman at any time?

I have always been deceived by women and they described the trick as love.

H. K. N. SWAMY (Mysore)

Do you get embarrassed when one of your own advertisers produces a trash?

No, I call it a trash. Producers know by now that advertisements don't embarrass me.

C. VISHWANATHAN (Bombay)

Just as the Government of India awards the President's Medal, the Prime Minister's Medal, etc., annually to the best feature film, documentary, children's film, etc., if it were to commence giving awards to the best film magazine, I have no doubt "filmindia" will be unanimously voted the best and most popular film magazine to receive the merit.

Don't be too sure. A magazine that criticizes Nehru and Keskar cannot get any medals from the Government.

G. M. MAKODAY (Indore)

Can you name any other free country in the world in which there is an Education Minister, who is absolutely alien in race, religion, language and culture?

South Africa!

G. N. PAI (Bombay)

Who should be our Planning Minister?

T. T. Krishnamachari! That man is rude, impatient and efficient. He has words which make people run.

MISS R. KRISHNAMAH (Johore)

Should women be given freedom or not?

Many women dance naked in night clubs these days. What more freedom do they want?

K. CHAUDHARY (Poona)

What happens when a lady is behind the steering wheel?

The gentleman is suspended between heaven and earth. When the car stops he lands on earth.

Who owns Bombay?

At the moment it looks like a joint Hindu family estate between Morarji and Kantilal Desai.

Do Poona girls tickle you?

The increased railway fares stop them. I have to be satisfied with local talent.

Do you understand D. F. Karaka's English?

Sometimes! Oxford stuff is not always intended to be understood. That is its basic beauty.

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JUDAS



They have the patience of Job when they see a handsome male round the corner. And they sit like cats watching every little move of the poor mouse which is going to provide the meal. There is little to choose between the feminine and the feline where the passion for hunting is concerned. See how innocent and yet how watchful pretty Nalini Jaywant looks in "Fifty-Fifty", a social entertainer.



LAL BAHADUR'S MAGIC WAND

Lal Bahadur Shastri, our pint-sized Minister for Railways, smiled in triumph at the puzzled crowd of M.P.'s when he recently presented a 7.14-crore surplus Railway Budget for the year 1955-56. Congress members of Lok Sabha, ready to clap at the least provocation, gave our smallest Cabinet Minister a thunderous ovation at the surplus feat, not knowing that the Railway Budget has always been a surplus account for a good hundred years.

Lal Bahadur inherited 35,000 miles of railways worth Rs. 8,33,05,00,000 from the British on August 15, 1947 but does not seem to have got even a whit of the administrative efficiency and imagination which the British used in running our railways.

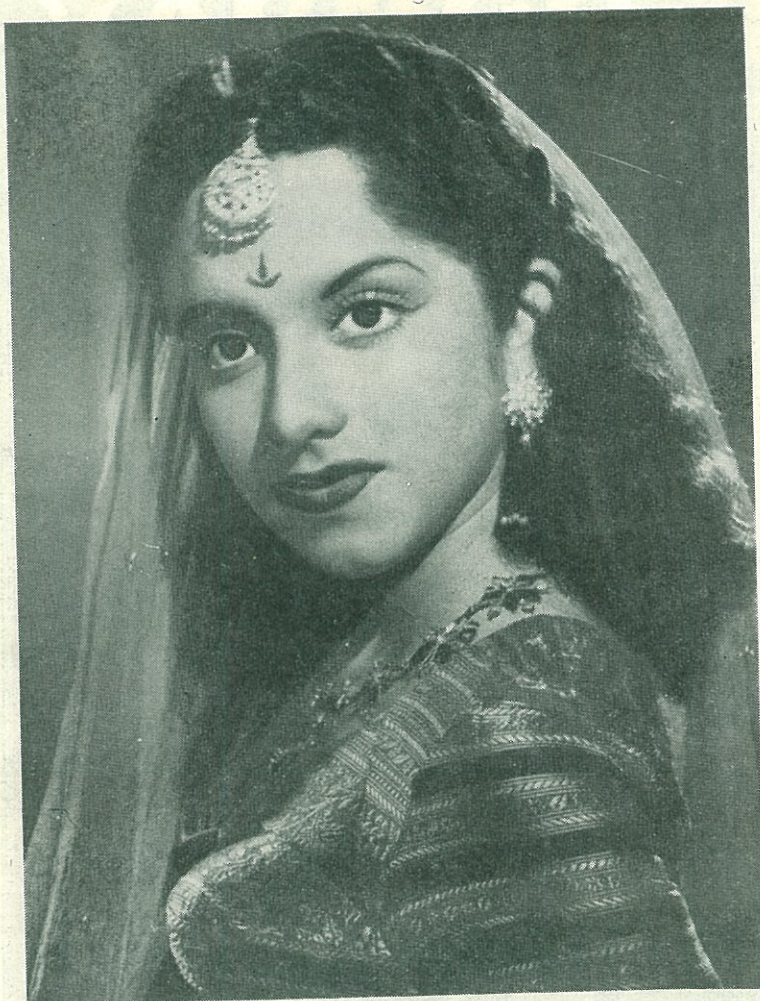
Forgetting for the moment Lal Bahadur's constantly changing gymnastics over the different classes of travel or his new telescopic fares standing on three legs—a rare creation by itself—we shall just point a finger at the unintelligent and unimaginative way in which little Lal Bahadur's big Railway Board has been treating our professional magicians.

In the chapter on 'Concessions' found in the railway bible, the railway gods have laid down that concessions in fares and luggage rates shall be given to all "bonafide professional entertaining companies or parties (theatrical, concert and circus parties and music and dancing troupes)

in parties not less than five when travelling to give public performances".

Relying on this commandment in the railway bible, Professor P. C. Sorcar, our world-famous magician who has carried the glory of our ancient magic to distant countries of the world and won recognition as the world's greatest magician, addressed a letter to the Railway Board in 1953 asking for the concession for his entertainment troupe but by letter No. 4620 TC dated 3-6-1953, the Railway Board replied saying: "I am directed to state that the Board have carefully considered your suggestion to extend the concession applicable to bonafide entertainment companies or parties such as theatrical, concert and circus parties, etc., to bonafide professional magicians, but they regret they are unable to agree to it."

On October 30, 1954—a year and five months later, Professor Sorcar, who knew that the Railway Board did not believe in magic but only in constant prayer, sent another application for concessions signed by over fifty leading magicians of India—all members of the All India Magicians' Club at Calcutta. And he again received a carbon copy, dated November 12, 1954, of the previous letter with only the date and signature changed. The first letter of 3-6-1953 was signed by one "Amar Nath", who probably died being provoked by the meaning of his name, while the one that arrived 17 months later was signed by "V. Sriraman". How



In a woman's life, there are certain seasons which are most obvious. This one is spring. Watch Chitra distributing the compliments of the season in "Roop Basant".

two different men could write the same letter after an interval of 17 months remained a mystery to us till we saw the initials of the "Babu" in the left-hand corner "DA:NIL" in both the letters. So "DA" has been deciding in the name of the Railway Board and "NIL" has been typing both the replies which lack both intelligence and imagination.

Any man with a little sense can straightaway say that the decision taken by "DA" for the Railway Board is idiotic. The words "bonafide professional entertaining companies or parties" in the railway bible must include all professional magicians because professional magicians not only provide clean and wholesome entertainment to millions but pay in addition an Entertainment Tax on their performances. For instance, Professor Sorcar alone paid Rs. 79,050|15|- as Entertainment Tax in his two visits to Bombay during 1950 and 1951. And recently when he played at the New Empire and Chhaya theatres in Calcutta he paid another Rs. 34,198|5|3. If what Professor Sorcar gave was not entertainment, and professional entertainment at that, why was the Entertainment Tax levied on his performances? And if the Entertainment Tax was validly collected, why were the railway concessions denied to a professional entertaining party of magicians?

Someone must answer these questions apart from the fact that all such magic performances are "theatrical" within the strict meaning of the concession as they are all given in a theatre and not in streets.

Now the "DA" Babu does not realize that while he takes a blind and arbitrary decision for the Railway Board he not only makes a damn fool of himself and exposes himself as an unintelligent and unimaginative administrator who cannot even correctly interpret the letter and spirit of his railway bible but in denying a legitimate concession he also discriminates against a particular class of entertainer and denies him the fundamental right of equality granted to a citizen under Article 14 of our Constitution.

If there is no one on the Railway Board with some horse-sense in his head, it is time little Lal Bahadur Shastri looked into this matter himself and revised these stupid orders to save his Railway Ministry from further ridicule.

Our magicians cannot be denied railway concessions as long as provincial governments call them professional entertainers and rush to collect Entertainment Tax from their performances and as long as all such performances are given in theatres licensed by local authorities. The State cannot merely take an advantage of the citizen and deny him the privileges.

KESKAR'S KRISHNA LEELA

We owe our people an apology for writing our January editorial, "The Dogmas Of A Doctor", criticizing the work of Dr. Balkrishna Keskar, our Minister for Information and Broadcasting. The article was intended to provoke new thought in Dr. Keskar and to make him work better in future in public interest.

But it did otherwise. Dr. Keskar evidently cannot do better work and his friends seemed to have come to a conclusion that Dr. Keskar had reached his best already. Provoked by our article, they decided to form Keskar Sanman Samitis in different towns and honour and garland him from town to town during his February tour. The way all Keskarites in different towns suddenly thought of honouring Dr. Keskar as he travelled from station to station proves only the immense popularity of "filmindia" in Maharashtra.

In Bombay 65 "cultural" institutions under the grand label of Keskar Sanman Samiti actually invited Chief Minister Morarji Desai to present a silver plaque to Dr. Keskar and to tell him what grand and unique work he had done in encouraging classical music on the AIR and in probably curing millions of insomniacs in Indian homes. Many musicians sang classical music on the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan stage in honour of Dr. Keskar but the sample of Dr. Keskar's classical music which one Pandit Choubey gave had actually to be cut short fearing that the specially invited audience might fall into a deep coma and completely miss the presentation of the silver plaque to the great Dr. Keskar. Mohan Bhavnani, the chief of Films Division, was, of course, there to take a lot of newsreel footage of the first "wedding" ceremony of our bachelor doctor. Though Bhavnani missed

Sane Guruji's funeral, probably considering the death of this great writer and public leader as of no importance, he could not miss photographing his great Chief's first public "wedding" without which, he thought, the nation would have missed one of the greatest events of the century. And the event did appear on 3200 screens of India in the compulsory newsreels of our democratic government and our devoted people filled their eyes and wept, seeing baldy Balkrishna's "leelas" before the public.

And Ganju, the loyal little publicity pup of Films Division, was also there with the local journalists, who all looked half drunk, ready to do anything desperate at a minute's notice. And they did it overnight. They filled the morning papers with praises and photographs of Dr. Keskar and because some of them read like overdone obituaries, we also wept thinking that our baldy Balkrishna had left the world. In the evening, however, when we saw Ganju smiling triumphantly, we realized that Dr. Keskar had only gone to Poona for another "wedding" tamasha in the "pandal" of another 25 "cultural" and municipal institutions.

This is the first time in India, which Pandit Nehru calls a mature nation, that a minister of the government has been honoured publicly in such a manner, while in office and within such a short time of his tenure (hardly three years) and for such a flimsy achievement as popularizing classical music and under so crude and blatant a label as Keskar Sanman Samiti.

And Pandit Nehru shouts from the Red Fort, "We are

a mature nation" and repeats that again in a temper in the Lok Sabha when the Socialists and the Communists debate in a puerile strain.

Has anyone heard of a Nehru Sanman Samiti being formed in India? And that is one man who has become an altar in millions of hearts all over the world. Has anyone heard of such self-admiration "tamashas" being staged in any other mature or immature country in the world for its ministers?

Then why were these Keskar "tamashas" suddenly organized after three years for a man whose stupid policy of boycotting film music on AIR lost the initiative to Radio Ceylon, Radio Goa and Radio Pakistan and additionally gave them an opportunity to poison our people with some anti-Indian political propaganda?

The answer is Baburao Patel's editorial article "The Dogmas Of A Doctor" appearing in the January issue of "filmindia" as a New Year present for Dr. Keskar. That article armed the members of Lok Sabha with enough material to rub off the remaining hair from Dr. Keskar's scalp during the Budget Session.

Besides, Dr. Keskar's friends had to prepare a special "diet" for Pandit Nehru to give our Prime Minister the courage to support Dr. Keskar when the volley of questions is fired at him in Lok Sabha. The newspaper cuttings, the photographs, the newsreels, the addresses and the silver plaque would all be useful to convince Pandit Nehru that the



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Those in love are also in an orphanage from where none can rescue them but the beloved. But few sweethearts have motherly hearts to save the ailing males. These three musketeers of love—Karan Dewan, Om Prakash and Johnny Walker—feel pretty downhearted in Sadiq's "Musafirkhana", an enterprising story of male love for a female cat.

entire country applauded the great and unique work of the great Dr. Keskar and what Baburao Patel had written was just tommy rot.

Never mind what the Prime Minister or the people think of what Baburao Patel says or writes, is it right and decorous for a responsible State Minister who has dedicated himself to the service of the people to pat his own back in such a crude and clumsy manner and expose Nehru's government of a mature nation to unnecessary ridicule? And is it proper for Dr. Keskar to use his own newsreels to broadcast his own receptions to the people?

A more smashing answer to Baburao Patel would have been a better administration of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. These "Krishna Leelas" of a baldy Bal Krishna will neither convince Baburao nor the people of Dr. Keskar's great work. We are in the midst of a great adventure of building a new nation. How can we then nurse a humour for such puerile "tamashas" which are so obviously planned to throw some dust in the eyes of our people?

Dr. Keskar must think of something more intelligent, something more dignified and something more mature next

time. These "Krishna Leelas" only give a bad name to Nehru's mature nation.

We once again apologize to our people for writing that article in the January issue. Had we not done so, the shame of this farce would not have come home to roost.

POLICEMEN OR CRIMINALS?

Last December 13,000 armed and unarmed policemen of Howrah went on a seven-day hunger strike demanding increased pay and allowances and troops had to be called to take charge of the Howrah police armoury. This affair which looked like a wholesale mutiny dressed in the Gandhian garb of fasting was settled by revising the pay scales of the policemen which cost the State an additional 65 lakhs of rupees annually. Had their cause not been just, our Congress rulers would not have paid this additional money. What is shameful about this affair is that our Congress ministers refused to listen to the just grievances of our policemen and compelled them to adopt an attitude of defiance and insubordination to get their grievances redressed. This is a dangerous experiment in administrative deafness and dilatoriness in our dealings with a service which primarily guarantees law and order in our country.

Almost a similar mutiny, which was carefully kept out of the press, was recently threatened in Bombay when armed constables of Naigaum refused to take their monthly pay packets because the government wanted to collect immediately all the arrears of electrical charges which were allowed to be accumulated for over two years due to the inefficiency of those who were responsible for collecting them every month. Our Chief Minister's tactful handling of this affair in time put the day off. The Deputy Commissioner, due to whose tactless handling this unfortunate incident happened, went unpunished. The man deserved to be reverted.

The other day Chief Minister Morarji Desai told members of the Bombay Legislative Assembly that the largest number of bribery and corruption cases had been detected in the Police department. If that is true, it is not a compliment to the Chief Minister himself who is the minister in charge of our Police department. It means that Morarji Desai, the man who gives sermons from the mount so often, has miserably failed to inspire honesty and character in the men directly working under him. His confession does not acquit him of his responsibility in this respect as the Police minister of the province.

But we do not think that what the Chief Minister says is fully true. Admitting that there is some corruption in our Police department, a factor that cannot be completely avoided in a service of this nature, to say that our Police department is the most corrupt one would be wrong. The Chief Minister probably arrives at this assessment by counting the number of cases of bribery and corruption that are investigated every year in the Police department. Has he, however found out for himself how many of these cases are genuine cases deserving investigation or punishment?



Patient politeness is just another way in which a woman attracts a man. Vijayalakshmi is a great one at this game and she gets Maruti all excited in "Chirag-e-Chin".

We give below a small incident to show how our policemen are these days pushed about in our unending search for a moral and welfare state.

On 4th February 1955, a theft took place at the bungalow of Shri Shantilal Shah, our Labour Minister. The burglar is reported to have got in through an open window, entered a bedroom and was discovered sitting on a bed by Miss Usha Shah, the minister's daughter, in the early hours of the morning.

The girl wondered who he was because the room in which the burglar was found, is usually used by the Minister's guests wearing Gandhi caps. These Gandhi-capped guests are usually ushered into the room by the constable on duty at all hours of the day and night without being questioned—the white cap being considered a good guarantee of their status, honesty and character. One of the guests who is often accommodated in this room is Shri Khandubhai Desai, our Union Labour Minister. The single constable, who is posted in the front portion of the house to be near the telephone to pick it up before its ring disturbs Shri Shah and the sleepy members of his family, has no choice of asking any questions to the guests that come and go out of this guest room, their white cap being their supreme diplomatic passport. Nor can the constable move around and about the house, the telephone holding him by its sudden ring all the time. The house in which our lucky Labour Minister lives is a sprawling mansion which would normally require at least six policemen to prevent people from going in without being heckled. And if the windows of the house are also to be kept open, inviting trouble, a dozen police constables cannot guarantee its security.

Now how is this single policeman, who is nursing a telephone like a crying baby all the time, to guarantee the peaceful and non-violent slumber of our honourable Labour Minister, also to run around the huge house, check up all open windows every minute of the night and prevent theft?

And he dare not be inquisitive and enter the guest room to see which white cap is accommodated for the day in the duty hours of his predecessor—the white cap alone being sufficient to put a seal on his police mouth.

Shantilal's thief was also in a white cap and even Miss Usha, the daughter of the house, did not raise an alarm at first sight probably thinking that he was also some Congress minister whom she had not the pleasure of knowing personally. So she went up and reported the presence of the stranger to her mother. By the time the mother came down, the thief had escaped by the window through which he had come, taking with him an old pocket watch which had stopped its active career years ago and an old blanket which was probably kept there to cover the Khandubhais and Gandabhais of Gandhism.

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That thief must be called an idiot who thinks that he can find something in a Congress minister's house and decides to waste his professional time on them. He has evidently not realized the wisdom of that axiom: time is money. A thief who wastes his time in such a criminal manner must be by nature a Five-Year planner.

What was the offshoot of this theft? The constable was suspended immediately and for a full week his so-called neglect was investigated and it was not perhaps till the trembling Shantilal mumbled something into the great Morarjibhai's big ears that the poor constable was reinstated.

Now who can imagine the suspense and agony of this poor wage-earner during the week of his suspension? The officer who suspended him must be either a sadist or a sycophant, a person who has neither self-respect nor self-confidence, nor even a sense of justice and fairplay. He probably wanted to please the minister, feed his vanity and impress upon him the speed of discipline with which the Police department is run. But what about the poor policeman



The curves which cushions support often envy the curves which bounce in the open air, because cushions have a coloured face without the rouge of nature. Venita Butt, a newcomer, cannot understand how Usha Kiran, the girl in the garden, can smile as well as her flowers and even without a man on the horizon. Watch them in "Ut Patang", a thrilling romance, directed by Seth Chandulal Shah for G. M. Pictures.

slaving on Rs. 60 a month? Has he no right to a fair and just deal as a citizen of this free country?

Another recent incident which threatens the status and career of three officers came casually to our notice the other day. According to police rules enforced in Bombay, all restaurants in the city have to close at 11 P.M. A Deputy Commissioner on night rounds discovered a restaurant partly open after midnight. This was one culprit in a city Division, with over a thousand restaurants, serviced by three police stations. The restaurant owner could have been prosecuted on the spot. We don't know whether that was done or not but the matter was probably reported to the Big Boss who wanted to know what the Division police were doing if not closing the restaurants? Result: three officers are threatened with reversion in status. It didn't probably occur to these big bosses that the restaurant-keeper, who is invariably a crook, might have closed the shop at 11 P.M. to satisfy the policeman and opened it again after an hour. If all the 1000 restaurants are to be sealed perfectly during the night, we shall then have to post a thousand policemen night after night to do so. And if this thesis is to be taken to its logical conclusion, then behind every citizen we shall have to keep a policeman walking 24 hours to prevent crime.

We know many other cases in which our police boys—constables and officers—have been suspended for years without even granting them the elementary right of a fair hearing. Many have been dismissed on mere suspicion or prejudice. Many have been degraded on insufficient grounds. The way things are going on in our Police department these days, we shall soon have a very demoralized police force in a state which till today rightfully claims to have the best police force in the country.

Even top officers seem to have been encouraged to spy and sneak against their colleagues. The entire atmosphere of the department seems to be charged with prejudice and suspicion. Not one officer feels secure and happy and all seem to be looking frighteningly at the big, long ears of Minister Morarji Desai. What falls into those ears seems to decide their destiny.

This is all Minister Morarji's fault. We know it from personal experience that in his sincere anxiety and impatience to establish a welfare state, he listens to all and sundry that visit him every day. His ears are open to all, round the clock. He wants to hear their grievances. We don't quarrel with him so far. That is as it should be. But Minister Morarji must not believe everything that he is told as gospel truth by people with conflicting motives and interests. When he does so, prejudice begins to influence an issue and then those who do not enjoy the privilege of his ear are made to suffer unjustly.

Minister Morarji is a man of temper and impatience. We don't need a State Commission to tell us this. From a family secret this has become a state secret. We do like a hot-tempered impatient man. A man like that can do a lot of good. A spineless man can do nothing. But in dealing

with our policemen, who have put in years of hard and loyal work on beggarly wages, sandwiched between a garrulous public and a suspicious government, the one man, to whom our policemen hope to run for help and sympathy like children to a father, must not in his anger and impatience prejudge the issues before him by rumour and prejudice. Doing so would not only be highly unfair to the person but would additionally demoralize our entire police force.

At this stage we do not wish to reveal specific instances but we shall be reluctantly compelled to quote chapter and verse if the large number of unfortunate cases which are now pending for years, causing unimaginable torture and agony to the victims, are not settled quickly. We can indulge in the luxury of abusing our policemen but as fellow-men we cannot deny them their fundamental right of being treated in a fair and just manner. Can we?

DEVIKA'S 49TH BIRTHDAY?

The Union Education Ministry invited Prime Minister Nehru to inaugurate Devika Rani's 49th birthday celebrations, officially called the Film Seminar, in New Delhi on February 27, 1955. 49 carefully chosen and well-behaved courtiers stood like candles around our one-time film queen and clapped as Devika cut the 'cake'. The 'cake' was the family photograph with Nehru in the centre. This 'cake' evidently was more important than the case for the film industry seeing that the Film Seminar was held in New Delhi where not a single film studio is located. Our celluloid moths evidently needed Nehru's dazzling flame to burn themselves to immortality. The net result was that we got plenty of photographs with different Nehru combinations but not a better film industry as a result of the week-long Seminar. Devika Rani can now go back to her plantation in Bangalore and permit hubby Svetoslav, the Russian with a snow-white beard, to extract essential oils from his plants and sell them to Lever Brothers to make Lux Toilet Soap for our film stars. That is the only service to the film industry Devika can give now, for according to newspaper advertisements all our film stars wear only Lux Soap complexions with or without pimples.

Inaugurating the Seminar, Prime Minister Nehru said that he had accepted the invitation with "apparent hesitancy and with considerable pressure. One has to appear to be hesitant occasionally in order not to become too cheap. But even if I had been hesitant in this case, it would have been difficult to survive the insistence of Devika Rani." We are glad that our beloved Prime Minister accepted the invitation and survived, for we need him very badly. It is always fatal to oppose a charming siren like Devika. We have been dead since the day we first saw her in "Karma" and that was 21 years ago.

The Prime Minister also said, "I am not interested in melodrama. It bores me. I fall asleep." That explains how he completely missed the three pictures—"Biraj Bahu", "Pamposh" and "Munna"—which he "saw" last year. Incidentally, the Indian film industry produces only melodrama and melodrama puts our Prime Minister to sleep.

The Film Seminar thus secured the support of a sleeping Prime Minister for our film industry. That is some gain seeing that sleep gives rest and rest prolongs life. Our Prime Minister will thus live long, thanks to our film industry.

Answering S. S. Vasan—the big-little Madras President of our Film Federation who seemed to have forgotten the birthday aspect of the Seminar and imagining himself to be in a court-room instead of in milady's boudoir, had misused the happy occasion for ventilating some patent grievances of the film industry—the Prime Minister said that while he did not like too much restriction in censorship, it was absurd to talk about unrestricted play in matters of public importance. Quoting the example of the Atomic Bomb, which he said will one day become smaller and cheaper, he asked, "Are we going to allow everybody, in the name of individual liberty, to carry an Atom Bomb in his pocket?"

Referring to "horror comics", the Prime Minister said he had seen a "horror comic" sent to his grandson as a gift and it had made him "horrified". "I am clear in my mind", said Nehru, "that horror stories should be suppressed ruthlessly." Raising his voice, he said, "Such stories were a hundred per cent bad, causing sadistic crimes. Such films



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Killing is their natural game, be it with the eyes or with the knife. Roopmala shows her skill in "Tis-mar-Khan", an entertaining adventure.

encouraged children to murder for the sake of pleasure. No government or society should allow such things to flourish. Government ought to take ruthless action to prevent something turning into an instrument of evil." Our busy Prime Minister had to read "filmindia" for years to find such right and strong words.

But the big-little man from Madras had put in another grievance about the Entertainment Tax in his speech which irritated our smiling Prime Minister. Nehru said Vasana failed to convince him with his arguments against the tax and asked himself "I don't see why entertainment should not be taxed but to what extent it should be taxed is a different matter." And the difference in the matter also disappears completely when we think of the difference a change in taxation would make to our Five-Year Plans.

All this, of course, did not discourage Vasana, the missionary of our motion picture industry. He did read his paper loudly on "Film Production In India" and while emphasizing the hostile sympathies of the government suggested five ways of curing the headache of the industry:

(1) Allow cinemas to multiply, without let or hindrance.

(2) Reduce tax on admissions considerably, if indeed it cannot be abolished altogether.

(3) Allow thoughts and ideas to grow, by liberalizing censorship.

(4) Subsidize educational, aesthetic and artistic films.

(5) Help manufacture of raw films and other equipments in this country.

The other delegates completely missed this five-point plan and mainly concentrated on the birthday photographs.

While Prithviraj Kapoor submitted his usual extra humble apologies for some otherwise remark which naturally escaped from his big mouth and made Devika sing the old song, "Prithvi is a jolly good fellow" to save the birthday celebrations from becoming a fiasco, the little Kapoor, Raj, who was waiting for his turn, advocated introduction of a system which would check adventurers from gate-crashing into the industry and bringing it into disrepute.

While saying this, Raj forgot that when Raj produced his first picture "Aag", he was himself very much an adventurer, without money, experience or education, who borrowed money even from his family cook to complete the picture. And so were all the present day producers like Kardar, Mehboob, Shantaram, etc. Was one of these qualified to be called anything but an adventurer when he began his first picture? But a Kapoor must forget his beginning in the flush of his present success and seek to deny opportunities to others. If that is not capitalism, what else is?

As the delegates were paid all expenses from their homes to milady's boudoir, the Seminar did not cause much personal financial damage. And they were all given Devika Rani Medals for good behaviour and providing correct background for the press photos. It was quite an enjoyable function and we do hope it becomes an annual feature of our Education Ministry's entertainment programme till dear old Devika is no more. And may that day be a century away.

Dr. Keskar, of course, could not take part in the celebrations as his Ministry imagined that the monopoly of all Indian culture should remain with his Ministry. He went to Lucknow to inaugurate, probably, a cattle show.

DISGRACE ABOUNDING

On March 13, 1955, Jai Chand Jain, the editor of "Filmfare", invited over 4000 good citizens of Bombay to the Brabourne Stadium to witness the annual award presentation ceremony of "Filmfare's Clares" to the ten bests in different departments of film making. To give the function a complexion of dignity, he requested Chief Minister Morarji Desai to preside and give away the "Clares". To entertain the invitees—consisting of High Court judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, trade and business magnates and other important personalities and families of the city—Jain had also arranged some dance and song items, thinking that the formal part of the function would bore his guests.

Jain, who is evidently in charge of Dalmia's pocket-book, must have spent a good bit of that Marwari's money to give a boost to our film industry, for that is what these

"Clares" are intended to do. With 4000 leading citizens of the city forming the audience, people of our film industry had an excellent opportunity to introduce a bit of their art and talent and get into the homes and hearts of 4000 good families as serious devotees of our film art.

But film people must always prove that they are perverts—both moral and intellectual—and in doing so bring the disgrace home. We don't know whether the thin-voiced Jain is to be blamed for the skit that was shown on the stage or not but I. S. Johar, who wrote the skit and performed it on the stage, can never be excused for abusing the occasion and outraging the sentiments of the audience.

Johar's skit was very crude and vulgar and as such not worthy of the culture and education he is supposed to have as a screen writer. In the first part of the skit, Johar plays a "Doctor of Death" who sends his patients quickly to the other world and in doing so receives a commission from the graveyard authorities. The first "patient" that comes to him for professional advice is film actress Shammi with huge, pointed and uplifted breasts draped in a tight jumper. She ventilates a grievance against the film censors, who, it is said, want to slash her pictures because of her extra-developed mammary glands. She calls herself a first-class lady because of the excess meat on her chest and asks for a medicine to make her a fourth-class lady. Johar, the doctor, gives her a vitamin called "UH" (Unhealthy Vitamin) and sends her away. The dialogue and the action accompanying this part of the skit is so blatantly vulgar and disgusting that one wonders whether Johar is a man at all, leave alone a gentleman, and whether Shammi can be called a woman merely because she displays a pair of breasts. A buffalo, that gives milk to human beings and has a better right to attract attention, certainly shows more modesty of sex than what this film actress displayed on the stage.

In the second act of the skit, Begum Para comes in as the wife of a military officer away on war duty for two years. She complains of being pregnant during the absence of her husband and wants some medicine for an abortion. Johar gives her the medicine and phones up the crematorium authorities and tells them that they will be getting 1½ dead bodies this time, meaning the woman and the child in her womb. Here again the dialogue and action are disgustingly filthy and obscene. By this dirty skit, performed before 4000 good people, does Johar mean to insinuate that our soldiers' wives sleep with other men and become pregnant during the absence of their husbands on war service? And does Johar know that abortion is a penal crime?

This is really very disgusting and we cannot understand stand how the Police authorities at all permitted this skit to be performed before such a large and respectable audience, composed of good wives, mothers and daughters? We cannot even understand how Morarji Desai could at all sit through this vulgar and obscene skit of Johar without extending his official protection to the people around him by stopping it immediately?

Jain's Souvenir for the day describes Johar as: "A humorist with a fine turn of tongue-in-the-cheek wit which

is delightfully free of malice and bitterness". If this is the humour which Indians are expected to accept as "delightfully free of malice and bitterness", then the sooner such people are kicked out of society the better.

While doing his dirty work, Johar seems to have completely forgotten the thousand and odd good women in the audience—respectable wives, mothers and daughters—not used to this low and crude filth which passes as humour in the Indian film industry. Life in the films has evidently made Johar forget the sweet taste of his mother's milk. For, which good son of a good mother would stoop to insult a gathering of so many mothers in such a filthy manner?

We have no words to describe film actresses like Shammi and Begum Para who are a disgrace to India's womanhood. The parts they played did not require much art or talent. They only needed women without the slightest trace of modesty or character. If these two film actresses can descend to such low depths in the presence of 4000 good people, what right have the film folks of India to demand social recognition from other people in society? And now we also know why these girls were stoned in Jaipur where they had recently gone for their usual cricket "tamasha".

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Not all men get this chance because after a dip the contours stand out and make a woman all the more attractive. But then Ashok Kumar has always been lucky and Bina Rai seems to enjoy it in "Sardar", an exciting screen romance.

After this disgusting spectacle, Jain's reference in his speech to the grievances of the producers against film censors sounded like a brazen demand. In his beautiful and pointed speech, incidentally the only good performance of the day, Morarji Desai explained the purpose of the censors and said that Johar's filthy and vulgar skit, performed a little earlier, amply proved the necessity of having strict and vigilant censors to save our society from such filth.

And we are still wondering how this filthy skit could get past our local police authorities and come before 4000 good people of the city, considering that all stage plays are

supposed to be precensored by the police and need a police licence before their public performance?

Morarjibhai must look into this.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE —

THAT Tyagi Bawa, mystic and astrologer who is in Delhi these days, is having a pretty busy time answering one vital question: Who after Nehru? People's love for the country is so great that minister after minister has been calling on Tyagi Bawa to know the fate of India, that is Bharat. And of all people Ammagaru Durgabai Deshmukh, whose patriotism could not allow her to suffer the suspense any more, also called on Tyagi Bawa and left mighty pleased. Now, we know "Who after Nehru?" All good Hindu women get mighty pleased when something good is coming to their husbands.

THAT after handing in his resignation to Nehru, "Sunlight" T. T., our Commerce Minister, kept shuttling between Delhi and Madras taking farewell dinners at every station but never stepping out of the Minister's Special Saloon for fear of our little Railway Lal taking him seriously, before Nehru does, and taking away his saloon to the yard. And "Sunlight" T. T. knew all along that the Sunlight smile of our Prime Minister would ultimately make him withdraw the resignation. He did so and brought down the fever which had temporarily attacked Minister D. P. Karmarkar.

THAT after years of myopic existence Red Russi of "Blitz" suddenly acquired a vision and discovered new virtues in Bombay's prize leap-year baby Morarji Desai on his 59th birthday. Some of these virtues, at which Red Russi wondered, are: sleeping on a mat, cutting his own hair, fasting every Tuesday, avoiding sweetmeats and belief in astrology. Now Red Russi is in the run for a minister-ship. That is something for Homi Talyarkhan to worry over. We can never keep two Parsis in a single Cabinet. They will eat each other inside, leaving their charming wives crying outside.

THAT seeing Pandit Nehru so popular with little children, Chief Minister Morarji Desai has also acquired one more qualification for the post of the Prime Minister by developing a fondness for his grandson Bharat, that is Bombay. Bombay papers not only published his photographs with Bharat but also reported that little Bharat rides on his illustrious grandfather's back. And son Kantilal rides on our backs without the news-photographers giving us a much-deserved boost.

THAT Harekrushna Mahtab, Orissa's burly boy, talked prophetically when he described Bombay governorship as an unknown bride thrust on an unknown bridegroom and said that though like an obedient son he said 'yes' to Papa Nehru, like a modern boy he reserved his right to divorce at will. And he doesn't know how soon that is going to be. The last one was going for a long time and then one day we found him gone off the planet. And people say he went on the wings of Prohibition, with the way sprinkled by Morarji's tears.

THAT the journalists have not yet realized what boons can be extracted from Congress ministers with the help of a single press photograph. It was left to Peon Dwarka Prasad of Bhopal to discover the magic of the press when he invited the Chief Commissioner and ministers to his daughter's wedding in his mud house and volunteered to pay for the police band. The State, of course, gave the band free because it lent pomp and rhythm to their distinguished guests. But the photos of these symbols of social humility did not appear in the press. Bhopal ministers must insist upon having special correspondents of big papers in Bhopal. The pain of their humility must not be denied the healing touch of publicity.

THAT Sir Homi Mody, our well-known industrialist, has started talking sense so late in the day. In a speech at Ahmedabad he described the Upper Chambers of Legislation as "asylums for superannuated statesmen of the country" and said that they should be abolished. But by merely abolishing the chambers you can't get rid of these superannuated statesmen. If they escape from the "asylums" imagine the panic they will cause among the people. Homi must put Tata scholars on the job and find out another way with less danger.

THAT our Congress ministers deceived of all people Dr. Miss Helen Keller, the deaf-dumb-blind American scholar, with their mock modesty. When she held Minister M. P. Patil's hand, the old lady said the gentlemen of Bombay were a "shy lot". Had she only known that we have all been praying to be deaf, dumb and blind all these years to enjoy the modesty of our ministers, she would not have been trapped so easily.

THAT Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, our new Home Minister, said in Delhi, "Khaddar is much less in evidence in Delhi I do not know whether my eyesight has gone weak or whether the residents here have forgotten Mahatma Gandhi who had made Delhi his home during the last years of his life." If Pandit Pant wants to see khaddar all that he has to do is to change the costume of the social register and say that only those wearing khaddar will be allowed to come within a hundred yards of Pandit Nehru. As long as Nehru is living, the Connaught Circus belles will come in Bikinis if necessary. Nehru is the hormone of happiness in New Delhi.

THAT 65 "cultural" institutions in Bombay and 25 in Poona quickly reacted to Baburao Patel's criticism of Dr. Balkrishna Keskar and rushed to the rescue of the French doctor by forming a Keskar Sanman Samiti, the first self-admiration institution of its kind in India. Chief Minister Morarji Desai opened the institution with a silver plaque which the doctor took home.

THAT Devika Rani's 49th birthday, officially described as Film Seminar by the Education Ministry, was recently celebrated in New Delhi with Pandit Nehru cutting the cake and 49 film favourites eating the pieces. The man in whose throat the cake got stuck was, of course, Vasan. That little Madrasi, being brought up on idli and dossai, didn't know how to swallow a cake without making a noise.

TWO DELIGHTFUL OFFERINGS OF THE YEAR!

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Musical Comedy



MUSAFIR KHAN

Directed by: M. SADIQ

Music:
O. P. NAYYAR

SHYAMA * KARAN DEWAN
JOHNY WALKER * SHAMMI
KUMKUM * GOPE &
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SOCIAL



Pocket Maar

GEETA BALI • DEVANAND • KULDIP • SUNDER • YASHODHARA & GOPE

Directed By:
H. S. RAWAIL

Music : MADAN MOHAN
Lyrics : RAJENDRA KRISHNA

Produced By : KHUSHI & SETHI

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THAT while cutting Devika's birthday cake, without of course counting the candles, Pandit Nehru said he had seen a film in 1905 and a few more when he went abroad in the early years of his life. And Abbas, Ambalal Patel and Hiten Choudhury told us that Panditji had seen "Munna", "Pamposh" and "Biraj Bahu" in one month in 1954. But then no man likes to recall his nightmares and Panditji is a very sensitive man.

THAT in spite of some bald boys from the Information Ministry trying to sabotage Devika's 49th birthday celebrations pompously called the Film Seminar, the Film Seminar did succeed in its primary purpose of getting the bride of the day photographed with the bridegroom of the nation with the requisite background of jesters and courtiers and nothing that Keskar could do could stop this great national festival. What they spoke at the Seminar was, of course, no one's business. Good people don't spoil birthday parties by proposing wrong toasts.

THAT to commemorate this great birthday festival the Education Ministry has decided to donate 49 crores of rupees—a crore for each of Devika's beautiful existence—and distribute it equally among the 49 courtiers of the film queen who supplied the background to the festival. Now imagine how much Kishore Sahu can do with a crore of rupees! He will dig out the bones of Shakespeare and exhibit them in the Chembur fish market.

THAT the hero of the month is S. K. Patil, the Minister of Congress Chestnuts. He won the Andhra elections in his usual stride (don't ask how?), made the Reds pale and flew to New Delhi to prove to Nehru that all he needs is Nehru's trust to make him work like a giant. It is high time Nehru put the Malwani giant in supreme charge of our 5-Year Plans. Whatever happens Patil will never fail. If he cannot get American dollars, you can always rely upon him to print his own money. That man has been overwhelmingly self-made.

THAT after their debacle in Andhra, the Communists of India had decided to migrate to China and bring back Mao and Chou to settle the old score with the Congressmen. But in the meanwhile Moscow sent more books to sell and now the Communists are busy filling their own pockets. The Andhra elections cost the poor Communists of India only 80 lakhs of rupees, half of which is reported to have gone into private bank vaults. Let us hope the next elections make our country richer by a few crores.

THAT the purpose of the budget Sessions of Parliament was completely misunderstood by 200 dhobis of the All India Dhobi Mahasabha who crowded at the gates and kept out five hundred and odd other dhobis from going in. Now Birlas and Tatas want to know which dhobis voted for the new taxes in Chintu Deshmukh's "bud-jet"?

THAT the gay and noisy Irishmen, shocked and dazed at the sight of an ambassador in sari and sleeveless blouse, took our Vijayalakshmi Pandit in a sort of a marriage procession with pipes and bands blowing full blast when she

went to present her credentials before the Irish President. And our Vijaya had tears in her eyes—the same ones which she had used when young Ranjit came on a horse to take his young bride away years ago.

THAT Pakshiraja's "Azaad" has become a very emotional picture if for no other reason at least because of the many emotional upsets during its shooting. Seeing Meena Kumari sweating on the sets, Aftab-e-filami Kamal-e-Amrohi got a fit of melancholia and wanted to shuffle off his mortal coil to become an immortal lover. After Producer Naidu showed him the contract with Distributor Tarachand Barjatya Kamal-e-Amrohi condescended to wait for another occasion. These producers even deny a right to a man to be immortal.

THAT Coimbatore is evidently a mazy place, the way film actress Seema, sister of Shammi, lost her way every night and had to be escorted to the Pakshiraja Studios by an obliging Squadron Leader of the Air Force. Producer Naidu had to wait till 2 A.M. sometimes to tell Seema the next day's programme. Our Air Marshal Mukherjee must be congratulated for training his boys on such self-sacrificial lines of service to the fair sex. Producer Naidu, of course, loudly wondered whether the Air Force boys had also to do traffic duty till late in the night and then go to work early next morning.

THAT with the old-fashioned Madhubala having striped herself up to the knee to feed our film art, Bharat Bhushan suddenly realized the need of doing something desperate. He therefore takes a horse every day to the Juhu sands and rides it. The exercise is reported to have done the horse immense good and is likely to feature in "Insaniyat", Bharat's next at Gemini.

THAT another one who takes her work seriously is film actress Usha Kiran. On the sets of "Awaaz" her new flabby face could not hold an expression and she burst out into tears and told the villainous-looking Sarhady, "I am not trying to impress when I say that I have not been satisfied with my performance in any of my pictures so far." Sarhady chuckled over this mock modesty but Producer Mehboob had to pay for the retake.

THAT film stars Begum Para, Yashodhara Katju, Vijayalakshmi, Nasir Khan, Yakub and others who had gone to Jaipur to stage their usual cricket farce were greeted with stones and rotten eggs. A stone kissed Comedian Johnny Walker so badly that he had to be removed to a local hospital for treatment. We congratulate the Jaipur boys for their better taste in cricket though they could have displayed this in a less violent manner. The film stars, of course, never learn.

THAT the President's Medal for "Shyamchi Aai" gave Acharya P. K. Atre more kick than Johnny Walker had ever provided. The six-foot-odd-inches little fellow has been reeling under the weight of the medal from town to town and his friends have been trying to bring him to his senses filling him with dinners and, of course, cold drinks. But

Atre doesn't feel the difference yet. That's what happens to a Poona Praja-Socialist when the Congress ties a mill-stone round his neck. We never trust these Congressmen. They often make a monkey out of a man.

THAT with film contracts vanishing film actor Sajjan now threatens to become a lawyer. As an earnest of his intention he got himself photographed with what looked like a law book, but was actually an annual volume of "filmindia" and presented the photograph to film actress Shammi, his first client, who has a legitimate complaint against film actor Dilip Kumar for moping in Coimbatore over Meena Kumari, a married actress. Shammi thinks Sajjan will win the case in court which she herself lost in Coimbatore. Or did she?

THAT film actress Kamini Kaushal now says, "I shall take my own time. After all, I am not craving to accept any and every role that comes my way." That decision of this generous old girl deserves a special President's medal because it will save the industry quite a few lakhs which can be more effectively used. People do become charitable after a big run of flops.

THAT film actress Sheila Ramani wants the Divorce Act to be scrapped immediately. Said Sheila, "You cannot start marriage with divorce in mind." That is quite right. Now Sheila can remain unmarried as long as the Divorce Act is not repealed. That is a hint for Morarji Desai to call a meeting of the Congress Working Committee and repeal the act otherwise Ramani's other 'anis' will demand a separate state for Sindhis.

THAT our old friend Director Vijoo Bhatt has again discovered another Ranjana for his new picture. This one is called Ranjana Shukla. The name seems to run in Vijoo's family.

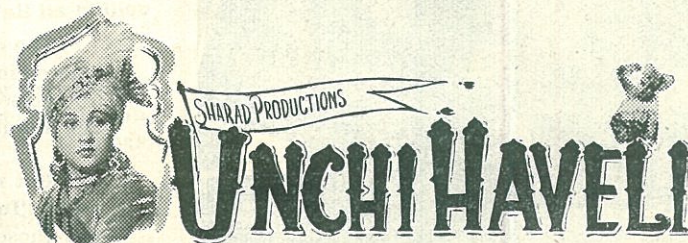
THAT film actress Shyama's latest hobby is to collect silver papers from cigarette packets and roll them into little balls by turning and twisting them between her fingers. That explains Cameraman Fali Mistry's present shape. The lad keeps rolling from set to set and studio to studio.

THAT film actress Nalini Jaywant couldn't bring a new husband during the New Year but she did bring home a brand new Dodge Convertible car to celebrate her success in "Nastik". Well, to a film star a car is always a cheaper buy than a husband. It has some re-sale value at least.

THAT the cat-eyed Pakistani actor Ishrat made Morarji and his police boys look like a bunch of boobies when he returned to India armed with a one-year permit. Nigar Sultana opened her cat eyes to greet him the other day and now the first picture of the cat-eyed corporation is going to be "Banu". They intend inviting Morarji Desai to perform the "muhurt".

THAT the lean, little Zul Vellani got the first taste of a woman when old Leela Chitnis slapped him a dozen times while taking and retaking a scene in Mehboob's "Awaaz". Zul had to be carried to the West End Hotel and revived after six "chhotas".

THREE PURPOSEFUL ENTERTAINERS FROM DIRECTOR DHIRUBHAI DESAI



A SAGA OF A WOMAN'S STAND FOR HER RIGHTS!

Starring: NIRUPA ROY, KARAN DIWAN,
LALITA PAWAR, B. M. VYAS, YASHODHARA
KATJU, JANKI DAS, SAMSON, INDIRA BANSAL
and BHAGWAN

Songs:—BHARAT VYAS Music: SHIVRAM

Photography: B. UDESHI

Dialogue :—VISHNU MALHOTRA, PRAFULLA
DESAI, UMAR KHAIYAM SARAHANPURI.

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MODAK, NIRANJAN SHARMA, RATNAMALA
& AGHA

Music: B. N. BALI Photography: KAMAT

Dialogue: UMAR KHAIYAM SARAHANPURI

—And GLORIOUS FANTASY—

GULBAKAVALI

ON ITS WAY - - -

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The Magic Of

The destiny of Art through ages was shaped by Indian fingers. To Russians, who claim all the firsts beginning from Adam, and to Americans, who boast of all the seconds after the British firsts, with the solitary exception of the Hydrogen Bomb, our claim might sound hollow and boastful.

But read what that great Oriental scholar E. B. Havell says in his scholarly work, "Indian Sculpture and Painting": "Art will always be caviare to the vulgar, but those who would really learn and understand it should begin with Indian art, for true Indian art is pure art, stripped of the superfluities and vulgarities which delight the uneducated eye. Yet Indian art, being more subtle and recondite than the classic art of Europe, requires a higher degree of artistic understanding, and it rarely appeals to European dilettantes, who, with a smattering of perspective, anatomy, and rules of proportion, added to their classical scholarship, aspire to be art critics, amateur painters, sculptors or architects."

The superficial West will never understand the subtle and profound mind of the ancient Hindus. It is the basic spiritual character of the Hindus which gives a new meaning to their various expressions of art in life. From the winds that swept through the forests and the rains that poured down from the heavenly heights of the Himalayas, they captured a melody of music and called it "Megh Malhar". Everything in nature inspired the ancient Hindus to express themselves in one form or other—be it the bewitching beauty of the rising and the setting sun, or the radiant light of midday, or the mellow moonbeams of a night in spring, or the rowdy assemblage of monsoon clouds, or the whistling fury of the cyclone, or the blinding flash of the lightning, or the cheerful patter of rain-drops as they kissed dry earth—the Hindus always kept themselves in

Decorated household articles from Bidar.

Pansupari box with filigree work from Cuttack, Orissa.

Engraved table from Hyderabad.

Ash tray — Bidri ware — from Hyderabad.

Above: Jewellery for the hair from South India.

Below: Patchwork from Banaras—designs hammered into brassware.

Above: Enamelled brassware from Moradabad in Uttar Pradesh.

Tray with lovely design from Bidar.

Indian Fingers

tune with the Infinite and in devout communion with nature with all its million glories to express their emotions in numerous artistic creations.

It was from India, the cradle of ancient Hindus, that art first travelled to distant lands like China, Greece, Italy, etc. Abul Fazal, the Mughal historian, wrote about Hindu painters, "Their pictures surpass our conception of things. Few indeed in the whole world are found equal to them."

The great heritage of Hindu art is still a vital part of our national existence. The fingers that painted the immortal murals of Ajanta and chiselled the incomparable symphony of sculpture at Ellora still quiver and create new beauties, be they in wood, stone, marble, silver, gold or cotton.

The handicrafts of India are the unique creations of the magical fingers of Indians—fingers that have carved and sculptured gods and given millions of altars to humanity. They are made in thousands of forms and shapes and in millions of huts and homes, spread all over the country from Kashmir to Cape Comorin and from Dwarka to Dakshineshwar.

We give here only a specimen collection of the work of Indian handicraftsmen in a few prominent centres of India as it is not possible to cover all the 7,00,000 villages of India where Indian fingers are busy every minute creating new glories of art. These photographs are taken from the documentary "Magic Fingers", produced by our Films Division and to those interested in Indian handicrafts, in the 67 countries of the world where "filmindia" goes, we shall willingly provide the addresses of the manufacturers as a service without obligation.

Bronze figurines from Mysore.
Below: Sandalwood box made in Mysore.



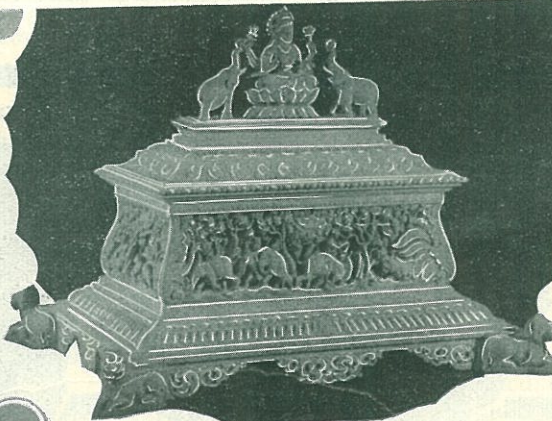
Decorated jar made of clay that can be found anywhere in India.



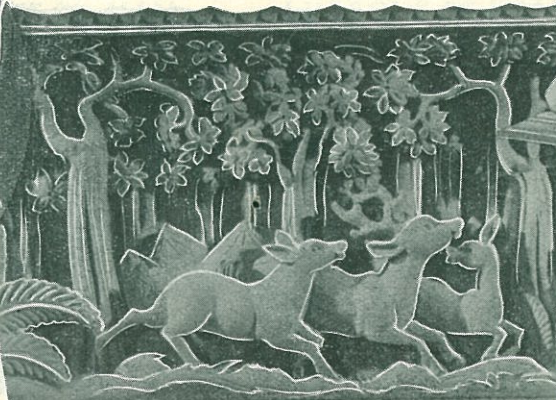
Sandalwood carving from Mysore.



Fine specimen of workmanship in sandalwood from Mysore.

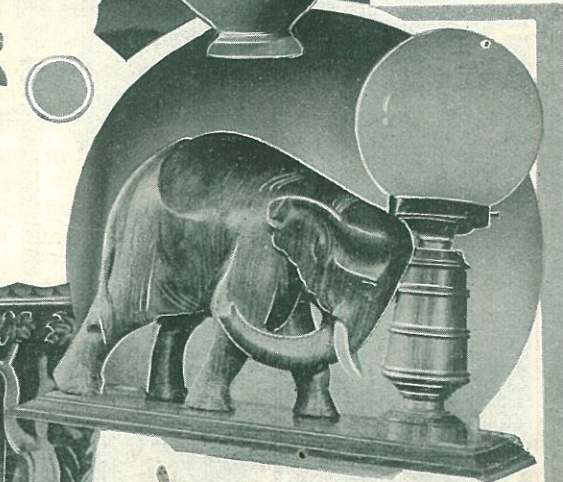


Relief in sandalwood from Mysore.



Rosewood lamp-stand made in Mysore.

Left: A tray in sandalwood relief.





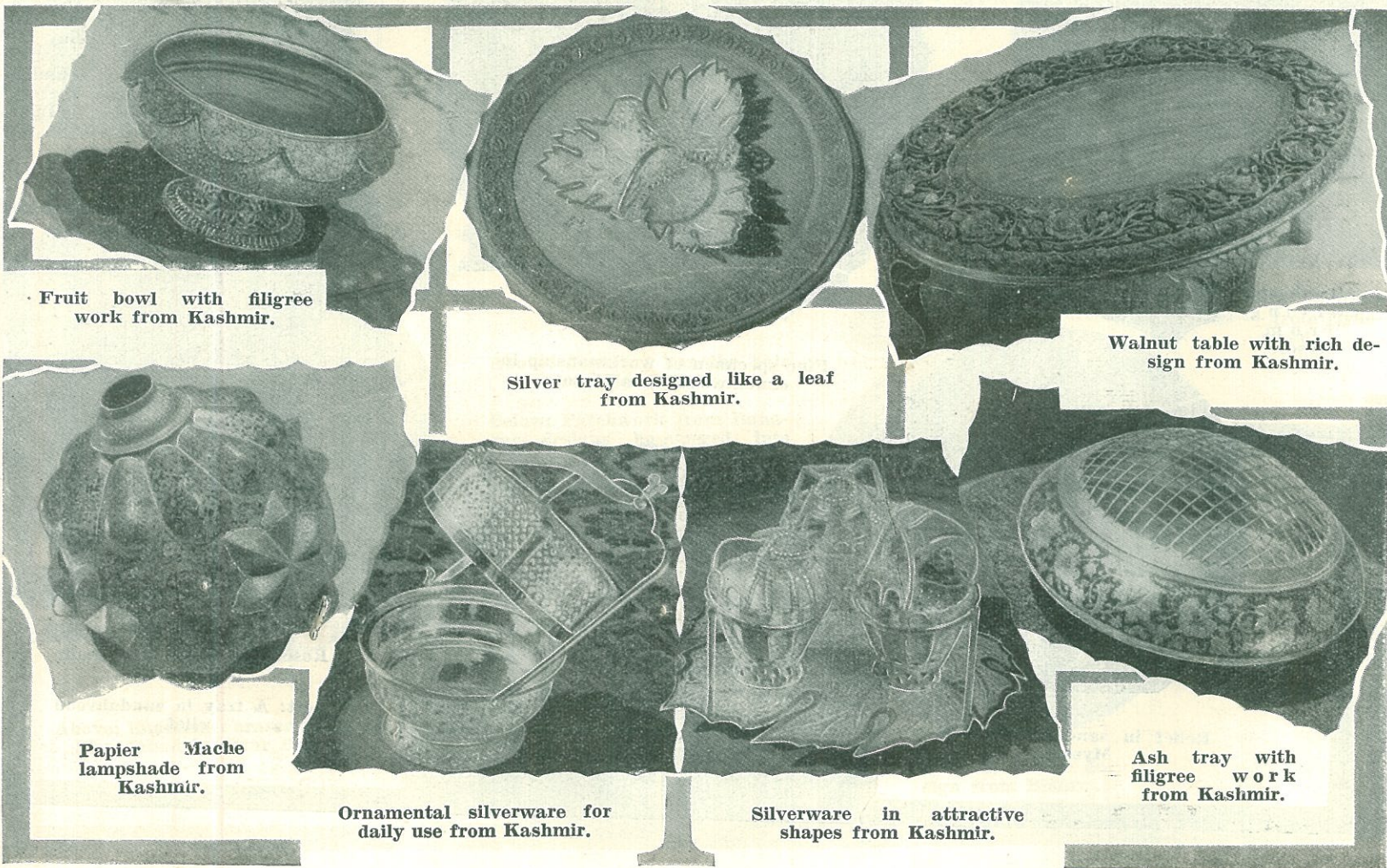
Marble Tray with Taj Mahal design, made at Agra.

Two fine specimens of Bidriware engravings on a special alloy.

Bidriware from Bidar in Hyderabad State.

Utility articles with filigree work from Cuttack, Orissa.

Marble trays from Agra and goglets from Lucknow.



Fruit bowl with filigree work from Kashmir.

Silver tray designed like a leaf from Kashmir.

Walnut table with rich design from Kashmir.

Papier Mache lampshade from Kashmir.

Ornamental silverware for daily use from Kashmir.

Silverware in attractive shapes from Kashmir.

Ash tray with filigree work from Kashmir.



At a certain age, every pose that a woman takes fires the imagination of man. Beauty adds only a rainbow to his imagination. Here is Vyjayantimala, the siren of the South, calling a million fans to the festival of youth in "Jashan", a romantic tale.

NEW INVASION

The U. S. Department of Agriculture sent Louis H. Burgwald to India with samples of U. S. ghee made from surplus butter to see how Indians would take to this new brand of American ghee.

The richest nation in the world today, America is worried about disposing of her surplus butter, the Government stocks amounting to 260 million pounds and worth 168 million dollars.

Pakistan is prepared to pay 42 cents a pound, which means a loss of 28 cents a pound to America. But if the U. S. butter is not got rid off quickly then the U. S. Government stands to lose 64 cents a pound. That is why they seem to be anxious to palm it off on a poor, unsuspecting country like India.

CROWNING SALES

The Englishman, who has an ingrained love for pomp and pageantry, doesn't mind parting with his pound to get the traditional thrill.

Though the estimate of Queen

Elizabeth II's coronation in June 1953 was quite big, coronation expenses amounted to \$3,376,800—that is \$235,735 less than the expected amount. It was, however, the costliest coronation because in 1937 Britain spent \$1,980,000 on the coronation of King George VI while King George V's coronation cost only \$897,250.

The British people, however, don't say anything about the profits of coronation made in trade and tourism, the Queen's coronation being the biggest boost for British goods.

PIGS NEAREST TO MAN

Keller B. Breland of U. S., who has had experience of training animals in scientific ways, has some interesting observations to make. According to him the most intelligent animals that respond quickly to training are pigs. Next come raccoons, dogs and cats while horses and cows are at the stupid level. Of course, every animal has its own peculiar nature.

Breland, as the manager of Streater Industries, Minneapolis,

trained hundreds of pigeons, hens, chickens, rabbits, etc. After training General Mills Inc. used them in advertising. Some of the tricks that his animals do are: chickens count, play poker, shoot popguns and walk on tight ropes, ducks and geese swing on trapezes, pigs clean up a crowded room, rabbits kiss each other, etc.

Threats and punishment as a rule don't work well except with horses. Dogs being domestic and social animals, react best to praise while cats like being petted. But chickens and rabbits like to be rewarded with food every time they perform an action.

Breland now has a farm in Arkansas where he has an animal school. Training animals has become big business with him.

AMAZONS OF ISRAEL

In Israel, military training of unmarried women from eighteen to twenty-nine is compulsory. Israeli militarists feel that this is the best way of preparing the modern woman for a war in case it breaks out some day.

Their training includes the use of firearms, and other technical jobs like radio and telephone engineers, the care of parachutes, etc. After two years' training, the girls are on reserve till the age of 29 and during those years they

have to undergo two weeks' duty each year.

The Commander-in-Chief of the women's 'National Service' in Israel is Brigadier Shoshana Gershonowitz who was formerly in charge of the Palestine Women's Corp formed in Britain during the last war.

Israeli women, we are told, "love" this military training. Anyway it is a good outlet for the fat-legged buxom, female greenhorns. Indian women are being trained for multi-purpose motherhood.

PROFITS FROM EVEREST

The British expedition to Mount Everest is reaping rich dividends to the sponsors so much so that a new company called the Mount Everest Foundation has been registered to accommodate surplus funds. So far over £100,000 profit has been made.

Originally the amount of £20,000 for the expedition was raised by a joint organisation committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club.

The foundation will function as a charitable trust under English company laws. Money pours in from books, films and lectures. Sir John Hunt's best-selling book describing the story of the climb has helped a lot to increase the funds.

The purpose of the foundation is to encourage or support financially or otherwise, "expeditions for exploration of certain regions of the earth".

ENDURANCE CYCLING

20-year-old Afsar Khan of Bareilly completed 113 hours and 20 minutes of non-stop cycling at the Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium Bombay, and in doing so established a new world record in non-stop cycling. When he stopped cycling, the doctor who examined Afsar said that the boy was just beginning to feel the strain.

Such remarkable endurance was well rewarded by mill magnate

Kailashpat Singhanian who handed over Rs. 1500 on the spot to Afsar and Rs. 2500 for a trip to Europe. Other admirers presented Afsar Rs. 600.

The Government which lionised Tenzing did not notice our Afsar. Nor did Birla who manufactures and sells cycles, forgetting that there would be big profits in an Afsar Khan model of Hind Cycles.

CROSSING OUT

The Ministry of Fuel and Power, Britain, in its White Paper issued recently has announced the future atomic programme of the country which is going to be developed along peaceful and scientific lines

and not for purposes of destruction and war-mongering.

As an industrial nation, Britain's power comes mainly from coal. With coal resources dwindling and no oil, nuclear power can do the job equally well.

Britain's Atomic Energy Authority is interested in research and development. Nuclear power plants will be built by private enterprise. But they will be operated by government - controlled Electrical Authorities. In another two years the first full-scale power stations are likely to be ready.

At the moment, atomic engineers are being trained at the

Calder Hall experimental generating station which is nearing completion and which will feed 50,000 kw. of atomic electricity into the high lines in 1956.

While atomic power is thus being harnessed for peace, Churchill announced Britain's intention of manufacturing the Hydrogen Bomb.

PLAYING MURDER

At Las Vegas, Nevada, U. S., the third atom bomb of the 1955 test series was exploded on March 1 on a 300-foot steel tower.

The flash of the explosion was seen in Los Angeles, nearly 300 miles away. 4000 yards from the blast, six hundred troops got into trenches, and fighter-bombers swooped over the ground before the blast.

REALLY, RUSSOVISKY?

The Russians, who claim to be the first in everything, say that Professor Romadin has built an atom-powered car which can run for weeks on a minute amount of uranium or plutonium.

It is time the Yankees put in their counter-claim.

A FASHIONABLE FAQIR

52-year-old Willy Schmitz alias 'Hero', a German faqir, who wants to set a new world record in fasting, locked himself up in a glass case in a large building at Madrid.

Hero will remain in the glass case for three months. His supplies which will be replenished every ten days consist of 30 bottles of mineral water, 400 cigarettes, 44 boxes of matches, two tooth brushes, six tubes of tooth paste, three pieces of soap, a razor with two packages of blades, a shaving brush, a comb, scissors, a roll of adhesive tape, a ventilator, a flacon of disinfectant, a flacon of Eau de cologne, an alarm clock and a calendar. He forgot a woman.

In India, a land of starvation, we can get fasting experts by the hundreds without resorting to this queer paraphernalia.

THE NOISY POLE

Polish bandleader Jan Korwin set a new record in marathon piano playing by devoting 35 uninterrupted hours to it. The previous world record was 21 hours reached by a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

A Picture of A Happy Family

D. P. PRODUCTIONS'
TEEN BHAI

DIRECTION
HEM CHUNDER

MUSIC
ARUN KUMAR

D. P. PRODUCTIONS, 32, GULALWADI, BOMBAY 4.

April, 1955

There have been other marathon pianists but they took one hour's break each day for rest and refreshment.

PLUCKY JIM

Sergeant Floyd James of U. S. performed a brave little feat on a U. S. Air Force transport plane flying from Alaska to Ohio when a fault was detected in its landing gear. James hung over the edge of the plane and carried out repairs as it flew at 4000 feet.

James was supported by two airmen who clung to him. He could not wear a parachute for fear of being swept off with the velocity of the air.

If James had not ventured, the result would have been a crash landing with loss of lives. And there were 31 people.

OUR FLYING SAUCER

U. S. Navy's Viking No. 12 Rocket reached an altitude of 144 miles in a test to investigate the so-called "thermal barrier" to space travel from earth.

Viking No. 12 rocket reached

FREE INSURANCE SERVICE

Quite a few frauds have been discovered recently in some of our insurance companies. Quite a few companies are on the brink of disaster. It is, therefore, necessary to advise our readers on the choice of a safe and economic company for their life policies.

Every reader who wants to insure himself or who is already insured and wants to know about the present status and stability of the company he is insured with so that he can either surrender or pay up his policy to save his neck from being squeezed further, can write to the "Insurance Department", Filmindia, Fort, Bombay, to get free advice.

The following particulars are required: 1. Name and age 2. Present income 3. Type of work done. 4. Family responsibilities 5. Amount of saving intended 6. Any personal particulars.

This is a strictly personal and confidential service. Enclose two-anna stamps for inland postage or suitable foreign postage for reply, without which no letter will be attended to.

its maximum velocity of 4100 miles per hour, exhausted its propulsion fuel in 103.5 seconds and attained a height of 144 miles in 290 to 300 seconds. Then its instrument-loaded nose was blown free while the main body of the Viking fell down gradually towards the earth.

BUY ONE, MORARJI

Chairman of the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation, Mr. Frank N. Piasecki, said that by next year his firm would supply a 20-seat helicopter for commercial service, costing somewhere between \$250,000 to \$275,000.

At present the firm sells an 8-seater helicopter which costs \$150,000.

Such spacious helicopters can certainly be used in India for transporting large families of ministers from one place to another.

GOING UP

Dr. Werner Von Braun, a German aeronautic expert responsible for the production of Hitler's rocket-bombs, in a meeting at New York predicted that by 1985 commercial airliners will probably fly at altitudes of about 12 miles, nearly three times the altitude they operate today.

Von Braun, who is now working with the American army, continued: "It is a good bet that within the next 30 years, we will see an unmanned baby space station—a small, instrument carrying rocket—fired into an orbit, say 200 miles above the earth. That will be the first step."

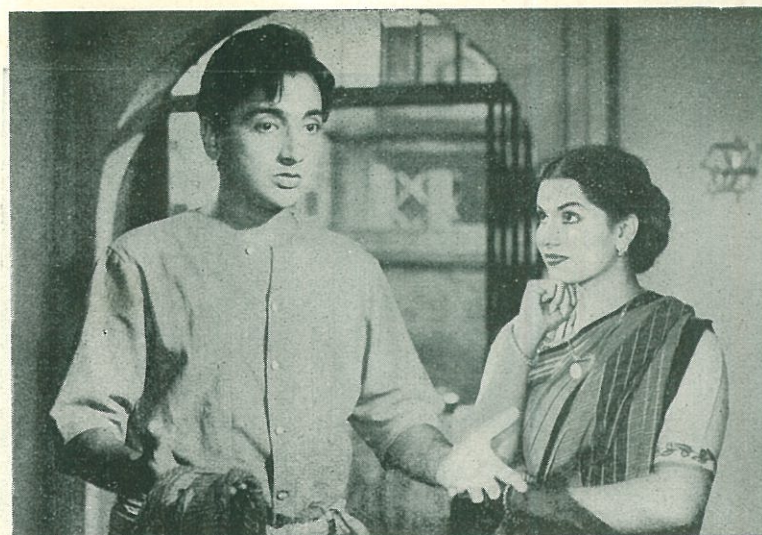
MORE SPEED

"Bluebird", the revolutionary speed-boat, completed its first trial on Ullswater, Cumberland.

Donald Campbell, son of Sir Malcolm Campbell—the famous speed king—will soon try it out in the hope of setting a new world water speed record.

Looking like a giant cigar and worked by a powerful turbo-jet engine, "Bluebird" cost £25,000. It is fitted with automatic devices, which sound a warning if the strains on the hull caused by water pressure at high speed, become dangerous.

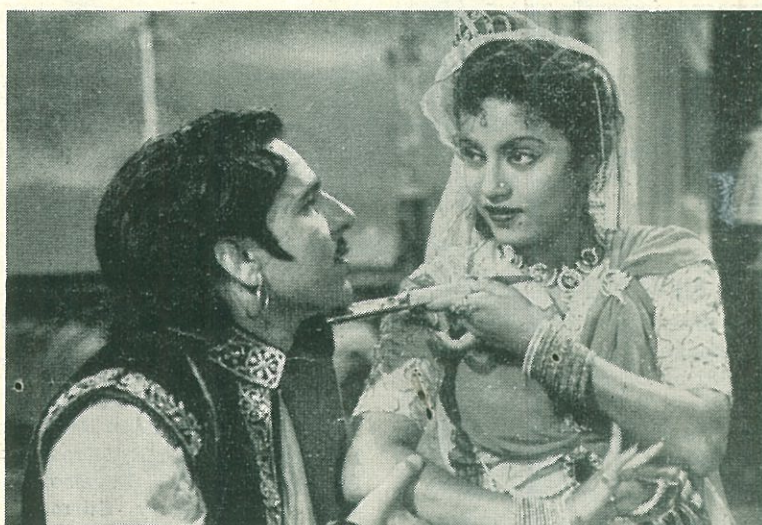
The present water speed record is held by U. S. being 178.49 miles per hour.



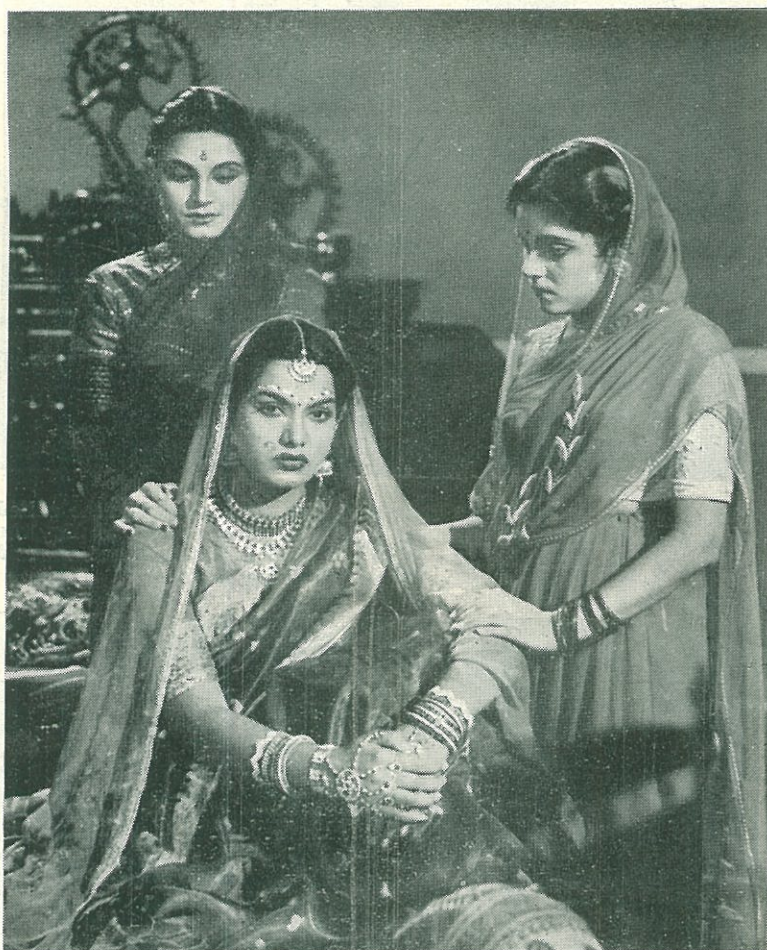
This is a pair of surprised simpletons at the ancient game called "Man and Woman". They need a domestic background to play the game but the score is the same. Watch Bharat Bhushan and Shyama in "Teen Bhai", a domestic tale.



This is an amateur modern pair of curly tops on both sides. They become thirsty and waste water but try to drink the nectar from the eyes. They call this modern love and Chitra and Chandrasen illustrate it in a love story of Prem Pictures.



This is a regular professional outfit with edge to the dagger and lust to their love. They heat the moonbeams with liquor and give desire an intoxication which makes hours look like minutes. Madan Puri and Roopmala make a new team in "Tis-mar-Khan", a love tale.



A woman weeps and prays for years to get a husband and on the day she gets one she weeps again for getting one. That is a strange creature which has defied the wisdom of gods. Shyama plays a pretty bride in "Do Dulhe", a thrilling entertainer released by Gemini, and till we see the picture we won't know which one of the two bridegrooms won the prize.

NYLON INSIDE

Dr. W. Sterling Edwards of Alabama, U. S., used a pre-fabricated nylon tube to replace a damaged femoral artery in an operation at the Medical College.

A month after the operation, the patient had good circulation in his foot. The nylon tube developed by Chemstrand Corporation does not twist or crinkle unlike the old fabric tubes which were in vogue till now.

NEW HEART PROP

A life-saving device called the Pacemaker which was developed in 1952 by Dr. Paul Zoll, Associate Professor of Medicine, Harvard, is being used nowadays in many hospitals of America.

57-year-old Mrs. Colin McKenzie came back to life nine times with this heart stimulator. The Pacemaker is a portable machine consisting of a metal box equipped with a pair of disk electrodes.

The electrodes are strapped across the chest. The machine is then activated and an electrical impulse of short duration is sent out. The impulse stimulates the heart muscle and enables it to contract thus replacing the vital organ's lost impulse. A new device called the Alarm System has been developed now which automatically starts the Pacemaker if the patient's heart stops.

We should import some Pacemakers for our operating rooms where quite a few patients collapse under the effect of anesthesia.

HYPNOTIZED AND SAVED

A five-man team, consisting of Psychiatrist James McCraigne, Psychologist H. B. Crasilneck, Surgeons Morris J. Fogelson, Ben Wilson and Jerry Stirman of Texas, used hypnosis in the treatment of burns successfully.

A patient with second-degree burns who had undergone many

skin grafts without any result for 18 months began eating 4200 calories per day and after 3 months left the hospital. Another patient with burnt hands and fingers who could not be dressed except under anesthesia followed the doctors' orders under hypnosis and allowed them to be dressed.

Says Crasilneck, "As we see it now, hypnosis has a very definite, specific role in medicine. We don't for a moment say it is a cure-all."

UNNECESSARY

John Mc L. Morris and Edward H. Hon, two gynecologists of Yale Medical School, U. S., report a 100% accurate test for pregnancy, which is faster and more economical than the old tests.

The test is performed ten days after suspected conception and the reaction of the test is known after two hours. Another advantage of the Hon-Morris test is that by measuring a pregnant woman's hormone level they can advise her on the dangers of pregnancy. For instance if her chorionic gonadotrophin level is below 6000 units, a miscarriage can be expected.

So far in testing 2000 cases, the doctors predicted 83 miscarriages correctly.

In India the women don't wait for tests. They just deliver the babies when the labour pains start.

NEW CRACKS

According to a leading British psychiatrist, Dr. Henry Dicks, writing in "The Lancet", there is likely to be a big rise in the number of patients suffering from neurosis in India, China and Africa.

The cause for neurosis is due to too much industrialisation. Dicks' own experience has been that "nearly all the problem children, the marital difficulties and the neuroses come from the industrial families." Writes Dr. Dicks, "The modern urban family with few children, which social mobility has now made typical of our western society, is a much shrunken successor to the traditional kinship group."

Our Five-Year Plans thus promise a new fortune to our greedy doctors.

DIAMONDS TO ORDER

Another milestone of science is the manufacture of synthetic

diamonds through synthetic process, produced by Doctors Francis P. Bundy, H. Tracy Hall, Herbert M. Strong and Robert Wentorf of General Electric Company of U. S. Nature's process had eluded physical scientists for the last 150 years in the laboratories.

Though the synthetic diamonds produced at present are too small, they are nevertheless real diamonds. Following closely nature's method, G. E.'s diamonds are formed by a giant press that concentrates 1000 tons on a small metal cup heated to above 5000°F. containing carbon and other materials. When the matrix cools, diamonds are formed. These diamonds can be used profitably for industrial purposes.

But what can match the lustre and brilliance of nature's diamonds? That will always remain a mystery to scientists.

BOTH WAYS

After three years of research, engineers of the Philco Corporation, U. S., have developed an air conditioner that can make a room either hot or cold.

By means of the "reverse cycle", that is reversing the flow of the refrigerant so that the same unit delivers either heat or cold as required, they have achieved this dual effect. The engineers evolved a valve that worked without failure for more than 100,000 cycles equal to 133 years of ordinary use.

It is an ideal air conditioner for Delhi, our capital, where heads get heated and frozen owing to the extremes in climate.

VILLAGE RELIEF

Litton Industries' Nuclear Electronics Division in Beverly Hills, California, has manufactured a portable X-ray machine called the ISO-X.

ISO-X weighs only 20 pounds and can be shifted from place to place without any difficulty. The source of power for this machine is the radio-active isotope of thulium 170. The radioactivity of the thulium capsule lasts for six months or more after which time it can be replaced.

LITTLE GADGET

Roy J. Sonollet of the Naval Ordnance Laboratory, Silver Spring, U. S., has built a tiny radio transmitter to fit into a 20 mm

shell, which is less than an inch in diameter.

The transmitter is smaller than a dime and has one transistor, a coil and a mercury battery.

No sooner the shell is fired, the transmitter sends out a wave that tells how the shell is spinning and moving.

COLOURED COTTON

At the Surat District Agricultural and Cattle Show in Jahan-girpura village, an agriculturist exhibited a sample of khaki coloured cotton.

This is the first time that coloured cotton has been grown in India on an experimental basis. Russians have also announced that they have been able to grow coloured cotton.

Somehow, we prefer the purity of white cotton in preference to other colours. It is in keeping with the colour of our white-capped rulers.

ALL OVER EGGS

It is well known that many animals have a keen sense of smell. This principle is being used by Dr. Arthur Hasler and Mr. Arren Wisby of the Department of Fisheries at the University of Wisconsin.

Thus fish and particularly salmon may be enticed to return to designated areas by the use of underwater perfume. By utilising artificial odours emitted by particular chemicals towards which the salmon react, they can be conditioned to it. Later the conditioned fish could be re-oriented from their natural undesirable spawning grounds by decoying them to another location downstream by introducing the training odour into the desired stream location at the time of the return migration.

Owing to water pollution, the problem of diverting salmon during migration is acute. Before the salmon return to their spawning beds, much fish is lost every year.

PERFUMED TRAVEL

Owing to frequent complaints of the air in the Paris underground railways being stuffy, the authorities have begun to spray perfume mixed with disinfectant in trains and stations.

The perfumes used are Eau de Cologne, rose, lemon, pine, etc, to attract more passengers. France

is known for its fine perfumes and spraying them in trains and stations is a novel idea.

GROWING ITALIANS

The tallest reinforced concrete structure in the world begun in 1951 has been completed at Milan.

The new skyscraper is 116 metres high. Shaped somewhat like the United Nations Secretariat building in New York, the Milan skyscraper has 32 floors, 8 reser-

ved for offices and the upper 24 for private apartments for the fashionable elite of Italy.

Built on ideal lines, the building has a gymnasium, swimming pool, hanging gardens, etc. plus a beautiful view of the Alps and the Appenines.

THROTTLING TAXATION

A report of the Inland Revenue Department, Britain, shows that after paying income tax in 1952-

53 only 35 people in the United Kingdom were left with £6000 each. Each had an original income of at least £100,000.

1335 were left with £4000-£6000 while 110,180 had £2000-£4000. 507,450 had £1000-£2000 to call their own.

Our state is not different. We are being taxed so heavily from every side that all incentive to earning is being throttled systematically.

Skill that thrills!



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NEVER BELOW THE BELT

by
A.F.S. TALYARKHAN

Chase The Peacocks Out And Save Our Cricket

Crash! Bang! . . . After all these long years of talking cricket, dreaming cricket and playing cricket, India has failed to defeat even Pakistan in the last Test Match series, Pakistan rightly described as the Babes of International Cricket! But before we probe into this sorry state of affairs, let me repeat that I was never in doubt about Pakistan's potential, and that only the ignorant and the wishful-thinkers thought the rubber was in India's pocket when we ventured the other side of the fence . . .

But if I have been commenting ever since Pakistan came our way, three years ago, that her cricket was much better than most imagined here, that this estimation was based also on the knowledge that our own game has been sorely misguided, that one day the truth would emerge that we have been patting ourselves on the back, for no reason whatsoever. Lulled into false security by our mammoth totals scored at home, even against first-class visiting teams, we have suddenly awakened to the fact that Indian cricket is only just about as good as that of a country that entered the Test arena only about five years ago. How come this realisation, this jolt that is now causing lakhs of Indians to debate and discuss and—to swear? . . .

Leaving out the fact that Pakistan has many really fine young cricketers, still to reach their prime, we have to look inwards to find the sad mess in which our own game finds itself after the five Test Matches had been drawn in Pakistan.

Many close friends will tell you that I have been praying for some such result, not because I am a quisling, but because I know only a hard knock could ever hope to bring us to realisation of the pass to which we have arrived. The fact that India did not lose

the rubber is only secondary to the truth that she could barely avoid defeat in the last series; the honours were with Pakistan, make no mistake about that . . .

The great truth now emerges that Indian cricket has fallen far below its one-time standards and this despite fortunes spent in touring, inviting foreign teams, coaching schemes and camps and, of course, speeches and elections and committees and the like. From the days of Baloo and Warden, then Nayudu and Wazir Ali, from Merchant and Nissar and Amar-singh the decline has been steep and it is when trying to study the reasons for this that we may find a way of staging a come-back, recovering at least some of our one-time glory in the game which still gets far more publicity than it deserves in India.

In the past, India certainly pro-

duced great individual cricketers, if not great teams, and this I put down to the sheer coincidence that inherent talent sprung up on our maidans as easily as the grass in monsoon weather. Without anything like the training and practice available these days, those great stalwarts made a mark for themselves and, collectively, for the country. We failed to defeat England even when we possessed some of the greatest cricketers of the world but that was because we also lacked team-spirit and because England was at her zenith and could take the world in her stride.

CONTROLLED OR THROTTLED?

As soon as the game started to be "controlled" and there sprung up the Board of Control for Cricket in India, our troubles seem to have commenced. Instead of

laying the foundations of a great cricket-playing nation, we have found talent slowly going down, a single victory against any other country, in Test cricket, something almost beyond achievement. True that talent is not of world class the last few years, in India, but all the more reason we should have started to build up the right way, planning for the future, forgetting the past. Did we do this?

For nearly two decades I have been writing that Indian cricket should be built up from the very bottom, that the game should be taken in hand at school-level and nowhere else.

For all this time, and till today, I have proposed that Indian teenagers of promise should be sent abroad to be coached and to play in foreign lands against juniors of their own age and class; to gain first-hand experience of varying conditions, of wickets of all varieties, of cold and heat, of wet and dry variations.

I have long suggested that it would be far better for an Indian side, composed of schoolboy and 'varsity cricketers, to be sent to England, at least every two years, for this purpose. They could learn a lot at the age learning is important and they would come back far better equipped than by all the so-called coaching and training which has come their way at home.

Such junior sides would play against good club teams in England, against school and college teams, against the Minor Counties. Within a very short period such Indian youngsters would provide the nucleus for our Test teams—not one team, but three or four—and this way alone could we hope to achieve more than we have done when drawing match after match with Pakistan, whose surest batsman is a schoolboy and whose representative cricketers are very young men even today.



Waiting is a tiresome game for young women. But this one has evidently seen him on the horizon. The approach of the willing victim makes women smile. Watch Bina Rai playing with hearts in "Sardar", a thrilling romance.

I rake this up now because it is the right moment to do so, because, after partition, Pakistan's cricket authorities did the very thing I had advocated for my own country's cricket future!

Pakistan sent to England as many promising youngsters as she could find, and they visited that country—quietly, without fuss or publicity—coached at the Alf Gover Cricket School, playing matches against club teams and other junior sides.

It is this policy that has so quickly paid rich dividends for Pakistan; they saved the rubber against mighty England and actually defeated her at the Oval, in the final Test Match, much the same combination that has this year so completely humbled Australia. Next, at home, Pakistan has somewhat easily drawn the last series against India, demonstrating that the policy of starting with the young paid—only the very young ...

MY MAN—YOUR MAN

Why did not India adopt this policy, assuming that any suggestion I make is always brushed aside if even more through jealousy than due to ignorance? Here lies the awful answer to the great problem, a problem which is now taxing the minds of all who wanted Indian cricket to reach dizzy heights, those heights to which Douglas Jardine, great English Captain, hinted when, in 1932/33, he said India would be on top of the world in ten years from then.

Why? Simply because the control and conduct of Indian cricket became the plaything of busybodies, social climbers, utterly unknown adventurers who all saw in the administration of our cricket the chance to achieve personal ambitions. They grasped the opportunity at once and the apathy of the Indian public did the rest.

How? Well, it's all very simple. Cricket, with its big press support in India, was a heaven-sent chance to get one's name into the papers. While the real, experienced veterans took a back seat, up sprang all varieties of alleged cricket experts, wangling votes from the Associations, probably promising favours in return.

In this unfortunate land of ours, "your man, my man" is an old trick of the bargaining trade and

cricket has furnished many startling examples of this. Mr. Vijay Merchant, in his welcome articles in the press has, from time to time, exposed many of the evils and crimes committed in the name of Indian cricket and it is because our cricket administration was never in the hands of the really competent and qualified that we have come to this pass—that we cannot even defeat young Pakistan in the year of grace 1955 A.D.

When such persons get control of cricket, the future is only gloomy. They have to operate so that the light of fierce publicity always plays on them, keeping them "alive" so to speak, affording as long a term of office as possible, so that they can attain their private ends.

It is because of this that the young cricketer has been neglected. What glamour is there when India sends abroad fifteen teenagers for experience and coaching?

This affords no chance of statements to the press; it gives no scope for public functions; it gives no chance for lunches and dinners and cocktail parties and—always—speeches.

But invite a foreign team and all is lovely in the garden! Now comes the chance to travel abroad to "make arrangements". Now comes the formation of "tour" and "steering" and other fatuous committees, with the chance to circulate, move around, make a noise—all at the expense of the Indian public and, of course, the future of Indian cricket.

Here the public is as much to blame. In our country, junior cricket is of precious little interest to adults and the brass hats exploit this to the full. Talk of Mankad and Merchant and Mush-taq and Hazare and everybody is interested.

But who would pay any attention if, for example, youngsters like Tamhane, Borde and Dani were to be sent abroad to become the mainstays of Indian cricket for years to come?

So the Board of Control—with here and there a lone voice—shouts from the housetops that it is inviting foreign teams; is sending a team abroad; is arranging festival fixtures; is doing all that is spectacular, but nothing that is of value.

We neglect our School cricket for this reason; what publicity would the Board of Control get if it worried about mere school-boys?

BUILD FROM BOTTOM

We neglect our 'Varsity cricket for this reason; what is the use of encouraging college cricketers when the crowds only turn up to watch the seniors, the veterans, stiff in the joints and bulky round the waistline?

We have our one great annual tournament—The Cricket Championship of India, for the Ranji Trophy—but what do we do about it? Nothing; this only means of finding talent provides no incentive for the Board of Control. Shelve the Ranji Trophy, but invite Duckworth to bring over a combined "Commonwealth" team! Invite this team and that team—there is always a chance to figure in public when these tamashas take place.

This is why the real, urgent, pressing task is never taken in hand—of building up Indian cricket, from the schools, and only from the schools. It does not pay, evidently, and when I talk of payment I am not merely suggesting financial gain to anybody. There is more to controlling Indian cricket than I dare venture to disclose unless I have a great lawyer sitting at my elbow. But I do lay before you the real reasons why Pakistan has gone places and India is still groping in the darkest alleys of international cricket.

We have come to this sorry pass because of the pattern of our administration. Today, a Vizianagram is head of the Indian Cricket Board while a Duleepsinhji farms in his native Jamnagar!

Today, while a Vijay Merchant merely takes pen in hand to try and expose the shortcomings of our cricket administration, utter nonentities sit round the Board table!

You cannot ever hope to raise the standards of Indian cricket till you get rid of persons wholly unfit to conduct the affairs of our game.

Only when those who are qualified are voted into power will cricket improve in India. Then will surely come a long-term plan, a ten-year plan, if you like, as visualised by me twenty years ago!

Start with the schoolboys and stop this tomfoolery of trying to coach a Hazare and a Phadkar and an Umrigar!

Start to spend money on cricket—not on travel and holidays and foreign professionals who come here readily to pocket the handsome fees paid out in our name!

Provide the budding Indian cricketer with grounds and bats and pads and balls and a pair of fitting cricket boots and many such things; that is the correct way to plan for the future!

Away with these busy-bodies who have made a stinking farce of our cricket! Let the public, through its Associations, vote the proper way, for cricketers to run Indian cricket, not men whose cricket knowledge could be fitted into the brain of a flea!

Pakistan started the right way, the only way, and Pakistan—even when drawing the series with us—has humbled Indian cricket.

No, not Indian cricket, but India's so-called cricket administrators, with their speeches and their airflights and their stadiums and their clubs and their rosettes and their ramblings!

Now is the time to make a clean sweep; the cricket loving public can do this in one day. Indians should do this if they see in cricket something more than the platform for peacocks to preen their feathers!

Clear out this present Board of Control and let men conduct the game who will serve the country and take a long-range view! India must bring back right now men like Duleepsinhji, Vijay Merchant, Deodhar, Vazifdar!

We want men who will forget tamashas and will knuckle down to the long and hard way. It can be done, but is India ready to take my hint?...

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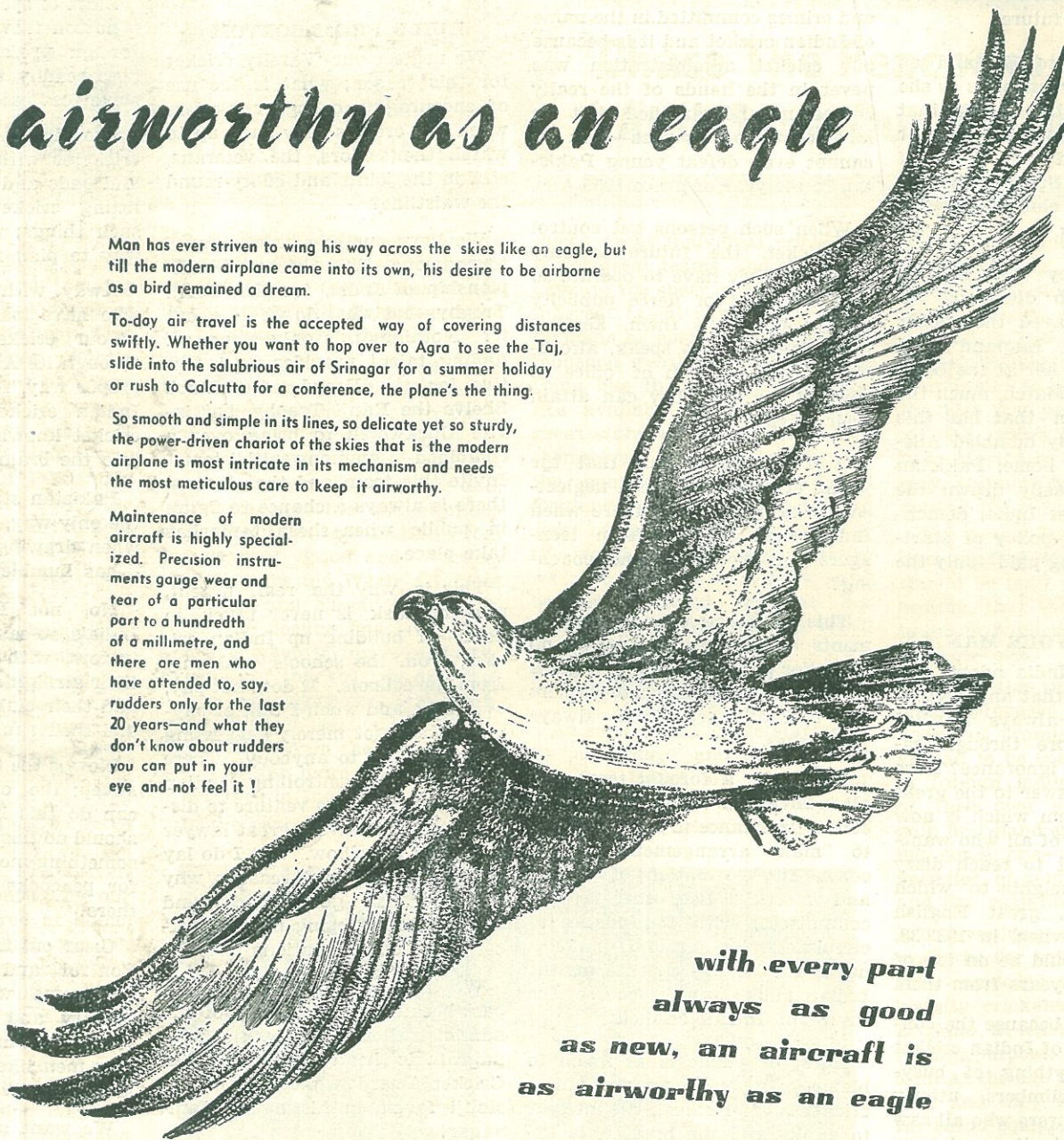
airworthy as an eagle

Man has ever striven to wing his way across the skies like an eagle, but till the modern airplane came into its own, his desire to be airborne as a bird remained a dream.

To-day air travel is the accepted way of covering distances swiftly. Whether you want to hop over to Agra to see the Taj, slide into the salubrious air of Srinagar for a summer holiday or rush to Calcutta for a conference, the plane's the thing.

So smooth and simple in its lines, so delicate yet so sturdy, the power-driven chariot of the skies that is the modern airplane is most intricate in its mechanism and needs the most meticulous care to keep it airworthy.

Maintenance of modern aircraft is highly specialized. Precision instruments gauge wear and tear of a particular part to a hundredth of a millimetre, and there are men who have attended to, say, rudders only for the last 20 years—and what they don't know about rudders you can put in your eye and not feel it!



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as airworthy as an eagle



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IF you have not heard of Peking you have certainly seen the Pekingese, the little pug-nosed four-footed Chinaman with silky hair and large pendent ears, nestling on the fulsome bust of the English "memsahib" in those days when the Sun never set on the British Empire and the Union Jack fluttered violence to all those who called the faithful to freedom. The Pekingese quadruped is still popular with the "memsahibs" but the "sahibs" now have the pug-nosed growling Pekingese bipeds on their chest, fluttering a flag the colour of which stops trains and traffic and of course the march of capitalism and White democracy.

And if you still cannot find Peking on the wide, sprawling and constantly stretching map of new China, pick up a daily paper of October 26, 1954 and find our ever-beloved Nehru in Peking on his usual Alice-in-Wonderland trip of "discovering" China. Whichever city Nehru visits these days becomes the centre of the world and geographical surveyors get busy redrawing the map of the world and shifting centres and epicentres of power and politics to suit the whims of the ever-discovering Hamlet of India. For ten long days Peking became the centre of the planet called the Earth because the new Chinamen of Peking were filling up our beloved Nehru with 40-course old fashioned Chinese dinners sprinkled with new Red chillies of Communism. Though they filled Nehru, the difference was felt by the rabid Reds of India. They got new piles of power which bled profusely in the recent Andhra elections.

Peking is indeed a unique city. It has been so for ages and for many reasons, and not because Marco Polo called it unique. It



Making beautiful vases is an old Chinese art as old as the country.

was in Peking that modern anthropologists found the bones of their first ancestor, *Sinanthropus Erectus*—the Missing Link between the man and the monkey—and counted back 500,000 years to put old "Sinan" in the cradle of human history. In October last year, Nehru also searched for the missing link between Chou En-lai and Chiang Kai-shek and found it in Washington.

Another distinction of Peking was that it was once known as the greatest city of flies, beggars and prostitutes. The other day Britain's Clement Attlee went with his labour squad searching for all these three and couldn't find a fly, leave alone a prostitute. Americans say that the Red Chinese ate them all for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

A city as old as Peking must have other names. Peking has. Marco Polo knew it as Cambaluc and after Kublai Khan, the cruel Tartar fell in love with it, Peking has been known by various names, such as: Chi, Yuchow, Yenking, Nanching, Khanbalik, Peiping, etc. The Chinese, however, call it "Bay Jing" even now and we don't know why. That way we don't know a lot of why's about the new Chinese people. For instance, we don't know why they still carry an old map of China with Indian territory in it and call it new. And when our Nehru asked they filled him up with 40-course dinners.

It is impossible to say how many armed lovers invaded this ancient city of pagodas and palaces. It has always been the centre of invasions, civil wars and foreign interference and of course the epicentre of the Tai Ping Rebellion, the Boxer Revolt and the yellow Oriental marathon called the Sino-Japanese War, not to mention the little domestic quarrel between Chou En-lai and Chiang Kai-shek which made for the Americans a new China inside an old one. But little Peking, a city of only 25 square miles with a population of

PEKING

THE MOSCOW OF THE EAST



The modern Chinese youth, the symbol of New China, a slave at home but a threat abroad. He is now constructing what he himself destroyed during the revolution.

1,721,546 important Chinamen of the day, still stands supreme unscarred by its bloody history, untouched by the ravages of time and untainted by white man's designs. Peking has a charmed existence and its charms are many even though the Reds have eaten up the flies, the beggars and the prostitutes.

Peking is in fact an old tale of two cities—the Northern city and the Southern City. The Northern City is a womb with various other cities inside it, such as: The Tar-

tar City, the Manchu City, the Forbidden City and the Purple City. These names are milestones of long history of invasions and bloodshed. The Southern City is known as the Chinese City. And the Great Wall of China touches both the cities. We don't know whether they sat on the Wall or slept inside the palaces, but the Chinese rulers have called Peking their capital from 1267 A.D. to 1368 A.D. and then again from 1421 A.D. to 1911 A.D. Now again it is the



A 5th Century Buddha in a cave of the Yunkang Mountain (Shanshi Province). He preached only peace, never Communism.



The silk worm is no longer a worm now. It is a Chinese dragon. Watch this one playing with it.



This old peasant woman, silent in her ancient wisdom, goes to the ballot box to perpetuate Communism.

capital of Chinamen Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai.

The man who is lucky enough to get behind Mao's and Chou's "Bamboo Curtain" has a feast waiting for his thirsty art-loving eyes. In the Northern city he can see the Temple of the Imperial Ancestors set in the midst of a park of fir trees, the Temple of Eternal Peace and the Temple of the Great Buddha with a 78-foot high Buddha made of a single

piece of sandalwood, worshipped by the Buddhists. There are two famous towers—the Bell Tower with its 40-ton bell tolling the daily curfew and the Drum Tower proclaiming new edicts. And then there is the Coal Hill, a 215-foot high man-made mound, where the last heir of the Ming Dynasty hung himself from a tree and escaped the rebels and the invaders. Today that hill is calling Chiang Kai-shek.

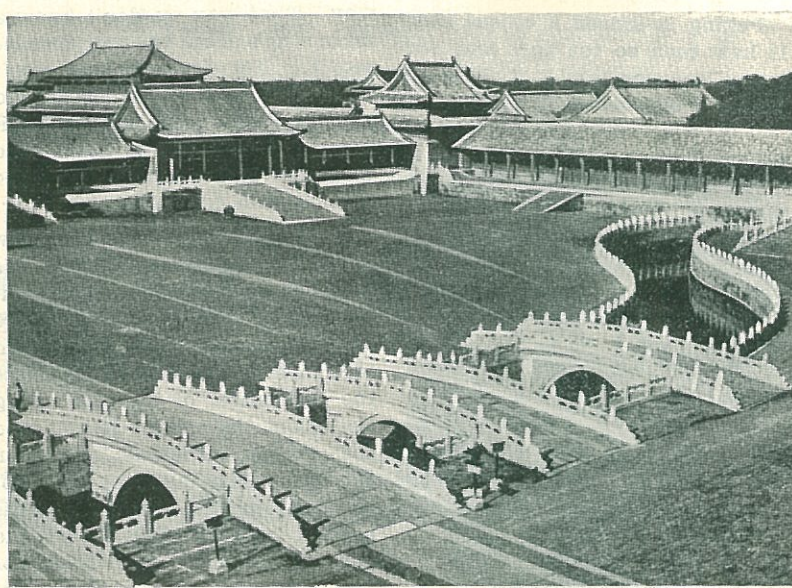
Apart from the Marble Bridge and the Island of Everlasting Flowers, unforgettable sights by themselves, Peking has an Observatory which is one of the oldest in the world. And it has a Hall of Examinations with 10,000 small rooms where in olden days scholars took their Public Service Commission Examinations. The Reds probably use these rooms also for "Examinations".

The Southern City has the

famous Temple of Heaven with its blue dome dominating the landscape and holding the eye spell-bound. Like the Temple of Agriculture, another monument of history, the Temple of Heaven is a Confucian Temple. The Taoist temples are known as the Temple of Celestial Peace, the Temple of White Cloud and the Temple of the Eastern Peak. Apart from the temples of the Buddhists, Taoists and the Confucians, there are



Tien Tan, the Temple of Heaven, built in the 15th century. Once kings prayed here for better harvest, now workers play here after the harvest.



Tai Ho Tien, the Hall of Supreme Peace, where emperors of the Ming and Ching dynasties met their officers. Now it has become the People's Palace.



She looks too sophisticated to be a textile worker but then she might be playing the role for the photograph. The Chinese are good artists.



Children are always made the innocent pawns of politics to prove that tyrants and dictators are but human. These two peasant children provide the soft, human setting to Mao Tse-tung.



In Communist countries everyone smiles with happiness—at least for publicity photographs. Here is a peasant woman taking her crop to Communism.

many churches and mosques for the Christians and Muslims of China. Matteo Ricci, the first Jesuit missionary, built his house of God in 1601 A.D.

ITS NEW ROUGE

But like other ancient cities of the world, Peking is also becoming modern. Peking Hotel, where Prime Minister Nehru was entertained, is a many-storeyed building of modern architecture. Peking has several main roads and over 20,000 "hutungs" (small lanes) all full of cycles, cycle-rikshaws, cars,

small trams and mule-driven vehicles. There are a million cycles in Peking alone. That is a potential market for Birla's Hind cycles if Mao and Chou agree to take them.

Like the West, Peking has no shop-windows. Though the city has innumerable shops, all business is done behind closed doors and blinds. The present rulers seem to have adopted this traditional custom for their political trading also.

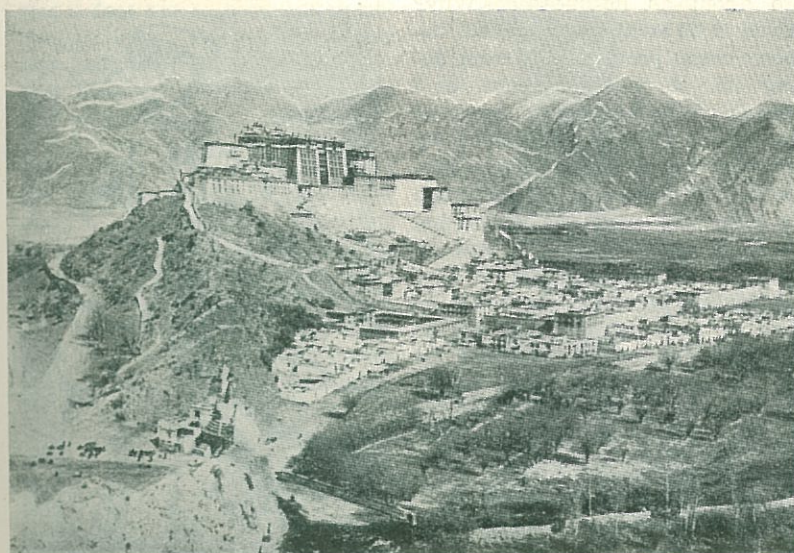
The Summer Palace and the Celestial Lake—the biggest arti-

ficial lake in China—are both creations of the romantic Empress Tsu Hsi, who kept a boy king in a prison and sported with him. She built a beautiful marble barge in the midst of the lake and called it the Ship of the Imperial Navy. Incidentally, it was this Empress who backed a secret society known as the "Society of Harmonious Fists", who as Boxers rose and rebelled against the foreigners during the last century.

Ever since the People's Republic was proclaimed on October 1, 1949, Peking has put a new rouge on

its ancient face and become the capital of the largest group of mechanical bipeds in the world, men who surrendered their glorious traditions in spirit to the inglorious hunger of the flesh and in doing so subordinated the free and lofty spirit of man to the mechanical regimentation of a totalitarian dictatorship.

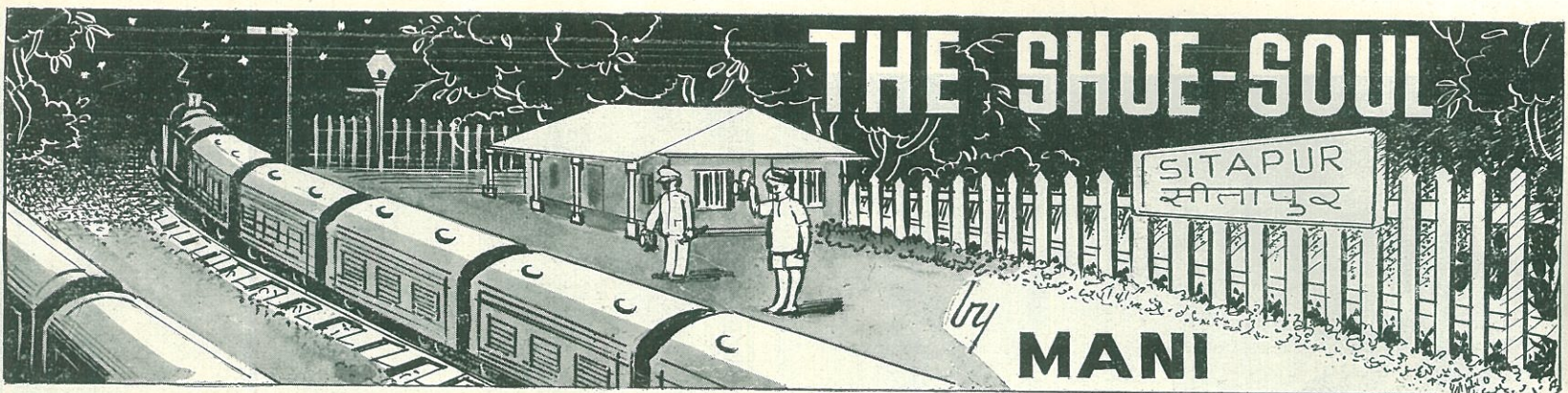
They might grow great harvests of golden corn, but the seeds of golden thought which kept China living through ages will perhaps never find new furrows of freedom. And that is a tragedy.



Potala Palace in Lhasa, Tibet, built 1300 years ago and pocketed conveniently by the Red Chinese when they walked into Tibet for "liberation".



The Yangko dancers from northern Shanshi Province. It is a peasant dance which inspires Chinese composers and playwrights.



The Calcutta Mail rushed past the station of Sitapur illuminating the station for a while. Then everything became silent, dark as before. The frogs were croaking in a near-by pond; a stray dog was howling as though in pain; and the mosquitoes were singing in a mournful hum.

There was a feeble, flickering lamp in the station-master's room. The roaring noise of the onrushing train rudely disturbed Vipareet, the station-master, from his sleep. He stood up, yawned and looked around. He found the porter Jaggu snoring comfortably in a corner. Vipareet gazed on the porter for a while and sighed. These two were the soul of Sitapur and Sitapur the soul of these two.

Vipareet felt restless and more sleep seemed out of question. He

SHORT STORY

dragged the chair, seated himself comfortably in it, throwing his legs over the table. But all at once he drew back his legs as though stung by a scorpion. He resented anyone looking at his shoes or reminding him of their existence. But that is what the lamp did, and he could never forgive it. It was a sore point with him. When he least expected it, the harmless little lamp had outrageously settled its lighted eye on the shoes and made him feel extremely miserable. For a moment he felt like kicking the lamp to pieces; but he knew he could not do that. He gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, cursed the lamp and ran away from it. He ran into darkness and sought refuge there. Darkness, he was confident, had no finger of scorn to point at him. It threw a blanket over his poverty and soothed him showing him the sympathy

he wanted most. He was safe, absolutely safe, in darkness.

He hated the sight of his shoes. They were a battered pair, shoddy, shapeless like a tortoise. They looked a million years old, eloquently proclaiming their bitter tale in pitiable wrinkles and countless patches. The local cobbler had had his own little part to play, his contribution all the more enhancing the hideousness of the shapeless pair. The cobbler had re-soled them till he was sick of the very sight of them. Vipareet was sure the cobbler would not touch them with a pair of tongs again. He knew he could not get them repaired once more unless he himself turned a cobbler. Only the day before he took them to the cobbler for perhaps the 'nth' time for repair. The cobbler threw contemptuous glances at them and their owner. He had even the audacity to spit in the direction of the shoes and he seemed to regard them as a pair of leathery lepers. He thought it was beneath his dignity to touch them even. Why! He made bold to advise Vipareet to buy a pair of new shoes. Much was the mortification of Vipareet. He was insulted—insulted by a cobbler at that. He could not bear it; he felt like whipping the cobbler for saying the truth; and truth was bitter, very, very bitter. He collected his shoes and left the cobbler in disgust and in pain.

The more he looked at them the more he hated them. He hated himself more for using them. He felt his feet; they were shapely like a prince's and he was a handsome young man. But he was poor and he pitied the fate of his shapely feet. He had to pull on with the same wretched pair of shoes and he had been pulling on with them for a number of months—he had lost count of them. He was a poor station-master at a wretched way-side station. His father died leaving a very large

family as the only asset, besides a number of creditors who besieged the house after his father's death. Vipareet was honest and he was an honourable man. He had to answer all the creditors as a result of which he found himself on the brink of starvation almost everyday. He was in such sore straits that he had not even the money to replace the previous pair of lace now worn out and in tatters. But he did not much bother about it; he thought the stage had come when it would be an insult to the shoes to use a pair of new lace. And in a fit of despair he decided to walk about without the lace. But he could not brook the critical glances of the people and hated them as much as himself. This thought reminded him of the dawn. The next morning he would have to undergo the torture all over again, and now even without a pair of lace. Perhaps some would pity him: but who wanted their pity? Some would look at him with contempt: but what right had they to be contemptuous? He need not care for them; he need not dress for their sake. As a free citizen of the world he had every right to go about as he pleased. Why? Even if he went about naked, nobody could prevent him from doing so. 'I will go about as I please. Who are you to laugh at me?' he shouted, overcome by emotion and then laughed a desperate hysterical laugh. As though it heard his wail, the stray dog whined again. Vipareet was in tears. He knew he had to care for public opinion. He knew he had to keep up his prestige; he should maintain a pretence of show, of being himself above want. But that was not to be for many, many more years to come. His shoes alone were enough proof of that. And the shoes had developed in him the complex of the lamefooted Byron.

Even the porter's lot was much better than his, thought Vipareet.

He required no pomp, no feigned dignity. He could very well afford to sleep without a thought of shoes. And reflecting thus he turned and looked at the porter. The porter was smiling in his dream and the smile spread over his face. Perhaps he had dreamt a sweet dream thought Vipareet. He wished he could sleep as peacefully as the carefree porter. He went on looking at the porter and found a smile dancing on the porter's lips. He felt irritated by the smile, felt like waking up the porter and see the smile broken. But then he too wanted to smile like that and to dream like that. Yes to dream to smile like that.

Now Mr. Vipareet was a big station-master in charge of a big, busy station. He had some assistant station-masters to work under him. He was immaculately clothed and was strutting about with the feeling that he was the 'monarch of all he surveyed'. Now life was all sunshine and nothing worried him. A train was coming; he heard its distant whistle. But gone were the days when he had to run at the sight of a train with



the miserable red and green flags. There were others to do it.....

"Babu! the train..." told Jaggu shaking him by the shoulder. With bloodshot eyes Vipareet looked at the porter and muttered something irrelevantly. The passenger train stopped at Sitapur with a groan. And that brought Vipareet to reality. He could scarcely recognise the 'big busy station' in the humble station of Sitapur. He realised he had been dreaming. It was a shock and to realise it was only a matter of seconds. He donned his shoes and did his duty; the porter did his. And the train began to rumble forward. Darkness fell again. The porter sought his corner again and resumed his sleep.

Vipareet found it impossible to sleep. He lived the dream again in imagination. He remembered every little detail of it—the clothes he wore, his deportment and his importance. But one little detail missed him and that was very vital. He racked his brain to get it without avail. He wanted to know what shoes he wore when he was the station-master of "the big busy station". And that detail he missed precisely. He remembered his dream and saw himself from head to foot. Everything was clear till he came to his feet. There everything became foggy and vague. Nothing definite or tangible could be seen there. In short he could not get a clear picture of the shoes he wore. What a wretch he was! Even in dreams perhaps his feet were denied the warmth of shoes—new shoes. Or perhaps he was wearing them. He was a fool not to have taken notice of them. He was extremely depressed and could hardly contain himself. He felt restless and began to walk along the rails.

He would have walked perhaps for three minutes. It was dark and he stumbled on something very heavy. Curious, he lighted a match. And the light revealed a pair of shiny shoes. He gasped and the light went out. He trembled all over and he could hardly manage to stand. He was excited at the sight of the shoes. It was totally unexpected at that part of the night and to find them along the rails was the last straw. They were the newest and the most shiny ones he had seen so far since he bought his own. They were black and he knew, when polished, they would excel brown. He

wanted to see them over again and lighted another match with trembling hands. This time the light revealed a bloody, mangled corpse with the shoes intact on its feet! He staggered and he was not prepared for the new shock. He lost his balance and the match burnt out. He felt weak and giddy and sat on the rails quivering in every limb. For five minutes he sat thus not knowing what to do. Perhaps a suicide case, thought Vipareet. He was horrified and he could recover his poise only slowly. He became

steady soon. Then with an unwavering mind he thought seriously for some time. He lighted another match. His mind was possessed by the shoes. He studied them again with wondrous, wide open eyes. They were very attractive; the corpse no longer interested him. He looked at the shoes as though he would devour them. To his excited mind the dark night seemed to be an unending stretch of black, shiny shoes. That pair was just like the pair of shoes he had been desiring to possess for the past many

months. He went on gazing at the shoes with rapturous eyes till the match burnt his fingers. The next lighted match revealed the corpse's shoes in Vipareet's feet and Vipareet's in the corpse's.

Guiltily Vipareet looked around. There was no one about. And he made sure that the porter was asleep in the same place. He had committed theft! He perspired with nervousness and he was unsteady. He had yielded to momentary impulse. He feverishly thought over his deed and he was



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not sorry for it. What use had a corpse for a pair of new shoes? After all, logically arguing, it was not even theft. For had he not substituted his own for the pair he took? That was sufficient for a corpse. It was a good piece of fortune that the shoes matched his feet. No one would know of what he had done and the corpse was but a dumb witness. He looked at the corpse gratefully and whispered his thanks in its dead ears.

He now turned his attention to the corpse. He knew what to do. He must contact the police. The mere idea of 'police' made him shiver involuntarily. The police were "an awfully clever lot" and he prayed to God that he would not betray himself before them. He went towards his room to ring up for the police. On his way he lifted up his head and saw the porter turn in his sleep. With a stifled shriek, Vipareet drew his feet into the darkness—this time to hide his new pair of shoes. Yes, in his excitement he forgot all about the porter. He should not excite the porter's suspicion. So he turned back, went nearer the corpse and shouted for the porter. The porter got up and came towards him reluctantly. Vipareet explained things to him and asked him to remain near the

corpse till the arrival of the police. He hastily added that Jaggu might remain a few yards away from the corpse, if Jaggu was afraid. The porter nodded sleepily and reluctantly began his vigil.

Vipareet was happy; he had avoided the porter thus successfully. There was no more work to be done and he could go away before dawn. The next morning if he appeared in the new pair Jaggu might think that he had come in a new pair. He would tell him that he bought them with his money saved laboriously. He rang up the police the moment he entered his room. The police would be there in a few minutes. Till then he had nothing to do but wait for the police. The police would look at the corpse and perhaps would make a joke or two at the rotten pair of shoes the corpse would be having. The police would bring flashlights increasing the hideousness of the shoes all the more. Flashlight! He jumped with a cry of horror. That would be dangerous. Then Jaggu was bound to see his new pair of shoes and then the black-guard might squeal. Vipareet was bathed in sweat. He shuddered at the enormity of his foolishness. What a thoughtless ass he had been! Should he lose his dignity

before a porter—a mere porter? Was he not of a respectable family? What a foolish thing he had done? How could he have forgotten that elementary point? He could never lose his dignity before a porter. He would continue to wear the same old shoes. Had he not been so long braving the withering scorn of the critical many? Should he be so mean as to steal the shoes from a corpse? What a rash act was his? He called himself a fool a thousand times and could never forgive himself for his weakness. He looked at his watch. There were only a few more minutes. And he had to act very quickly. The police would be there anytime with their dreaded flashlights. He got panicky and shivered like one in ague. He felt his brow and found it wet with the cold sweat of fear. How he wished he had never touched the corpse's shoes! How he wished he had never seen that troublesome pair of shoes! How he wished he had acted more reasonably! More honourably! The consequences of his act would have been palpable even to a child of five. He silently wept within himself and in his panic-stricken state of mind he could not get at the solution at once. But he had to act at once and he thought feverishly. Forthwith he ran towards Jaggu, his heart pounding within. He stood in darkness and called the porter to him. Jaggu seemed to resent Vipareet's frequent intrusions on his slumber. He stood hesitant for a while and then reluctantly came towards Vipareet. Vipareet asked him to go to his room and to await the police; he said it, mustering as much courage as possible, lest his nervousness should excite the least trace of suspicion in the porter. He added he would be back in a minute. Jaggu shuffled his way to Vipareet's room.

With a groan, Vipareet pulled himself together and with shaking hands lighted the match. His mind was agitated. The light fell on the feet of the corpse and at the same time he let out a shriek. The corpse was barefooted! He was stupefied and could scarcely believe his eyes. His mind was in pieces and he could hardly think.

In an instant the police truck arrived and stopped with a screeching noise. But Vipareet stood stricken to the spot in sheer



daze. It was his duty to receive the police officer. But he was numb with shock and his feet refused to move. But the police arrived with their flashlights. The porter showed them the way.

The police officer flashed the light on the corpse. A moment's scrutiny. "It is funny", he muttered to himself running his fingers over his chin. And then turning to Vipareet remarked, "Isn't it strange, sir, that a well-dressed gentleman should be without any footwear? Why, for that matter, sir, even your porter has a pair of shoes!"

Vipareet looked at Jaggu and Jaggu looked at Vipareet. They understood each other.

SPARE TIME INCOME FOR WOMEN

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Spiritual Revival Alone Will Build New India:

Simplify Hinduism For The Masses

Says RAMANUJA SARMAN

The greatest lesson of India's struggle for freedom is also the lesson that has been most consistently neglected by Free India:—the lesson that the mainsprings of our nation are spiritual, not nationalistic or economic.

As long as Gokhale and Surendranath Bannerjee sought to "agitate, educate and elevate" by reason and argument the cause of political freedom appealed only to the educated, town-dwelling, middle classes. Tilak's dynamism brought many thousands into the fold but the appeal was still confined to these classes. It needed the emergence of a Mahatma in the authentic pattern of the dedicated ascetic, using the traditional Hindu methods of protest, to galvanize the masses and to evoke from them a response of incalculable force; instinctive, supra-rational and, therefore, proof against mistakes or failures.

Amazing as this mass reaction was, no historian, not at any rate an Indian historian, would have any difficulty in explaining it. For, as the Gangetic plain is the oldest continuum of cultivated territory in the world, so our people have been exposed continuously to certain cultural patterns for over forty centuries. These patterns, the result of fundamental socio-economic factors which, for the masses of our people, have remained unchanged since the age of the Upanishads, have become part and parcel of our lives. Rubbed into us from childhood they assert themselves at every major turn in life and become stronger with the years.

Surely this self-evident fact about our national character has direct relevance to the country's struggle today for national uplift and regeneration!

What it implies is that any great movement, economic, social or political cannot command real mass support unless it is rooted in a spiritual impulse. The new national personality we seek must crystallize round an essentially spiritual nucleus. Yet it is a fact that these impulses which have always inspired our people have not been brought into play in all the welter of political and economic planning. The one small but eloquent exception to that state-

ment is Vinoba Bhavé's Bhoodan movement.

In part, perhaps, this neglect of the most powerful mass force in our country is due to misapprehension of the principle of the secular State. It is right and necessary that a State claiming the loyalty of many faiths should not have an official religion and a State-supported Church. It is important also that State and Church should be clearly independent of each other. The Hindu who feels a pang at these thoughts must recollect that, in its essence, his religion is above all States and that it has grown and flourished unaffected by the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires.

But to feel, as some in high places seem to do, that because government is secular they as individuals should not ostentatiously display their faith and should keep it at arm's length is absurd to the point of perversity. Every secular state invokes the blessing of God through one or all the churches and faiths in the country. Unless we are proposing to pass from the secular to the atheist or anti-religious state, it is only right and natural for Hindus to demonstrate and reaffirm faith in their religion and to invoke its support in rebuilding the nation. Likewise should every Indian Muslim be proud of his faith, strive to live according to its principles and seek its blessing for the good of community and country. We have gone far enough with the folly of denigrating religion and seeking to build a secular, rootless life, an imitation of occidental society with self-conscious "Indian" overtones.

Another and an even more dangerous folly in this field is the calculation of some of our demagogues that since our people respond to fundamental Hindu impulses, they would support policies based on hatred of other religions or swallow anything labelled "Hindu". Unfortunately

for these politicians our religion has been much too successful for them. Tolerance for all faiths and compassion for all living things are too firmly built into the Hindu creed to be dislodged by any chauvinistic appeal. Our people have seen too much of saints and charlatans to fail to recognize the former or to be deceived by the latter. No more than a localized outburst of mass frenzy can be achieved by anti-Muslim or anti-Christian appeals and, though these may cause grave concern to the State on occasion, they cannot produce any permanent result. At worst they float like bunches of seaweed on the limitless expanse of Hindu tolerance and compassion.

With these fallacies out of the way let us ask ourselves how Hinduism and the cultural patterns deriving from it may be made to play their rightful part in the evolution of an India true to its deepest instinct and, therefore, great and strong.

NEW CODE AND SERVICE

The first requirement apparently is that Hinduism should be brought to the centre of public life, not left in the by-lanes so that it may not disturb secular politicians. And the second requirement is that Hinduism must shape itself for its greatest mission.

Both these requirements call for the convocation of a council of the greatest Hindu religious personalities—the few Maharishis we

still have, the heads of various sects, the Mathadhipatis, the philosophers and scholars. This body meeting as a select and contemplative group must address itself to one main task, the compilation of an authoritative Samhita of the essentials of Hinduism. It must be a compilation, not a new statement, nor even an annotation or paraphrase, because nothing which is not from the Vedas, the Veda Samhitas, the Brahmanas, the Aranyakas and the epics could have any binding authority. The extracts chosen for the new Samhita must each stand by itself and, together, present the principal—or rather, the essential and indispensable—articles of our faith.

The essence of Hinduism has been stated over and over again in language of penetrating lucidity and therefore the task of compiling a new code is not as difficult as it may seem provided the scholars, philosophers and saints would recognize that what is needed is a short, simple compilation which every Hindu may memorize and comprehend. (There will be no difficulty about the saints; it is the scholars and the philosophers who need to bear this purpose in mind).

If the Council concentrates on the essentials, the peripheral differences of creed and denomination will not present any difficulty, nor would caste, that minor fact of social organization, find a place among the eternal verities of our religion. What we would have in the new Samhita is something that will bind all sections of society together, indeed all religions, in the process of relating Man to God.

While the compilation and the most solemn proclamation of such

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a code should be its main task, the Council may address itself to a lesser but urgent requirement. This is the need for a basic service which may be used in all Hindu temples, a non-denominational service with a beautiful and meaningful ritual which could be used as the essential act of devotion, it being left to each temple to make any additions desired.

To a philosopher this may sound a small matter of ritual hardly worth the attention of a synod of holy men. In reality, however, its practical importance cannot be overstated. Today the services vary from temple to temple, almost from village to village, with the result that a devout Hindu going on a pilgrimage might be struck not by the unity but the diversity of his faith. Too often in these services there is no place for the essential affirmations of Hinduism, only a few mangled pieces of the Vedas with long rituals of minor creeds. Further, there is today no simple and beautiful ceremonial that could be used invariably in small places of worship abroad. Nothing therefore would have more practical value than a uniform service for all our temples, primarily in Hindi for all national occasions and in regional languages for all local occasions. The medium of Sanskrit may be reserved for the learned.

A council of holy men cannot and should not be summoned by Government although it is to be hoped that the eminent philosopher who is the Vice-President of the Republic would participate. It may be convened by a few distinguished Gurus who could extend invitations to leaders of all religious groups and to recognized scholars. Care must be taken to keep the group select but representative. The real scholarly work may have to be done in earnest private discussions but there must be some public sessions and such auxiliary activities as a complete recension of our holy texts. The final act, the proclamation of the new Samhita and service, must be carried out with all the ancient ceremonial that marked such Yagnas in the great days of Hinduism.

It is needless to say that the funds for such a conference would present no problem. Every Hindu worth the name would be happy to contribute. Indeed the whole

thesis of the power of Hindu impulses would be proved by the spontaneous support which this first national effort to restore Hinduism to its place in our public life will receive from all classes, castes and denominations.

TEMPLE, THE COMMUNITY CENTRE

The great Brahma Yagna envisaged will itself do much to generate the creative and unifying forces latent in our religion. It may also lead to other activities such as each of the great men returning to their provinces to proclaim the results. Outpourings of offerings might be used to start humanitarian activities. A great book, recordings of the recensions and a great and reverent film may come as by-products.

Nevertheless the task would only have begun. What would remain is the application of the ethical principles of our faith to everyday life.

Here we may note that in its essential principles our religion was concerned with one supreme purpose; the purpose of reconciling or unifying the particle of divinity in all human beings to the single immanent God. In its loftiest texts, therefore, Hinduism does not speak of mundane ethics

which belongs mostly to man's relations with fellow-men; indeed, they do not speak of any single creed or faith or church.

What then was done to propagate righteous conduct among the great majority who cannot be touched by the mystic impulse for union with the divine? It is for meeting these needs primarily that the Ramayana and the Mahabharata came into being and, after them, the host of Itihasas and Puranas which have the declared purpose of setting up ideals of conduct and pointing to social rights and obligations.

The Puranas were propagated by every conceivable means: the idols in the temples, the endless round of ceremonials, the Uthsavas, the arts, architecture, dance, song and music. Indeed, if we judge even by our times, the whole process might be regarded as the most successful propagation of social ideals in the history of mankind; so successful that, to this day, even the tawdriest film touching on these themes is able to make money.

Today there is a revival of all the arts but we must recognize the fact that this renaissance comes from the top; from the educated, urban classes; from the society

woman, the concert-goer, the patron of "modern" Indian art. These classes are sincere in their patronage and many of them are dedicated to good works. Because of their influence and energy the cultural renaissance in our country has gone far enough to improve the livelihood and social position of artists, musicians, actors and artisans. However all that has been achieved is small and tenuous as it is bound to be until the impulse comes surging up from the masses of our people.

In order to evoke this mass response what we need to do is to restore our temples to the place they had in the cultural life of the people. Rent into pieces by the excessive hardening of caste and untouchability, by too much stress on details of doctrine and too little on the unifying essence of our faith, the temple, bit by bit, lost its place in communal life. Deserted for days on end, except for the Brahmins going listlessly through their routines, the beggars and mangy dogs, the temples come to life fitfully on a few days of the year. Yet, physically, the temple stands, a noble edifice in the most poverty-stricken villages. These pillared corridors and well-built halls must be used again to revive ethical and aesthetic education, for discussion of all matters from religion to sweeping the streets, and for all manner of amusement. The rigidity of latter-day taboos have often banned the use of the temple for legitimate communal activities. But there could be no real objection to such use provided the 'Sanctum Sanctorum' and its immediate approaches are reserved solely for devotion.

With the temple becoming the centre once again of communal life all our energies must be devoted to the propagation of the ethical principles of Hinduism, to the relation of these principles to everyday life, to public information and education and to the revival of arts and crafts. The co-operative village life which was the real strength of ancient India will then revive and every effort at economic and social progress will command not obedience but wholehearted and creative support from the masses of our people. Once this stage is reached the real India will assume its own personality and be able to contribute from the depth of its genius to the sanity of a distraught world.



The honeymoon night is a night of memories—past and future. The happy past brings tears to the eyes and the uncertain future fears into the mind. Thus between tears and fears marriage begins its precarious career of sighs and smiles. But that is life and Nalini Jaywant and Zul Vellani portray it beautifully in "Awaaz", a social theme produced by Mehboob Productions.



AT HOME AND ABROAD

When a woman's purse loses weight she seeks starch from potatoes like this. Shyama is at the old sugar-daddy game with Gope, who gets different dreams, in "Musafirkhana", a social tale produced and directed by Sadiq.

KESKAR'S PETS

Bombay, February 23.

As a result of "filmindia's" frontal attack on Dr. Keskar, the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting has decided to revive contracts with the producers who are members of the Film Producers' Guild and to broadcast records of their film songs according to the requirements and selection of the All India Radio.

Members of the Guild who will be benefited under this new reconciliatory move are V. Shantaram, Tolaram Jalan, S. Mukerji, V. J. Bhatt, Baburao Pai, B. N. Sircar, Mehboob Khan, A. R. Kardar, S. M. Modi and Raj Kapoor.

These seem to be the privileged ten 'Keskar devotees'. But may we ask why such obvious discrimination is meted out in democracy? If AIR means business, then they should have a uniform policy and include all film songs of all producers whether they be-

long to the Guild, or the IMPPA or any other body.

Or is Keskar trying to divide and rule?

DUD WOMAN — DUD CHEQUE

Hollywood, February 16.

Linda Christian, divorced wife of actor Tyrone Power, nearly saw the love bestowed on her by 36-year old Robert Schlesinger evaporate into froth when she was sued by the Van Cleef and Arpels, a Manhattan firm, for the return of valuable diamond jewellery worth \$1,32,500 presented to her. Schlesinger's cheque, it is reported, bounced from the bank but Linda refused to part with her costly tokens of love.

And now comes the news that Linda has set her heart on Edmund Purdom, the British actor who worked in "The Egyptian". Schlesinger's love frolics unfortunately turned into expensive froth. No wonder he says, "Things like this are no fun".

LEARNING IN COURT

Bombay, February 25.

Mr. Justice Desai at the Bombay High Court made no order on a petition filed by the Western India Theatres Ltd. challenging the validity of the decision of the State of Bombay to levy entertainment duty on service charges of polarised viewers which were used during the exhibition of 3-D pictures in theatres owned by the petitioners in 1953.

The State gave an undertaking that it would not collect the duty on the service charges collected by the petitioners for the viewers. The petitioners contended that they collected 4 as. from each user of the glasses to meet the expenses incurred by them on the assurance given by the Collector of Bombay that no duty would be levied on the service charges.

HIS BULLET-PROOF HEART

London, February 15.

After serving four months out

of a six-month sentence for shooting Lord Vivian last July, 39-year-old Mrs. Mavis Wheeler came out of jail and told press reporters that she was going to marry Lord Vivian soon.

48-year-old Lord Vivian is seeking divorce from his present wife. Lord Vivian said, "We are completely devoted" while Mrs. Wheeler added, "That is completely true. We have one main plan for the future—to stay together, always for the rest of our lives".

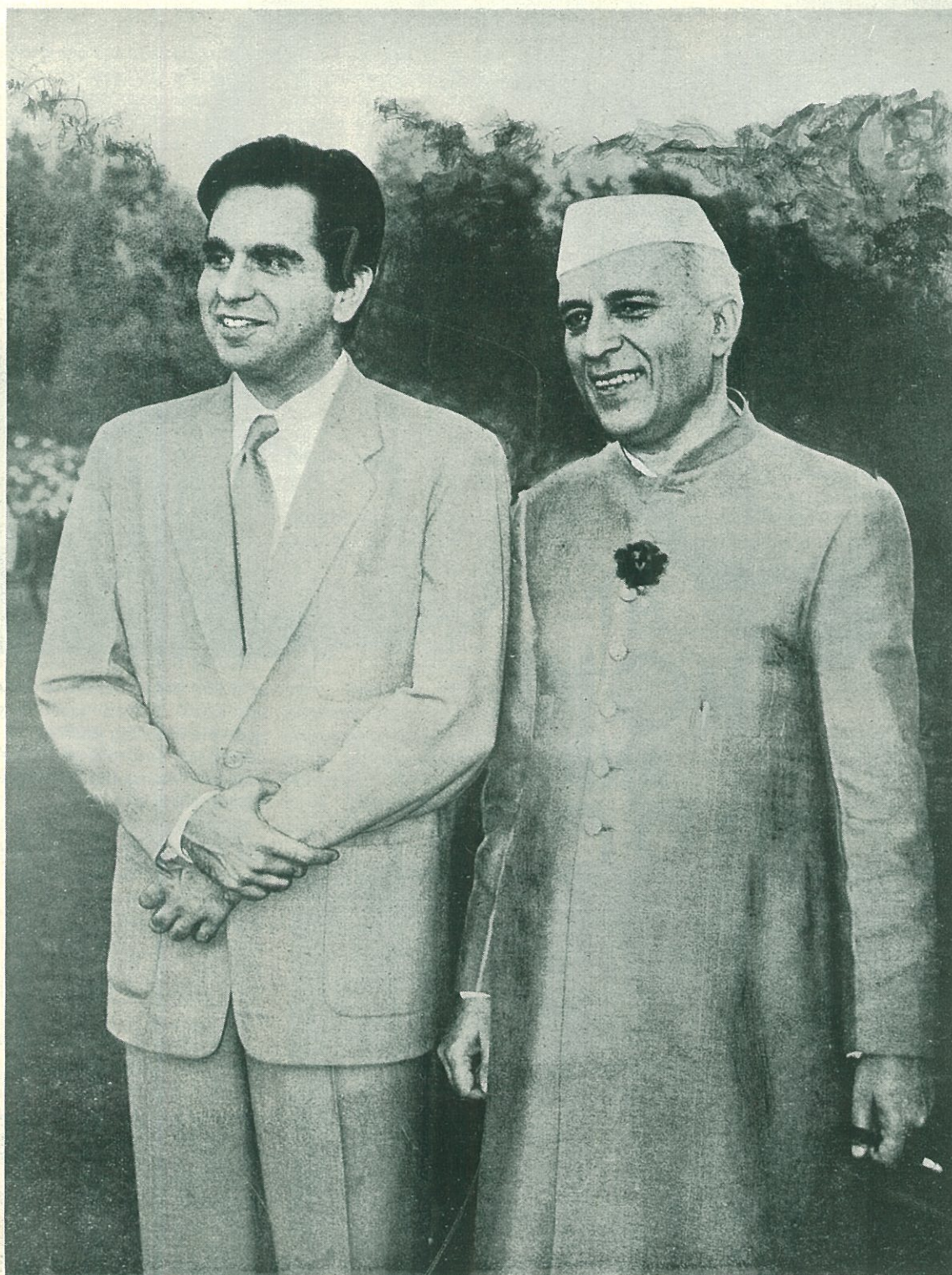
The violent shooting stage of love has probably blown itself out by now.

CHICKEN FEED

Rajkot, March 2.

At a specially arranged function, the Government of Saurashtra honoured fourteen well-known artists, dramatists, musicians and litterateurs of Saurashtra by presenting them purses worth Rs. 10,000/-.

The recipients were: 88-year-old dramatist, Mr. Mulshankar H. Bhulani of Bhavnagar—Rs. 1000/-, 73-year-old musician, Mr. Khetsi Gordhan of Jam Khambalia—Rs. 500/-. Dramatist Prabhulal Divedi, Rs. 1000/-. Mr. Mohammed Khan Desai, Mr. Lakshmi-shankar Trivedi, Mr. Shankarlal Raghavji and Mr. Vasudev Dhal-sukram — musicians — Rs. 1000/-



India's Glamour Boys! Dilip Kumar and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—both great actors and mob-catchers—meet each other in New Delhi. This photo has now become an heirloom of Dilip Kumar's family.

each; Mr. Isack Khanison, musician, Rs. 500|-; Mr. H. M. Sharma, musician, Rs. 500|-; Mr. Hassan Hadukhan, musician, Rs. 400|-; Mr. Natvarlal Vankani, dancer, Rs. 500|-; Mr. H. P. Trivedi and Mr. Ratilal J. Trivedi, artists, Rs. 500|- each and Mr. B. A. Raval, artist, Rs. 600|-.

Presiding over the function, Chief Minister Mr. Rasiklal Parikh said that by honouring these men of letters, the people of Saurashtra were honouring themselves.

The recommendations were made by a specially constituted committee who took into account the services rendered by these

artists in their individual spheres during the last 25 years.

ROMEO BREAKS HOME

Hollywood, February 15.

Publisher Max Reinhardt, 39, divorced British stage and screen actress Margaret Leighton, 32, on grounds of adultery with Laurence

Harvey after seven years of marriage.

Laurence Harvey played Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet", that Anglo-Italian Technicolor picture directed by Renato Castellani.

MERE PROMISE?

Satara, February 7.

Bombay's Minister for Rehabilitation, G. D. Tapase inaugurated the newly-built open air theatre erected by the local municipality at a cost of Rs. 30,000|-.

Mr. Tapase promised a government grant of Rs. 25,000|- for the theatre.

At least one open air theatre has now been opened.

CUDDLING IN GRAVE

Hollywood, February 18.

Popular character actor S. Z. Sakall, affectionately called "Cuddles", died of heart disease in Los Angeles, at the age of 62.

Born in Budapest, Sakall first appeared in European pictures and then migrated to America in 1927 where he made dozens of pictures, some of the popular ones being "Casablanca", "Small Town Girl", "Tea For Two", "It's A Big Country", "Thank Your Lucky Stars", etc.

Sakall's Hungarian - accented English always tickled his fans.

THEY DID IT

Hollywood, February. 17.

Jose Ferrer, actor of "Moulin Rouge" and singer wife Rosemary Clooney became proud parents of a son.

Jose Ferrer, has also a son, by his first wife.

MISADVENTURE

Allahabad, February 21.

Too much of realism, cost an eleven-year-old boy portraying the life of Bhagat Singh on the stage, his life.

While the noose was still round the boy's neck, another youngster pushed him off the stage to create the illusion of death. As the noose tightened round his neck, the brave boy groaned and muttering the name "Bhagat Singh" breathed his last.

Boys should play Congress men who were never hanged because they were never suspected of being patriots.

TWICE TOO BIG

New York, March 1.

Pretty Elizabeth Taylor delivered her second baby boy on

April, 1955

February 28, her 23rd birthday, after a Caesarean operation. Elizabeth's first son, Michael, is also a Caesarean baby.

Other stars who have had Caesarean babies are Judy Garland, Betty Grable and Hedy Lamarr.

Elizabeth was recently seen in "Elephant Walk" and she will soon star in "Mary Anne" based on a novel by Daphne du Maurier. Elizabeth's husband, Michael Wilding is also a well-known British actor and 20 years her senior.

DESERVES IT

Stockholm, February 28.

Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman got a hot reception from her own press folks when she went to Stockholm to act in "Jeanne du Bucher" (Joan At The Stake).

The Swedish press criticised Ingrid rather severely and said that Ingrid acted only for money, that she portrayed Joan of Arc even though she was divorced and that she got from her marriage to Italian director Roberto Rossellini "three children and a Rolls-Royce".

At a charity show, Ingrid in a short speech, sadly said, "I shall never return to Sweden." Swedish journalists seem to have more character than some of the Hollywood ones to whom a woman seems to be merely another bedspread.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Paris, March 2.

French films made in 1954 and those that have gone into production in 1955 are veering more and more towards classic themes to satisfy the literary urges of the Frenchman.

Autant Lara just completed "Red And Black" adapted from Stendahl's romantic novel. France's famous novelist Françoise Mauriac, called the Grand Old Man of French literature, has been induced to write the film script of "The Living Bread".

Though Tunisia and Morocco are hotbeds of nationalist struggle against their French rulers, French film producers shot two Cinemascope pictures, "Oasis" and "Fortune Carree" in Morocco and Egypt. The African background seems to attract them.

Renowned French director Jean Renoir is busy in Paris making a period film in colour on the evolution of the typically Parisian dance "Can Can" starring Jean Gabin. Another film is "Le Dossier Noir" (A Black Record) by Andre Cayatte, one of France's most popular directors who gets a large fan mail of 4000 letters every time he produces a film. Cayatte's last film "Ripening Seed" dealing with the problems of adolescent crime won an award at the last Edinburgh Film Festival.

Alberto Moravia, the Italian novelist who incurred the wrath of the Pope, has found favour with the French film producers. His two novels "La Belle Romaine" (The Woman Of Rome) and "La Fille Du Fleuve" have been picturized.

The French film industry also produces its quota of gangster films to ape Hollywood. But with France's large, literary background, French producers have really no need to lower the standard of their pictures and lose their national character of chivalry.

DEVIKA'S 49TH BIRTHDAY

New Delhi, March 2.

Prime Minister Nehru inaugurated the first Film Seminar on Sunday, February 27, at the National Physical Laboratory, New Delhi, before a large, distinguished crowd of film stars, officials, ministers, etc.

In a thirty-minute speech Pandit Nehru spoke on different aspects of the film industry, some highlights being: "I am not interested in melodrama. It bores me. I fall asleep"—"One has to appear to be hesitant occasionally in order not to become too cheap. But even if I had been hesitant in this case, it would have been difficult to survive the insistence of Devika Rani".

Regarding horror comics, Nehru said, "I am clear in my mind that horror stories should be suppressed ruthlessly". These stories were a hundred per cent bad causing sadistic crimes. Such films encouraged children to murder for the sake of pleasure. Obviously no Government or society should allow that type of thing to flourish. Recently someone pre-

DRINK

YELLOW LABEL TEA



TEA



Both from the South—a dancer and a musician! And they face the North Indian cameraman (your editor) together, in case— Where pretty women are concerned unity is always safety. Padmini, the famous Travancore dancer, met Sushila Rani Patel at "Girnar" and you can see how.

sented a horror comic to his grandson. Nehru added, "I was horrified that anyone much less my grandson should have such literature to read".

Devika Rani, secretary of the Film Seminar, garlanded Pandit Nehru while Dr. P. V. Rajamannar, president of S. N. Akadami, made a speech welcoming Pandit Nehru. Mr. B. N. Sircar proposed a vote of thanks.

Many papers were read and discussed on Monday, February 28, by people from the film industry—Mr. S. S. Vasani, K. A. Abbas,

Dilip Kumar, Narendra Sharma, Debaki Bose, Raj Kapoor, Kishore Sahu, B. N. Reddy, etc. Mr. Vasani's was the only sensible speech that brought out clearly the industry's vexed problems like taxation, censorship, etc.

Thus ended the Film Seminar, Devika Rani's 49th birthday celebration (or is it 50th?) and brought to a close the cold war between the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, the former being the parent of the Film Seminar.

PRAYER INCORPORATED

Bombay, March 7.

World famous Catholic priest Fr. Patrick Peyton who is touring India now, carrying his message of love and peace, has admirers of every religion. He believes in the idea of a daily family prayer as a means to a fuller and richer life. "All I ask for is ten minutes a day", he says.

He has travelled practically all over the world, Canada, Europe, U. S., Australia, New Zealand, India, Burma and Ceylon, comforting lost souls and teaching them the efficacy of prayer.

Peyton's television programmes in U. S. are very popular. Over 300 Hollywood stars including Bing Crosby, Ann Blyth, co-operate with him in his radio, TV and film productions. Peyton has already produced ten films each costing 25,000 dollars while fifteen more are to be made. Friends donate the money for his films. Peyton seems to have made prayer a million-dollar business.

COUNTING WITHOUT KESKAR

Bombay, February 18.

IMPPA elected Mr. S. K. Patil unanimously as an honorary member of their Association following the two extraordinary general meetings held on February 4 and 5.

Mr. S. K. Patil, who as chairman of the Film Enquiry Committee four years ago made a study of the problems of the film industry, is therefore, no novice.

In an interview, S. K. Patil said, "I have been a sincere friend of the motion picture industry and I want it to develop on a sound footing. To that end, if my services will be of any avail, I shall be only pleased to render them. If the IMPPA and the new Guild that has been formed come together on a common platform and help to build the industry on sound lines, the industry can yet be saved and made to render better services to millions of our people."

Let us hope, S. K. Patil, the hero of the Andhra elections,

keeps his word and helps the film industry to get out of the woods. Provided, of course, Dr. Keshkar allows the splinters to join.

BAN THE "COMICS"

London, February 11.

The menace of "horror comics" is spreading so fast that Britain found it necessary to curb the evil through a new bill which will soon become law.

The purpose of the bill is to "prevent the dissemination of certain pictorial publications harmful to children and young persons".

Any pictorial publication, which portrays the "commission of crimes or acts of violence or cruelty or incidents of a repulsive or horrible nature" in such a way that the work as a whole would tend to corrupt children or young persons, will naturally be banned.

Meanwhile at Washington D. C., U. S., the home of horror comics, a Senate sub-committee investigating juvenile delinquency submitted a 50-page report pointing out the incalculable harm done by comics. The committee called on the comics industry to stop the output of "lurid material featuring sex and depraved violence".

The Committee said that there was a striking increase since 1945 not only in the number of comic books published but also in the number dealing with crime and horror and featuring sexually suggestive and sadistic illustrations. The primary responsibility, for ensuring better standards of morality and decency, therefore rested with the publishers.

But will the profit-conscious publishers heed the committee's words? Only stringent laws can remove this evil eating into the vitals of American children.

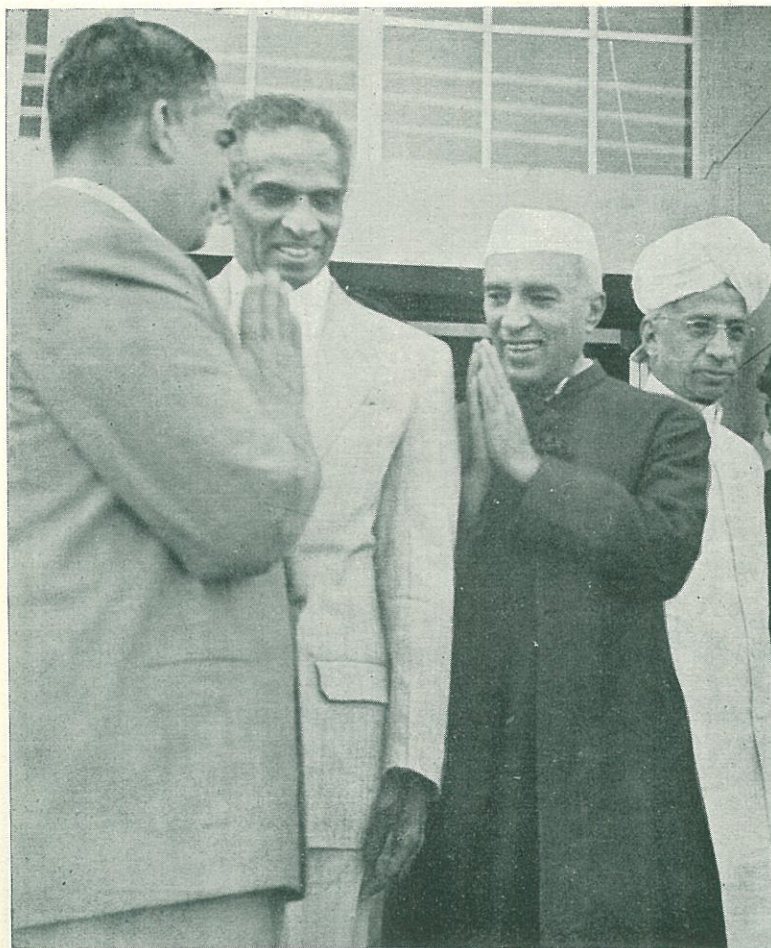
What about banning these "comics" in India seeing that they have now reached the hands of Nehru's grandsons?

ONLY ONE JOHNNIE

London, February 6.

British dance band leader, Mr. Johnnie Dankworth, refused a

USE **WORLD'S MOST FAVOURITE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE**
CASTOPHENE



At the Film Seminar, M. A. Fazalbhoy meets Pandit Nehru and seems to say "What about making projectors in India?" Panditji, perhaps, says, "You are at it again?" Krishna Menon gets lost in this international situation while Dr. Radhakrishnan tries to run away.

£10,000 offer to tour South Africa in May and early June because he does not like the S. African Government's segregation policy.

Johnnie's orchestra is all white but there are two coloured vocalists. Said Dankworth, "I don't wish to appear a hero in any respect. But I feel it is time a stand was made on this prejudice." Moreover, he would not be happy taking his hand to a country which "aims at the suppression of a race which gave birth to the very music my musicians and I play and believe in".

PASCAL'S PACKET

New York, February 17.

Mrs. Zaya Kingman Speelman, widow of a Dutch banker, lost her fight for the 100,000-dollar estate of film producer Gabriel Pascal.

Pascal had addressed a two-sentence will to Mrs. Speelman in February 1954 which said, "This is my will. If I should die on this my trip to India you are my sole

heiress." The Court held the view that since Pascal never made the trip to India as he died in July, the conditions of the will were nullified.

The estate, which consists mostly of property rights to the plays of George Bernard Shaw, now goes to 26-year-old Mrs. Valerio Pascal who commenced a divorce action in March 1954 and to Mr. Egenio Lehel, Pascal's brother.

RETAINS THEIR GOODWILL

Paris, February 19.

69-year-old Sacha Guitry, French actor and playwright, has so far written and appeared in 126 plays—considered to be an all-time record in the French theatre.

Sacha Guitry is also known for his fast-changing affections having divorced four wives already. Of the present fifth one, Miss Lana Marconi, Sacha once said, "The others have been my wives, but she will be my widow".

The latest move of all the wives, ex and present, is to obtain for Sacha Guitry the highest award of the Legion of Honour to crown his glorious stage career. Sacha is at the moment a Commander of the Legion of Honour. They have formed a committee and they are straining every nerve towards this end. All these women have been stage and screen stars.

We like their enthusiasm. The four wives want to share the glory of their husband, even though he is an ex. Old memories evidently bind them together.

CHANGING LABELS

Bombay, March 2.

The Central Board of Film Censors has decided to discontinue the remission of censorship fees either in whole or in part in the case of pictures certified as "Pre-

dominantly Educational" from March 1, 1955.

The Board also decided that hereafter such films should be classified only "Predominantly Educational" without any sub-categorization as "Predominantly Educational-I" or "Predominantly Educational-II".

HALF-BED DOCTOR

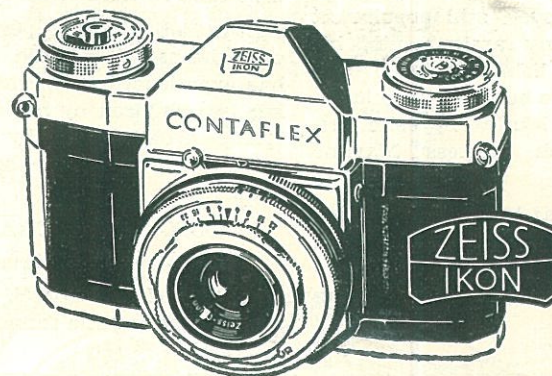
Hollywood, February 10.

Redhead Rhonda Fleming, 31, estranged from her husband Dr. Lewis Morrill Jr., lost her temper when Dr. Morrill fought for his rights of the community property under California's laws.

She left their Hollywood home and moved into a hotel saying, "He claimed he owned half the bed and broke down the boudoir door." But Dr. Morrill could not call the jewel of the boudoir his own. A pity indeed!

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TIPTOED INTO HIS BEDROOM

London, February 11.

British prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, married Roberto Arias, Panamanian attorney, in Paris.

It was Margot's first marriage and Roberto's second one. Margot, who is 35, seems to have taken the plunge after a good deal of thought.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Hollywood, February 20.

In Hollywood, where every second day we hear of a divorce, 55-year-old actor Charles Boyer, and "great lover" of the screen, celebrated his 21st wedding anniversary in his Beverly Hills home with his wife Mrs. Boyer, one-time British actress known as Pat Patterson and his 12-year-old son Michael.

Since they were married on February 4, 1934, the Boyers have lived in the same hillside mansion. Mrs. Boyer retired from the stage in 1937 and believes in looking after her home, her husband and her child. She shuns publicity, hates nightclubs and the superficial glitter of Hollywood.

Charles Boyer, still popular at 55, has many assignments, his present ones being, "Cobweb" and "Nana" where he plays the middle-aged Count Muffat opposite luscious French actress Martine Carol.

So the great lover of the screen is a smug domestic animal. Let us hope Charles Boyer celebrates a silver jubilee of his wedding anniversary.

DIRTY WORK

Karachi, February 23.

M. G. M.'s frantic efforts to picture "Bhowani Junction" in India failed miserably because of "filmindia's" agitation against the picture on patriotic grounds. But these never-say-die producers have now picked upon Pakistan as the locale for this slanderous picture.

Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger arrived in Karachi on February 22. The shooting is being done in Lahore by director George Cukor.

"Bhowani Junction", written by John Masters, describes Mahatma Gandhi as that "sanctimonious little bastard". The picture "Bhowani Junction", however, will not have smooth sailing in India. It suits Pakistan, of course, to give M.G.M. facilities so that they are ensured of some anti-Indian propaganda.

HIS FIRST LABOUR

Hollywood, February 20.

Ursula Thiess is expecting a visit from the stork soon. The most excited person is actor hubby Robert Taylor who is looking forward to being a father for the first time in his life.

Says Bob, "I'll be a perfect idiot over the baby." Ursula, however, has experienced motherhood, having two children by her first husband. A baby is a baby in Hollywood whoever gets the labour pain.

INDIA IN CINERAMA

Banaras, February 12.

Hollywood director T. Garnett, who is shooting the famous Bana-



In case you don't know how to pick a pocket, here is Dev Anand to teach you in "Pocket Maar", a social thriller.

ras ghats and temples in Cinerama, thinks that Cinerama is ideal for photographing India's ancient monuments and sculptures. He had already shot Republic Day celebrations in India.

The first Cinerama picture proved very popular in U. S. In India also it would become popular if the initial difficulty in regard to the particular type of auditorium needed to screen Cinerama pictures was overcome. T. Garnett was trying to get suitable buildings for this purpose in Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta.

Let us hope Garnett has not put a special accent on our monkeys and "madaris".

SHE'S GOT IT

Hollywood, February 26.

Audrey Hepburn, star of "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina", went to Burgenstock, Switzerland for a short holiday—the place where she married Mel Ferrer.

The reason is Audrey is expect-

ing a baby and she seems to like the bracing air of Switzerland.

BROKE WITH "NOO" ONE

Hollywood, February 18.

Judge Elmer Doyle of U. S. dismissed an alimony suit brought by ex-wife Lynn Bari against Producer Sid Luft, now married to Judy Garland.

Lynn said that Sid Luft had failed to provide a \$10,000 educational endowment for their son. Sid revealed that he was broke and living on borrowings. Only after "A Star Is Born", he made some profits and he had so far paid more than \$1000 towards alimony payments.

CROSBY-GRANT INC.

Hollywood, February 20.

The latest name to be linked with crooner Bing Crosby is 21-year-old beautiful brunette Kathryn Grant working in Columbia Studios. Kathryn has announced her intentions of marrying

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An American tourist who visited the South recently said that even the big banyan tree in Adyar stands taking several Bharat Natyam poses. It is therefore no wonder to see Jamuna aping the tree in "Naya Admi", a social tale.

Bing and says that he wrote to her every day when she was away from Hollywood.

So Bing may lead her to the altar quietly though he has not spoken on this subject which concerns him the most.

HIS MILCH COW

Hollywood, February 22.

Howard Hughes signed a new contract with big-bosomed Jane Russell for \$1,040,000 spread over 20 years to star in 6 of his pictures.

Then this prize loaner of stars, loaned out Jane Russell to 20th Century Fox for three pictures for which he will receive \$750,000. Another loan agreement with Producer Howard Welsch for Jane Russell for one film secured Howard Hughes \$250,000.

Howard Hughes has certainly made a profitable business out of this loaning.

"FILMFARE" AWARDS

Bombay, March 13.

At a well-attended function held at the Brabourne Stadium on March 13, Mr. Morarji Desai, the Chief Minister of Bombay, gave away "Filmfare's" annual 'Clares' to the following "bests" of the year 1953-54:

Raj Kapoor, for "Boot Polish" as the best picture; Bharat Bhoshan, as the best actor; Meena Kumari, as the best actress; Tara Dutt, as the best cameraman; Ishan Ghosh, as the best recordist; Bimal Roy, as the best director; Sachin Dev Burman, as the best music director; Usha Kiran, as the best supporting actress and David Abraham, as the best supporting actor.

In his speech, J. C. Jain, the editor of "Filmfare", threatened to increase the number of "Clares" next year. Let us hope he reserves one for his own unique voice.

In any case, Jai Chand Jain deserves congratulations and encouragement for spending so much time and money over our film stars, his efforts giving some much-needed publicity to the Indian film industry.

If Jain can be persuaded to organize a regular "Filmfare" Film Festival Week next year throwing in a small technical exhibition, a seminar, some cultural and classical entertainment and the exhibition of some of the best pictures produced in the country, he will be doing a greater good to himself and to the industry. Jain can do it with Dalmia's millions lying in cement bags.

GOOD-BYE, PAL

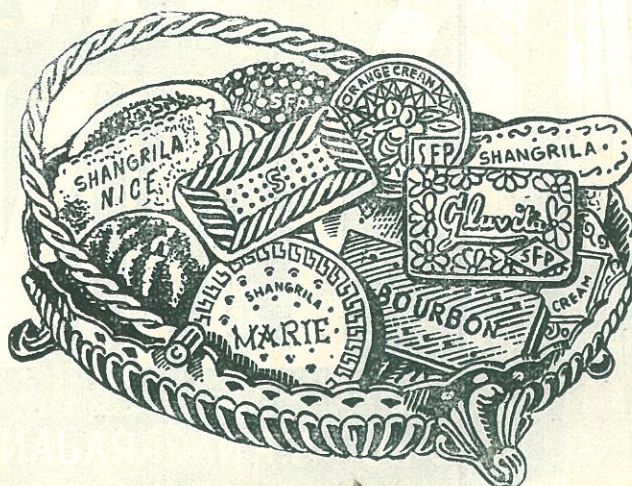
Bombay, March 8.

Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, Chairman of the Forward Markets Commission, died suddenly of heart failure at Rajkot on Saturday, March 5, while on an official visit. His body was flown to Madras by a special plane where he was cremated.

Dr. Naidu had an illustrious educational career, being M.A., B.Com., Ph.D., and a Barrister-at-Law. He was Professor of Economics at the Annamalai University, and Principal of Pachaiyappa's College, Madras. Later he became economic adviser to the Government of Madras and since 1947 was member of Tariff Board.

Dr. Naidu wrote quite a few books on economics, some of them being "Economics of Indian Agriculture", "State and Economic Life", "Problem of Rural Indebtedness". Few, however, knew that Dr. Naidu was a connoisseur of arts. He had made a thorough study of the ancient art of Bharat Natyam and written "Tandava Lakshanam", a profusely illustrated book containing a description of the fundamental poses mentioned in the 'Natya Shastra' of Bharat Muni, way back in 1936. A quiet and modest man, Dr. Naidu carried his erudition with grace and dignity. May his soul rest in peace!

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STATE

OF

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NATION

THE CAPITAL.

During February some interesting statistics based on an analysis of the 1951 census were released. Statistics said that out of the total population of 3566 lakhs in India, 2491 lakhs or 69.8 per cent belong to the agricultural classes and the remaining 30.2 per cent to non-agricultural classes. In the agricultural classes 710 lakhs or 28.5 per cent are self-supporting persons, 1470 lakhs or 59.0 per cent are non-earning dependants, and 311 lakhs or 12.5 per cent are earning dependants. The non-agricultural population comprises 1075 lakhs. Of these 333 lakhs or 31.0 per cent are self-supporting persons, 673 lakhs or 62.6 per cent are non-earning dependants, and 69 lakhs or 6.4 per cent are earning dependants. The total number of self-supporting persons in all industries and services in India is 324 lakhs.

Statistics on literacy and education revealed that only 6 crores out of India's total population of 36 crores are literate, that is 16.6 per cent of the total population are acquainted with a letter or two. The remaining 30 crores are illiterate. Of the 6 crores literate, about 6 lakhs can only read but cannot write, over 5 crores do not

YOUNG MAN HELD ALOFT ON SPEARS Holi "Horror Dance"

GORAKHPUR, March 11: The village of Kharalia near here was the scene of a "horror dance" on Holi eve when a young man was held on spear-points for several minutes before the eyes of his seriously wounded father.

The son died of injuries in the Gorakhpur District Hospital yesterday.

In the midst of Holi festivities the father and the 21-year-old son were attacked by some persons who were armed with spears and lathis. The alleged assailants struck the young man down and then, lifting him up on spear-points over their heads, paraded him before the horrified people around.

Long-standing enmity between assailants and victims was stated to have resulted in the crime.—P.T.I.

even have a middle school standard of education. The number of people who have attained the middle school standard is only 90 lakhs. Of these 90 lakhs, only 38 lakhs have passed the higher secondary school standard. Sixteen lakhs of the 38 lakhs have reached a still higher standard of education, 4.66 lakhs have attained Intermediate in Arts and Science, and 11.7 lakhs are holders of degrees and diplomas.

The Education Ministry's statistics revealed that in the whole of the country there were 280,217 recognized institutions of all types (from primary and pre-primary schools to art and science colleges and universities), while the total number of students under instruction in these institutions was 25,255,386. During 1950-51, India spent a sum of Rs. 112,02,59,463 on education by way of direct and indirect expenditure. The expenditure works out on an average to Rs. 3,14,069 for 100,000 of the population.

Prime Minister Nehru returned to India on February 17 after agreeing to disagree on many important matters with other members of the Commonwealth in London, a 90-minute chat with the ousted Mendes-France in Paris,

and a taste of Egyptian hospitality at Cairo.

President Rajendra Prasad opened the nine-week budget session of Parliament on February 21 and addressed a joint session of both Houses of Parliament. He described the past year in India as a year of "considerable achievements", echoed Nehru's old words with regard to international affairs, and like a hotel owner who proudly rolls off names of his distinguished visitors, the President listed the various international personalities who had visited India in the past year.

Then, this being the month of budgets all over the country, on February 22, Railway Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri presented to Lok Sabha the railway budget for 1955-56 anticipating a net surplus of Rs. 7.14 crores against the current year's revised surplus estimates of Rs. 6.57 crores. Increase in air-conditioned travel fare, readjustment of fares on the basis of a telescopic structure, reduction from two to one anna for platform tickets, renaming of Second and Inter classes as First and Second, revision of freight rates, holiday return tickets at concessional rates were some of the features of the budget.

On the last day of the month, Finance Minister C. D. Deshmukh presented to Parliament his fifth budget anticipating a revenue de-

ficit of Rs. 8.47 crores and with an overall estimated deficit of Rs. 318 crores. The budget included some new incentives and concessions and many new direct taxes and increased duties. Sugar, cloth, woollen fabrics and a number of consumer goods were slated to cost more, while concessions were given in respect of insurance premia, provident funds, installation of new plants and machinery, carrying forward of business losses and co-operative societies. The budget failed to create any enthusiasm.

The report of the Taxation Inquiry Commission, in three volumes, was released on February 28.

On February 27, Nehru inaugurated the tamasha called Film Seminar organized by the Sangeet Natak Akadami. Film folks read 'papers', politicians preached sermons and autograph-hunters collected autographs. The Jamuna was not set on fire.

ANDHRA

This was the month of the long-awaited elections in Andhra. The elections began on February 11 and ended on February 27 with results still in the ballot boxes. With S. K. Patil on the spot, the Congress should win with an overwhelming majority. Meanwhile, Governor C. M. Trivedi was re-



SHULPI. S.O.M. 536



Mr. J. E. George, General Manager of the Gramophone Co. Ltd., gave a tea party to our playback artistes and music directors in Calcutta recently. Here is a group in which Mr. and Mrs. George found great interest. You can easily spot Md. Rafi (second from left) Lata Mangeshkar (in white sari) and Music Director C. Ramchandra (the curly one with the Coleman moustache and an open shirt).

ported to have achieved some success in his decision "to tone up the administration" while Vijayawada developed some "swine problem" because of the presence of about 50,000 swine in the city—nearly one third of the town's human population. When the Municipal Council decided to place a ban on the swine within the municipal limits of the city, the swine-owners threatened to go to the courts. They probably wanted to know why the Communists were allowed to move and multiply without any restriction.

ASSAM

Protagonists of the "Eastern Hill State" in Assam continued their agitation and the Khasi-Jaintia Hill District Council, while welcoming Congress President U. N. Dhebar, included the demand in the welcome address. Dhebar in reply talked about constructive work. No one took him seriously.

BIHAR

In the first week of February, Jharia witnessed two mining disasters. The first one occurred on February 2 at the Dharmabad colliery where 10 miners were buried alive and 8 others injured as a part of the mine caved in. The second disaster occurred on February 5 at the Amlabad colliery, about 12 miles from Jharia, when an underground explosion in the colliery killed 51 miners. The

Government of India ordered an immediate public inquiry.

Mr. Mohammed Shafi, Bihar's 62-year old Minister for Public Works Department, died at Patna on February 11.

The budget session of the State Legislature was inaugurated by Governor R. R. Diwakar on February 14. Finance Minister Dr. Anugraha Narain Sinha presented the budget for 1955-56, on February 17, showing an estimated deficit of Rs. 9.5 crores. The budget provided for Rs. 31 crores for implementing the Five-Year Plan, including Rs. 3.5 crores for the Kosi project, Rs. 1.53 crores for agriculture, Rs. 1.9 crores for civil works and Rs. 6.26 crores for irrigation. The salaries of policemen and primary school teachers were decided to be increased.

During the month it was reported that many volunteers had returned to work on the construction of the Kosi embankment and that people's co-operation was "most heartening and encouraging". Let us hope it is true.

BOMBAY

Mr. Justice G. S. Rajadhyaksha, who was the Chairman of the Press Commission and later appointed to inquire into the bank dispute, died in Bombay on February 9, 1955. Later in the

month Mr. Justice P. B. Gajendra-gadkar of the Bombay High Court, was appointed Chairman of the Bank Award Commission to complete the inquiry.

Governor Mangaldas Pakvasa inaugurated the budget session of the Bombay Legislative Assembly and Council on February 14. Finance Minister Dr. Jivraj Mehta presented the budget on February 25, anticipating a surplus of about Rs. 22 lakhs. The next year's budget provided for capital expenditure of Rs. 24,20,00,000 for schemes other than those of State trading, including a provision of Rs. 12 crores for irrigation, the major items of expenditure being Rs. 2,86,00,000 for the Kakrapara project, Rs. 2 crores for the Mahi project, Rs. 76 lakhs for the Ghataprabha project, Rs. 35,50,000 for the Gangapur project and Rs. 1 crore for the tube wells scheme. Revised estimates of the 1954-55 budget showed a surplus of over Rs. 58 lakhs. In the new budget no changes in the existing taxation were proposed, but the Finance Minister warned of a possible rise in taxation in future. That is probably when he wants more money for increasing the State police force.

MADHYA PRADESH

A night air mail Dakota of the Indian Airlines crashed near Nagpur on February 2, killing all the occupants including 6 passengers and a crew of 4. That brought the number of night mail Dakota crashes at Nagpur to 3 in the last three years. The Government of India appointed a court of inquiry to investigate the accident and as usual assure the public that everything was all right.

Madhya Pradesh was happy at the final selection of Bhilai in Durg district as the site for the location of the second steel plant. The Russian-aided steel plant is expected to begin work in 1958-59 and will give rise to many subsidiary industries and provide employment to many thousands. In the meanwhile the growls and frowns over the indifference of the Congress High Command regarding the Shukla Ministry continue to grow.

MADRAS

The "prolonged and sickening" negotiations between the Madras

and Travancore-Cochin Governments over the Periyar project concluded with the Madras Government finally agreeing to pay a royalty of Rs. 12 per year per kilowatt of energy generated to the Travancore-Cochin Government, and Madras Chief Minister K. Kamaraj Nadar inaugurated work on the project on February 11. The project will ultimately generate about 1,40,000 kilowatts of power from June to February and about 44,000 kilowatts during the months from March to May and light up 2200 villages at a cost of Rs. 10.47 crores in 4 years.

Meanwhile, the Tungabhadra low level channel scheme, executed at a total cost of Rs. 20 crores, has been able to find very few customers with only about 2,000 acres asking for the benefits of irrigation whereas 40,000 acres could be brought under irrigation.

The Land Reforms Committee set up by the Tamil Nad Congress,



Taking milk to an angry husband has always been a frightening problem to many young wives. If the milk reminds the brute of his mother's milk, then the clouds disperse. But then that rarely happens. See how Shakuntala solves the problem in "Bindiya", a social tale.



Doctors have many pretty visitors and not all of them are patients. Shyama and Pahari Sanyal have an anxious moment in "Teen Bhai", a social theme.

submitted a 16-page report recommending a number of proposals including fixation of an upper limit on the land holdings of a resident landowner for personal cultivation; cultivation of all lands where landowners are not "resident landowners" only by tenants; confirmation of all existing tenants on their possession of the respective holdings and a ban on any further transaction in land by its owner which is to result in the eviction of a tenant.

Finance Minister C. Subramaniam presented to the State Legislature the budget estimates for 1955-56 and announced three new taxation measures to cover about 33 per cent of the estimated deficit of Rs. 3.31 crores. A flat surcharge of two annas in the rupee on land revenue from all lands; a surcharge of two annas in the rupee on irrigation water rates and a five per cent tax on sales of the cheaper varieties of cigarettes, were the new levies.

ORISSA

Governor P. S. Kumaraswami Raja inaugurated the budget session of the State Assembly on February 21, and reviewing the Government's achievements revealed that out of the total estimate of Rs. 19.64 crores of the Five-Year Plan, Rs. 13.62 crores would have been spent by the end of the current year. What was

done with that money was not known. The budget was presented on February 25 by Finance Minister Radhanath Rath and showed a revenue deficit of Rs. 1,87,74,000. That is some honest work.

PUNJAB

On February 7, Master Tara Singh was elected President of the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee, the supreme religious body of the Sikhs, controlling Sikh shrines.

The Education Minister Jagat Narain resigned from the Executive Committee of the Pradesh Congress, as a result of sharp differences with his colleagues. That is one less headache.

UTTAR PRADESH

The Accountant-General in the latest audit report relating to the appropriation accounts for 1951-52, presented to the State Assembly on February 15, listed 19 cases of financial irregularity resulting in a loss of at least Rs. 4 lakhs to the State exchequer.

Legislative activity in the State started with Governor K. M. Munshi inaugurating the State Legislature on February 10. On February 21, Finance Minister Hafiz Muhammed Ibrahim presented the budget for 1955-56. The

budget estimates showed revenue receipts at Rs. 84.56 crores and expenditure at Rs. 90.06 crores. In addition, capital expenditure of Rs. 32.70 crores was envisaged. For lower categories of Government employees, fifty per cent of the dearness allowance was decided to be merged with the monthly salary from the next financial year. Earmarking of Rs. 6 crores for expenditure on the Rihand Dam, construction of houses for sweepers in 37 towns, opening of 500 new primary schools, the establishment of a Sanskrit University at Banaras, a new building for the Lucknow Museum, electrification of another 36 small towns and opening of 50 dispensaries in rural areas were among the projects.

WEST BENGAL

Chief Minister Dr. B. C. Roy, also in charge of the Finance Department, presented West Bengal's budget for 1955-56 to the State Assembly on February 15. The

budget contained no new tax proposals and the total provision for capital expenditure is Rs. 20.79 crores. Besides provisions for the State's share in the D. V. C. and Mayurakshi project, a sum of Rs. 60 lakhs has been provided for housing schemes, Rs. 20 lakhs for the development of the salt lake area near Calcutta, Rs. 20 lakhs for coke oven, gas grid, and power plant projects, Rs. 45 lakhs for the development of Kancharapura area and over Rs. 2 crores for rehabilitation of displaced persons. Presenting the budget Dr. Roy admitted that the unemployment problem was "eating into the vitality of West Bengal" and said that the State would have to create jobs not only for the large accumulation of 10.1 lakhs of unemployed job-seekers but also for the annual addition of 1.2 lakhs of employable labour force.

HYDERABAD

The State Government decided to establish an anti-corruption de-

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partment in accordance with the recommendations of the Anti-Corruption Inquiry Commission.

Using some imagination, the Executive Committee of the Hyderabad branch of the Indian Conference for Social Work organized a raffle in aid of the Radium Institute and Cancer Hospital. The lots were drawn on February 13th and while Rs. 3 lakhs were given as prizes to lucky winners, the Committee, after meeting the expenses, was left with Rs. 5 lakhs. The Committee wants to hold such raffles for noble causes every year. It deserves permission as well as emulation by other States.

The opening session of the Hyderabad Assembly was addressed by the Rajpramukh, the Nizam, on February 15, and the Opposition as usual boycotted the session because they still think the Rajpramukh to be "an anachronism".

MADHYA BHARAT

Apart from the usual dacoit

business, on February 6, Takhtmal Jain, former Chief Minister of the State, was declared elected to the State Assembly winning his election from the Bhilsa double-member constituency. After that the present Chief Minister Mishrilal Gangwal began counting his days in office.

MYSORE

The audit report for 1953 of Mysore Government, pointed out several "irregularities" connected with the placing of an order by the State Electrical Department in 1952 for the supply of 200 tons of copper wire and also for the transport of about 177 tons of a similar material from Poona to Bangalore. In both the cases open tenders were not called resulting in considerable loss to the Government.

PEPSU

The Rajpramukh inaugurated the budget session of the State Vidhan Sabha on February 22 and declared his Government's deter-

mination to eradicate communalism in the State.

RAJASTHAN

The establishment of a five-man Anti-Corruption Board with the Home Minister as the Chairman and a senior district judge as secretary, for rooting out corruption in the State was announced on February 21 by Chief Minister Mohanlal Sukhadia.

SAURASHTRA

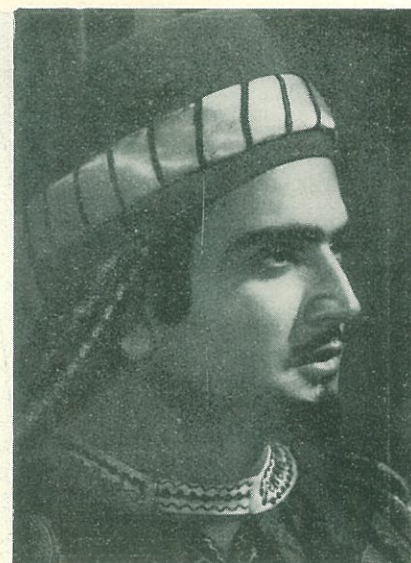
The Saurashtra Government opened 12 development blocks in five districts modelled on National Extension Service blocks and made a provisional grant of Rs. 1 lakh for each block, anticipating financial assistance from the Centre.

TRAVANCORE-COCHIN

The long-awaited climax capped the slow-developing drama of the decline of the Minority P. S. P. Ministry in the State when, on February 8, the Ministry was voted out of office on a motion of no-confidence. That was the end of 220 days of "perversion of democracy". Before quitting the office, Pattom Thanu Pillai advised the Rajpramukh to dissolve the Assembly, but after some clever manoeuvrings, the Congress Legislature Party succeeded in enlisting the support of the 12 members of the Tamil Nad Congress and of others and succeeded in persuading the Rajpramukh to allow the formation of a Congress Ministry. So, on February 14, Panampally Govinda Menon, the "strong man" of the State Congress, was appointed the new Chief Minister of the State, heading the sixth ministry to be formed in the State since Independence.

AJMER

The mica mining in Ajmer was reported to be paralysed as the result of a deadlock over the implementation of the Minimum Wages Act, with 4,500 workers rendered idle and the State deprived of an annual royalty of about Rs. 1,50,000. Mining contractors refused to raise the wages of the workers by almost 100 per cent as stipulated by the Minimum Wages Act, argued that it was a crushing impost and that even the Rajasthan Government did not deem it fit to apply the Act. Now, 80 per cent of Ajmer's mica mines are reported to have closed down and the present disbursement of Rs. 5000 as wages against Rs.



Diljeet, a newcomer, attracts attention in "Sakhi Hatim" an Arab tale of love.

60,000 which used to be disbursed daily at one time shows the acute drop in manpower hired by contractors.

DELHI

In Delhi the sale of country liquor went down from 159,057 gallons in 1948-49 to 81,976 gallons in 1953-54, while foreign liquor dropped from 226,119 gallons in 1951-52 to 130,778 gallons in 1953-54, according to information collected by the Delhi State Prohibition Committee.

The long rift and squabbles in the Delhi State Congress Assembly Party resulted in Chief Minister Brahm Prakash resigning from the leadership of the Party, and Speaker Gurmukh Nihal Singh being unanimously elected as the new leader. The new three-man Ministry headed by 60-year old Gurmukh Nihal Singh as the Chief Minister, was sworn in on February 12. It included Brahm Prakash and Dr. Yudhvir Singh. Dr. Sushila Nayyar was elected Speaker of the State Assembly.

VINDHYA PRADESH

Governor K. Santhanam opened the budget session of the State Assembly on February 21 and announced that the State's second Five-Year Plan will cost over Rs. 25 crores.

The State Government in an order declared polygamy a bar against State service. According to the directive, no person with more than one wife will be eligible for Government service.

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Mr. H. N. Asher, J. P., Managing Director of the Digvijay Insurance Co. Ltd., delivering his speech, which provoked Dahyabhai Patel to give insurers a "sermon from the mount".

Small Insurers Scream In Agony Accuse Big Companies Of Shark-Play

To protest against the rate war in premiums and the unhealthy competition in insurance plans launched by big insurers — particularly the Oriental and the New India—over 100 small and medium-sized insurance companies of India held a conference at the Sunderbai Hall in Bombay on March 10, 1955, with Mr. M. N. Seth, Managing Director of Sterling General Insurance Company of New Delhi presiding.

Mr. Dahyabhai Patel, the Mayor of Bombay, was invited to inaugurate the Conference. Dahyabhai did come and did inaugurate the conference but the unnecessarily patronizing speech which he delivered sounded like the usual institutional speech which a Chairman of the Oriental Life Office would deliver at the Annual General Meeting for the benefit of wise shareholders and stupid

policyholders. Dahyabhai also used the occasion to give a complete personal biography of his own adventurous career as an insurance man of the Oriental and by facts and figures tried to prove conclusively that he was not only a great and wise insurance magnate but also a great son of a great father. The small insurers got so peeved with the glowing account of Oriental's glory and the more glowing account of Dahyabhai's personal career that they loudly wondered whether Dahyabhai had come to the wrong meeting with the absentmindedness characteristic of great men.

Anyway Mr. H. N. Asher, Managing Director of Digvijay, who had brought Dahyabhai to back up the helpless struggle of the small insurers against big ones, felt very chagrined at seeing his odds-on favourite not even returning place money. Asher did not realize that with old Vaidyanathan, Oriental's Manager, sitting next, Dahyabhai still felt very much like the Agency Manager of the Oriental that he once was—the salt in the old bread still secreting the saliva of loyalty. Loyalty to one's old employer is indeed an admirable quality but then Dahyabhai should have kept himself wisely out of the deliberations of small insurers fighting for their very existence.

Dahyabhai thus virtually sabotaged the conference and unnecessarily lent to an open democratic protest a narrow communal complexion by blaming the small insurers and asking them to utilize the occasion for a little introspection and put their own house in order. Never had we seen a hundred more shocked insurers who had made damn fools of themselves by inviting a man to insult them at their own conference. Old Asher of Digvijay walked like a dead man for days afterwards. Dahyabhai was his personal present on the birthday of the conference.

STABBED OLD POLICYHOLDERS

Digvijay's H. N. Asher, Chairman of the Reception Committee of the conference, gave in his speech a short history of life insurance in India and explained the gradual evolution of the law which controls and regulates life insurance in India before he came to the actual grievances.

He said that the over-generous slab of 15% expenses on renewals allowed by the government to big companies of long standing and huge premium incomes was misused by such companies to indulge in aggressive trade tactics which pushed small companies out of the field. He said that between 1945, when there were 200 insurers, and 1953 with only 154 insurers left, 46 insurers were squeezed out of business by these big companies in eight years misusing the licence allowed by the 15% slab of expenses. To prove his point further Mr. Asher submitted the following table showing the expense ratio to the premium incomes of the leading nine companies in the two years 1946 and 1953.

Name of Companies	1946		1953	
	Expense Ratio	Premium income in 1000s of Rs.	Expense Ratio	Premium income in 1000s of Rs.
Oriental	7%	6,60,74	14.4%	8,99,17
New India	9%	1,41,02	14.1%	4,80,13
Hindusthan	10%	2,43,15	14.8%	4,75,71
National	17%	1,09,17	16.3%	2,79,08
Bombay Mutual	12%	1,26,50	16.8%	2,03,57
Empire of India	11%	66,15	19.8%	1,37,94
United India	13%	54,71	15.6%	1,20,98
Lakshmi	13%	69,17	17.7%	1,13,07
Bharat	15%	41,13	16.5%	1,03,48

Seeing this table, Mr. Asher was surprised that though the renewal premium had increased considerably the expense ratio instead of going down had gone up by leaps and bounds. Evidently in his naive acceptance of life insurance as a business of trust and ethics, Asher is too easily surprised. If he only knew the huge salaries which the top executives of some life insurance companies draw from month to month, he would wonder how these companies could at all make the ends meet even within 15%. Arriving down at that figure after all the extravagance is another art by itself—a "noo" one—which small companies will never have the good fortune to learn. For that life companies have to acquire fire, marine, theft (including their own) and other risks to balance the accounts.

Describing 1954 as a year of aggression, Asher said that the bitter rivalry between the Oriental and the New India brought bitter fruits to the smaller companies. In March 1954, New India, in its anxiety to write more business than the Oriental, slashed its premium rates. Oriental followed and a rate war began. They soon introduced the now notorious Staff Insurance Scheme reducing the premiums by a further 22%. On protest by the Executive Committee, however, this reduction was stabilized at 10%.

Asher said in doing all this, the big companies not only shook the entire structure of the country's insurance business but in their greedy hunt for monopolizing all insurance business, they also jeopardized the very existence of small companies.

Trade rivals apart, even the old policyholders have been stabbed in the back. Asher said, "It is an unwritten law of business morality that old clients should get an advantage over the new clients. The benefits to these big insurers which accrued from the funds of these old policyholders, were utilized towards substantial reduction in the premium rates for the new policyholders. Strangely enough, it was argued, that the reduction was meant for the consumers, leaving aside the old policyholders, who according to bigger companies were not consumers. Their only crime lay in building these institutions to their present day prosperous positions."



Homes have problems and marriage is the biggest of them. It brings more sighs than smiles and often makes the man grow a beard in desperation. Zul Vellani, a newcomer, makes a new romantic team with Nalini Jaywant in "Awaaz", a domestic tale produced by Mehboob Productions.

Another trade tactic of big companies which Asher condemned was the sudden declaration of higher bonuses by bigger companies. Said Asher, "In declaring these bonuses, equal bonuses were declared for the old and new policyholders, throwing the law of equity to the winds."

UNETHICAL BUSINESS TACTICS

Mr. M. N. Seth, the President of the conference, had something definite to say about the unbusinesslike tactics of the top insurance companies. We give below some quotes from his speech:

"We have begun to wonder whether the mad race for supremacy between certain top insurers in this country is going to sound the death-knell of this industry."

"That the devices used by otherwise reputable and reputed firms are not worthy of the traditions of this great profession either in this country or in any other country in the world."

"If it is the intention and policy of the Government that sound companies, however small they may be, are in keeping with the economic, industrial and sociological policy of our Government, then I would like to declare, with all the emphasis at my command, that the actions of some companies in running a race for business of a type that has been unheard of in this country, or in most other countries of the world, is highly unjustified and unethical."

"We cannot but come to the conclusion, that a considerable part of the increase in expense ratios in the case of these large insurers has been due to the exceptionally aggressive business procurement policy indulged in by them. So it would become clear that a Government enactment which was sponsored by the same big group of companies, has been utilized by them not for the purpose of improvement in their working, but for the purpose of taking undue advantage of the market conditions so created. They say, that one of the results of legislation, is that the maximum tends to become the minimum. The very fact that the Government fixed a 15% renewal expense ratio for all companies having a business in force of over Rs. 10 crores, at a time when some of them were not spending more than 9% has enabled these companies to utilize the liberal

margins available for cornering a greater portion of the business available in the market. The question, therefore, arises why it was necessary to limit the maximum slab to Rs. 10 crores alone? Why was not the maximum slab increased to Rs. 50 or even 100 crores of business in force, ensuring thereby a progressive reduction in the expense ratios? I submit gentlemen, that in so far as the Insurance Amendment Act has enabled certain groups of insurers to follow an unwarranted aggressive policy, the Government of this country has become a party to the very serious and blatant attempts to create a monopoly in this industry. To the extent to which Government is responsible, it becomes their duty to see that such a state of affairs is put an end to, and just as the younger group of insurers are expected to show a decreasing expense ratio as their business grows, in the same way the older group of companies must likewise produce a decreasing expense ratio with each large slab of increased business in force."

A JOB FOR GOVERNMENT

"We are most reluctant to ask for Government intervention. We do not desire that at every stage and at every step we should go running to government with all minor complaints of one type or another. The fact that during one year alone Government had to intervene on two or three occasions, is by itself a sign that everything is not normal, and as it should be. We also feel that each time we go to Government with complaints of this type, we are bringing nearer the day when Government out of sheer boredom and annoyance might decide to nationalize this industry. In recent years at least one industry has been nationalized simply because its troubles were repeatedly brought to the doors of the government. We would, therefore, in this conference, in all humility like to point out to our bigger brethren, that, if by these complaints and reports, Government thinks of nationalization, the fault and the blame will be entirely at our doors. For if the larger units attempt to create a monopoly, they would be only providing Government with a specially good argument for nationalizing the industry or a part of it as in the case of banks. Let these great institutions, which have been planted and nurtured by some of the great men of our country, behave with the decorum that their age, size and importance demand. Like the tree laden with fruit, let them bow their heads in the humility of their strength and achievement!"

The conference passed a number of resolutions framing all the grievances of the small and medium-sized insurance companies, praying and hoping that the powers-that-be would listen to their prayers in time before the requiem mass is held over the last remains of many more small insurers.

The speeches and proceedings of this conference once again prove what we have been saying all along: that our insurance business is just another racket.

Monopolization, a disgusting phase of capitalism, seems to have become an important feature of this business of trusteeship of public funds. People who sell security to the needy and helpless and in doing so handle crores and crores of rupees of small savings of small people of this poor country have no right to behave like common share market gamblers and indulge in unethical practices which shake the entire structure and stability of our insurance business.

It is high time the Government stepped into this unholy mess in the interest of the insuring public to standardize not only the expenses and premiums on a stable and rational basis but also to set up a code of ethics to be strictly followed by the bloodthirsty hounds of life insurance.

And to maintain fairplay and equality in opportunities, the smaller fish in the trade must also be given sufficient protection against the big sharks of insurance.

It is time we revised our Insurance Law which seems to have already become obsolete in view of our new ideals of co-existence and a socialistic pattern of society.

BECOME INSURANCE-WISE

The Insurance Act no doubt provides reasonable safeguards for the satisfactory working of life companies. But nobody would be simple enough to believe that statutes alone can ensure their working along sound lines. It is always possible in any walk of life to comply literally with the provisions of law and yet contrive successfully to manage things to serve one's own purposes and to the disadvantage of others.

To secure a minimum amount of justice to the unintelligent, uninformed and innocent persons, the Act further reserves certain statutory rights to the policyholders. So long as a policy runs its full course, there is not much trouble or worry for anybody. It is by no means certain that all can maintain payment of premiums till the policy becomes a claim. The financial position of some may deteriorate by a fall in income or an increase in commitments or responsibilities and as a result payment of premiums may have to be discontinued.

In such an event the policyholder should not be allowed to suffer as the situation usually arises from circumstances unforeseen and the law ensures that the life company does not take advantage of his miserable plight.

PAID-UPS AND SURRENDERS

Firstly, the life company is under a legal obligation to intimate to the policyholder the various alternatives open to him when a premium falls into arrears. The intimation is not necessary if the information is included in the policy contract and it is the practice of all companies to do so. Most of us however do not care to go through the Privileges and Conditions attached to policies and those who do not know English do not have an opportunity to study them even if they like to. As a result many are not fully aware of their rights under policies when they are unable to pay further premiums.

Most of the rights accrue to the policyholder by law and the insurance company has no choice in the matter. If at least three years' premiums are paid, all benefits under the policy can never be forfeited when payment of further premiums is discontinued. The policy must remain in force for a smaller sum insured, that is, it acquires a paid-up value and for a proportionate amount. For

instance, if 6 years' premiums are paid on a 20-year endowment assurance for Rs. 10,000, the policy must remain in force for Rs. 3000 free from payment of any more premiums. The reduced sum insured will become payable after 14 years (since 6 out of the original 20 years have already elapsed) or on earlier death. If the company likes or if it can afford, it may allow a larger sum insured than Rs. 3000 but not less.

Also, after at least three years' premiums have been paid the policy acquires a surrender value. It is the cash sum to which the policyholder will be entitled if he desires the policy to be cancelled immediately. It is the alternative to keeping the policy in force for a smaller sum insured.

The Insurance Act also requires that minimum paid-up and Surrender Values should be stated in the policy itself so that the policyholder may know where he stands should he be compelled, through force of circumstances, to stop paying premiums.

Further, in case of small policies, the policyholder is not obliged to go to a court of law in the

Policyholder's Rights And Privileges: Nationalization Will Kill Incentive

By
N. T. RAJU
M.A., F.C.I.I. (London),
F.I.A. (London)

event of a dispute with the company in settling his claim. The Controller of Insurance is given judicial powers to decide claims on policies not exceeding Rs. 2000 and no appeal lies against his decision. This is an invaluable concession to save the vexatious, dilatory and costly procedure of settling civil disputes through courts of justice which the small man cannot afford.

POLICYHOLDERS' DIRECTORS

The Insurance Act compels the representation of the policyholders on the Board of Directors of every life company. At least a fourth of the Directors must be elected by the policyholders from amongst themselves. Probably it is the most valuable right conferred on the policyholders for it enables their effective participation in the affairs of the company with which

they insure but at the same time it is the one which is most neglected by them. That an important right should be so thoroughly ignored by them will not surprise those who have any knowledge of the part which an average shareholder plays in the affairs of a trading or industrial company in whose shares he invests his money. The annual general meetings of companies, which afford an opportunity to question the way in which they have been managed, are poorly attended. It is not because the shareholder is not interested in his investment. Partly, he relies on the Directors of his company for good management and partly, he considers his share in the company as an investment only. Should he be dissatisfied with the return on his investment he has the alternative of selling it in the market and purchasing another which will please him and also fill his pocket.

Similarly the policyholder, even if he is aware of his right to elect a Director for his company, has an instinctive feeling that he is interested only in his policy. So long as it is reasonably safe he does not think more about the affairs of his company. When the state of the company is causing much concern, he will think, just as a shareholder does, that he may be unable to prevent it as he is hesitant about the support of his fellowmen or he may be unwilling to take the trouble of canvassing support or else he may resign himself into silence by a self-persuasion that any such effort will not be fruitful.

The shareholder, in such circumstances, can exchange his share for another but a policyholder has no similar advantage. The policy is a contract for a long period of years. He cannot terminate one and take another in a different company except at considerable loss.

STANDARDISATION

It is this helplessness of the policyholders which makes it imperative that risks for him in choosing a suitable policy should be as few as possible. Policies issued by different companies,



The gods in heaven always had more fun than their creations on earth. They had wine and women without any prohibition. Here is Kanchanmala twisting and turning to help Sapru to roll his eyes in "Shree Ganesh Vivah", a mythological yarn.

though generally broadly similar, are not identical. The privileges which one company offers may be substantially inferior to those offered by another. All persons are not sufficiently careful in making a choice and some may not be capable of understanding the implications properly. Once a policy is taken they rely on it for insurance cover. If the inevitable happens and the policy does not provide the expected sum insured it will lead to much disappointment and very often much distress to the dependents. Such things can happen not because the company issuing it is at fault but may be due to the fact that the policy conditions have not been standardised and the policyholder has not fully understood the policy he has taken.

There is great need for the standardisation of policy conditions. It is not that there is any widespread artful manipulation in this respect among the insurance companies. The main conditions are practically common to all but over and above them important variations do occur. Majority of persons who insure are not conscious of the minor details regarding policies and also the habit of insurance among semi-literate persons is on the increase. Therefore a standardised life policy has an important role to perform in promoting understanding among the people.

It may be interesting to men-

tion that the New York Insurance Laws—considered to be the model of state interference in insurance—stipulate the minimum rights which every policy must confer, though the population in the State of New York is highly educated and enlightened and life business is done under keen competition. Those laws also prohibit the restriction on the amount of sum insured payable on death, should it arise from a specified cause, with the exception of war or flying risks.

It is the practice in this country as well as in many of the European countries to issue policies with a restriction on the amount payable should death occur from a specified cause. It is not a connivance at the unwary policyholder but an accepted method of insurance practice. When a person in subnormal health or in a hazardous occupation is insured, the additional risk involved is balanced by a suitable increase in the rate of premium or by a reduction in the sum insured payable on death should it arise from a specified cause.

As an example we may cite the instance of policies issued to female lives. It is known that insurance of female lives is exposed to some amount of moral hazard and there is the pregnancy risk and an extra premium is charged to cover these extra risks. First pregnancy is considered to be specially hazardous and it is

customary to insert a clause in the policy restricting the sum payable on death, to a refund of the premiums actually paid, should it arise as a result of first pregnancy.

Another instance of this nature is the hernia clause. When a person is suffering from hernia, it is sometimes provided in the policy that in the event of death directly or indirectly from hernia, the sum payable will be limited to a refund of the premiums actually paid.

It is special clauses of this sort which the New York Insurance Laws prohibit. Similar prohibition will serve a useful purpose in a country like ours where literacy is poor and there is a general lack of appreciation of the full implications of a life policy. It will save many a dependant from disillusionment and it will also help the general public to have an increased confidence in the value of life insurance, if death claims are paid without any reservation provided there is no dishonesty surrounding the insurance.

NATIONALISATION NO SOLUTION

Life insurance has a unique place in social welfare and family security and in pooling small savings. As has been shown the pitfalls are many though in practice they can be ignored in the case of all successful companies. It may be felt by many that nationalisation of life insurance may be a convenient solution instead of providing so many legal safeguards and yet depend on the integrity of individuals for the sound management of life companies.

Firstly, nationalisation would imply a monopoly for the State and a monopoly is always the breeding ground of inefficiency. Competition is the prime mover of improvement and efficiency and a better stimulus to efficiency has yet to be devised. In an industry owned and managed by the State incentives to improvement are wanting. Whatever might have been the defects in the life insurance business, private enterprise has brought it to the present stage when it is adding to the savings in the country at an annual rate of twenty crores of rupees and deserves congratulations for its achievement. There is still much scope for expansion and if the business is nationalised the rate

of growth is bound to be retarded.

Life Insurance concerns itself with millions of individuals. It takes care of part of their savings and comes to their aid in times of distress resulting from death. As such, it has a prominent place in the heart of everyone who insures and if it is nationalised, it is somewhat doubtful whether it will be kept completely free from the self-interests of political parties.

Nationalisation is not necessarily synonymous with sound management. We had the jeep scandal and the overspending on some of the river valley projects. In those cases the taxpayer has no doubt been defrauded due to want of adequate care on the part of those in authority. Had the same thing happened in a privately-owned company, the Directors could not have escaped the allegation, even if they had been thoroughly honest, that the whole affair has been deliberately planned with selfish motives.

Then we have the more specific experience of the State managing big insurance companies. Now it is over three years since the Government have taken over the administration of the 'Empire of India' and the 'Jupiter General' of Bombay, two of India's foremost companies. With the Government in complete control of their affairs for such a long period, everyone would expect to see the resulting benefits. Whatever might have been the improvements in other directions we find that the expenses are at a very high rate. The renewal expense ratio in 1953 was 19.80 per cent for the 'Empire of India' and 18.30 per cent for the 'Jupiter General'. During the same year the renewal expense ratio for 'Oriental', 'New India', 'Hindusthan Co-operative' and 'National' was in the neighbourhood of 15 per cent only. The high expenses in Government-managed companies may be explained away as due to special circumstances but the fact remains that the privately-managed companies are working more economically and that every company can have its own special circumstances.

It would seem that if the present-day statutory control on expenses and investments is supported by a standardised policy contract and a minimum standard for Actuarial Valuation, it will be sufficient to ensure the development of the life insurance business along healthy lines.



At the premiere of Pakshiraja's "Azaad" on 18th March at the Minerva. From left to right: Music director C. Ramchandra, Producer-director S. M. S. Naidu, Editor Baburao Patel, Friend Jai Chand Jain of "Clare" and "Filmfare", Dilip Kumar, Motilal, Rajendra Krishna. Sitting: Randhir, Om Prakash and Raj Mehra.

OUR REVIEW

"Milap" Becomes A Good Entertainer

Thematic Pretensions Evaporate Early

Filmarts' vacuously titled picture "Milap" is a fairly interesting picture woven round a fiercely interesting subject. The subject is money—bags of money—which is suddenly inherited by a simple villager who does not know what to do with it. In our hectic, materialistic world that is a subject with an eternal appeal for most of the humans and the sudden inheritance of millions by a poor villager is an interesting start for a tale. It is an initial idea which can release the trigger of imagination of even a most unimaginative man and send his imagination soaring in different flights—materialistic, realistic, idealistic or even socialistic.

But "Milap" merely toys with this theme. It embarks on no dizzy flights of imagination and it exhibits no great desire to sketch a fine visual essay on the subject. In fact, what the picture actually sets out to prove or portray remains a profound mystery of the screen till the end. What is, however, obvious is that the picture is designed more with an eye to providing popular entertainment than to delineating a theme. In this design the picture is effective because, whether it makes a point or not, "Milap" succeeds in serving a fairly crisp, multi-flavoured entertainment with the ingredients of sex, songs, crime, comedy and a plot idea providing a lot of vicarious pleasure.

MILLIONS IN VILLAGE

The excitement begins when a

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millionaire dies giving birth to new problems for Raju, a simple villager, to whom he leaves about 40 lakhs of rupees. Along with his clownish friend Kalu, Raju arrives in Bombay to meet Karamchand, the lawyer handling the dead millionaire's will. After the first meeting Raju impresses Karamchand as an utter simpleton and Karamchand, who seems to depend for his livelihood more on crime than on law, decides to get the maximum out of the rustic heir. But Karamchand appears to have more crooked intentions than crooked talents. For, even before he has made a sincere effort to swindle Raju, he feels the need of enlisting the aid of Asha, a self-sure, sophisticated charmer.

At Karamchand's behest Asha becomes Raju's secretary, looks after his comforts, guards him from the crowd of tailors, decorators, furnishers, insurance agents, automobile salesmen—all desperately trying to sell him different things—and after she has sung and danced round him for some time, the innocent rustic lad is fairly deep in love with her.

But Karamchand is interested in loot, not in love. He shows impatience with Asha's progress towards a grand swindling of Raju and finding his own debts accumulating orders her to get a blank signed cheque from Raju. Asha succeeds in doing this but by the time she returns with the cheque to the crooked lawyer, she grows some scruples, finds a soft corner in her heart for Raju and tearing the blank cheque before Karamchand's eyes announces her decision to quit his dirty gang. At this, Karamchand rushes with the torn pieces of the cheque to Raju and convinces him that Asha wanted to rob him.

The villager who remained completely unruffled after receiving the fortune now gets upset and growing a quick hatred for his wealth decides to throw it away. He tries to throw it away on singing whores and sprinting horses and other things but when he starts distributing money from a table piled high with notes, Karamchand decides to act. Entering into a deal with another of the dead millionaire's relatives, and after tampering with the will, Karamchand drags Raju to court



A woman is never a newcomer to art for the game she plays is as old as Eve. Look at this mischief-bent Ranjana Shukla. Her first victim seems to be her director whatever damage she may do to others in "Patrani".

to prove him mad and dispossess him of his wealth. The court, however, finds Raju quite sane and finds out the crooked Karamchand. The picture ends with Raju and Asha re-united in love and with Raju's starting problem of what to do with his huge inheritance still unsolved.

NAIVE BUT ENTERTAINING

The one naive thing about the theme is that Karamchand wants to lay his hands on Raju's money by hook or by crook while Raju himself is too simple and too reluctant to sit tight on it. Where then was the necessity to plot and design and spoil thousands of feet of celluloid merely to make a picture length? From the nature of these two characters, the problem should have been solved in the second reel. That a crooked, scheming lawyer is unable to get a sou out of a simpleton and that a man has to consult others how to throw his money away and even then fails to lighten his purse

much, are a few daft touches in the picture. However, considering it as merry, light-hearted entertainment, the picture is a pleasant-looking, successful entertainer filled with songs, dances, comedy, Geeta Bali's antics, picnic scenes in which females scrape their bottoms sliding on grass, car chases with idiotic criminals fleeing from idiotic pursuers and other ingredients.

The production values are quite good. With much of the picture using outdoors, sets are few and serve the purpose. Murthy's photography is pleasant to the eye though the sound recording could have been better. Lyrics are average and music is mediocre. The dialogue is passable. Raj Khosla's direction is much better than his story. For a first attempt, it is smooth and confident.

From the players, Geeta Bali as Asha gives a polished and attractive performance. Her movements put life into dull songs and

her presence makes many dull moments tolerable. Dev Anand plays the innocent Raju and convinces during a large part of the picture. K. N. Singh slips into the role of Karamchand with natural ease and even manages to overcome some stupid situations in the picture. Johnny Walker as Kalu does some effective comedy. From the rest, Krishin Dhavan as Asha's perpetually distressed brother keeps intriguing the audience with his sudden appearances and disappearances.

In fine, Filmarts' "Milap" is a pleasant-looking entertainer. Though the picture wastes an opportunity for some amusing story telling, it succeeds in pro-

viding ample entertainment while merely toying with an interesting theme.

M I L A P

Producers:	Filmarts
Language:	Hindustani
Story:	Raj Khosla
Screenplay:	Nabendu Ghosh
Dialogue:	Rajinder Singh Bedi
Lyrics:	Sahir Ludhianvi
Music:	N. Dutta
Photography:	V. K. Murthy
Sound:	H. Shripad
Cast:	Geeta Bali, Dev Anand, K. N. Singh, Johnny Walker etc.

Released At: Swastik, Bombay
Date of Release: 4th February 1955.

Directed By:
RAJ KHOSLA

OUR REVIEW

"Jagriti", Filmistan's Happy Accident A Picture Worth Seeing By All

From Filmistan, the studio which has almost consistently placed the accent on making money through none-too-purposeful and none-too-graceful pictures, "Jagriti" seems to be a happy accident. And with Filmistan having already minted enough money in the past few years, let us hope there will be more happy accidents like "Jagriti" in future.

If we ignore Filmistan's noisy and soaring claims about this picture, then "Jagriti" can be called a good, happy and commendable picture. Though there are numerous flaws in the picture offering themselves for easy picking, "Jagriti" is a production which must inspire every conscientious critic to ignore its minor errors and to acknowledge its noble, purposeful theme, its positive educative value and its conscious contribution to enlightenment through the medium of entertainment. It is only through pictures like "Jagriti", and not through idiotic pictures like "Nagin" and "Shart", that the film industry can ever hope to earn the respect of intelligent people in the country and not merely shekels from the masses.

"Jagriti", adapted from the Bengali film "Paribartan", deals with the psychological and educational problems of juveniles, their pranks and prejudices, fears and failings, likes and dislikes, doubts and dreams, their complaints and pleasures, their obstinacy and

pliability. Following a child from his pranks-and-punishment-filled childhood in his village home to an ill-managed boarding school which later changes into a better institution under an intelligent, affable educationist, the picture tries to show how erratic upbringing and education can spoil children and how they can be moulded into bright and pleasant youngsters with patience and understanding. The picture argues that if children become spoiled and delinquent, the blame lies with the guardians, teachers, environment, the system of education, and it makes a plea for a better, sympathetic and systematic education for children and for a proper appreciation of children's natural impulses and the guidance of those impulses into useful channels. And while doing all this the picture also manages to entertain a good deal.

THE TOUGH LAD

The story begins in a village where aged Ramapati's juvenile nephew Ajay Mukherji spends his days stealing mangoes and stoning gardeners, playing football and pilfering bananas and indulging in other adventurous and delinquent activities in the noisy company of a bunch of village lads. When Ramapati receives too many complaints from the villagers, he mercilessly canes Ajay and then decides to send him to a boarding school.

Ajay comes to the school fairly hardened in mischief and juvenile arrogance and soon establishes his superiority over all the local boys boasting of their own toughness. The boarding school which contains a hideously fat, selfish and idiotic superintendent and sleepy, inefficient teachers fails to provide a proper guidance to Ajay with the result that Ajay along with other boys continues to treat the school as another field for his pranks and becomes a worse packet of mischief and arrogance than before.

When some of the boys' too practical jokes send the elephantine superintendent away with illness, a new superintendent, Shekhar, comes to replace him. After some initial encounters with the boys whom he treats with great affection, forgiveness and understanding, Shekhar, a young, modern and devoted educationist, succeeds in endearing himself to most of the boys except Ajay and a few others. When Ajay and another pal of his disrupt a school function by spraying ants and exploding crackers, Shekhar still saves them from rustication. Shekhar, however, loses his patience for a moment with Ajay during a football game when Ajay kicks another boy in the stomach. The annoyed superintendent orders Ajay to be boycotted by all the students. When Ajay finds himself being boycotted by even Shakti, a crippled boy with whom

he had developed loving friendship, he packs up his things and marches out of the school. As Shakti runs after him on crutches to stop him, Shakti is run over by a car and dies in a hospital. That accident proves a turning point in Ajay's life and we soon see him developed into an ideal, prize-winning student with Shekhar's help and as sorry to see Shekhar leaving for another school as all other boys.

QUITE GOOD

The one thematic error in the picture is that the immediate cause of Ajay's reformation is shown to be the tragic death of a friend and not all the exemplary guidance of Shekhar. And though in the end Ajay admits before the picture of his dead friend that Shekhar's attitude had won his admiration all along, this element of accident in the reformation of Ajay slightly detracts from the theme. But excepting this and some other minor flaws, it is a picture which is generally filled with interesting, entertaining and educative moments threaded together on a good, purposeful theme.

The production values are quite good. Sets are realistic. Photography is pleasant. Sound recording is average. The dialogue is apt generally. Though not unpleasant, music is forced into the picture while lyrics are crude stuff. The direction on the whole is competent.



"Girnar" had to fight back a Burmese invasion recently when the enterprising Kaders of Rangoon descended upon the non-violent, peace-loving Patels. To name them from left to right: Sheila Kader, Sushila Rani Patel, Khin Khin Kyi, Dolly Kader, Sheila Patel and Alice Kader. Now film producers think the next seminar should be held in Rangoon.

Abhi Bhattacharya as Shekhar gives a sober and convincing performance. The boy Raj Kumar Gupta who plays Ajay is likeable and effective. Bipin Gupta in the brief role of Ramapati is rather affected. The fattening Rattan Kumar doesn't excite much sympathy in spite of his crippled condition. Pranoti Ghosh plays a brief 4-scene role as the crippled boy's mother and does it well. The rest generally serve the story's purpose.

In fine, after discounting the producers' claims and in spite of its flaws "Jagriti" is a commendable blend of education and entertainment, purpose and amusement. It is a success-deserving accident

from a studio whose other trashy pictures, which have become successful, deserved to fail.

J A G R I T I

Producers: Filmistan Ltd.
Language: Hindustani
Story: Manoranjan Ghose
Hindi Dialogue: Pandit Urmit
Scenario: Satyen Bose
Lyrics: Pradeep
Music: Hemant Kumar
Photography: N. V. Shrinivas
Sound: S. Y. Pathak
Cast: Abhi Bhattacharya, Pranoti Ghosh, Rattan Kumar, Raj Kumar Gupta etc.
Released At: Naaz, Bombay
Date of Release:

10th February 1955.

Directed By:

SATYEN BOSE

OUR REVIEW

"Chandni Chowk" An Old Tale Told Again

A Fairly Entertaining Picture For Masses

The 'blue blood' theme, which has been used in countless pictures generally to show the tribulations which a pair of lovers pass through when one of them happens to be of aristocratic descent and the other of humble one, and sometimes just to caricature Rajputs, is used again in Hira Films' "Chandni Chowk".

The picture depicts the conflict between orthodox aristocracy and ardent love of some Muslim characters and thus deals with a familiar story. However, in spite of its familiar complexion, the story is told fairly entertainingly and its theme that the world's noblest class is humanity and that humanity belongs to no class, is put across quite loudly and enthusiastically.

BLUE BLOOD YARN

The story deals with Nawab Safdar Jung, an orthodox aristocrat living in the Chandni Chowk area of Delhi, who is too proud of his aristocratic ancestry and too anxious to ensure aristocratic complexion to his posterity. Therefore when Ibrahim Beg, a scheming parasite, suggests to Safdar Jung that he should give his only daughter, Zarina, in marriage to Yusuf, the moneyed son of a vegetable vendor, the proud Nawab feels insulted and turns down the proposal angrily.

But Ibrahim, who stands to gain rich rewards from the wealthy

idiot Yusuf if he can get Yusuf married to Zarina, refuses to be discouraged by the Nawab's angry outburst and embarks on a wicked scheme to realize his own as well as his benefactor's dreams. He meets Akbar, Safdar Jung's gardener's young son, who had learnt to love Zarina since his childhood days, and giving him some false promises succeeds in persuading him to pose as a Lucknow Nawab and land at Safdar Jung's house as his guest.

While Safdar Jung accepts Akbar as a Nawab and lavishes all hospitality on him, Akbar and Zarina lend new ardour to their old affection. Soon Safdar Jung decides to make Akbar his son-in-law and the scheming Ibrahim waits for the moment when just on the eve of the marriage he would reveal Akbar's true identity to Safdar Jung and when the proud aristocrat felt too humiliated, would bring forward Yusuf as an alternative bridegroom confident that the Nawab would accept Yusuf to save himself from embarrassment.

The moment of the wedding arrives, but due to a prostitute's interference, Ibrahim's scheme misses its timing and he is able to reveal Akbar's identity to the Nawab only when Akbar and Zarina have already been wedded. Ibrahim's information, however, leads to a loud, melodramatic

scene in which the Nawab shouts himself hoarse in rage and brandishes a gun before Akbar accusing him of treachery while Zarina insists on being led to the house of the man to whom she has just been wedded.

The innocent Akbar, who believed that Ibrahim had told the truth about him to the Nawab, seems to take such a fright at all this noise that leaving the wedding scene he starts a long sprint which comes to an end only when he lands in distant Cairo. Now while Zarina and her mother-in-law anxiously wait for Akbar to return, Akbar gets into new adventures, his principal Egyptian adventure being a seductive cafe dancer Noori.

At long last, however, when Noori has gone along with her love for Akbar to the other world, Akbar returns home to his waiting wife whom Ibrahim and Yusuf once again wanted to trap in a scheme but which scheme boomed

rangs on them and everything ends happily.

NOT VERY BAD

With its mixture of comedy and villainy, love and melodrama and its songs and settings, the picture manages to be a fair entertainer. The production values are average. Sets are quite good. Photography

CHANDNI CHOWK

Producers: Hira Films
Language: Urdu
Story: D. P. Berry
Screenplay: I. S. Johar
Dialogue: Kamil Rashid
Lyrics: Majrooh, Shailendra etc.
Music: Roshan
Sound: Y. M. Wagle and Shanti Kaul

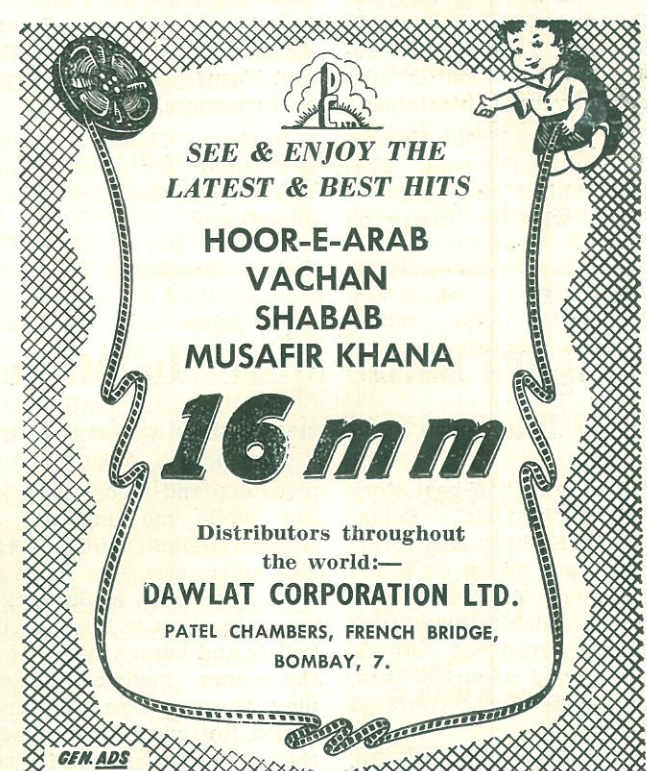
Photography: Keki Mistry
Cast: Meena Kumari, Shekhar, Smriti Biswas, Kumar, Jeevan, Agha etc.

Released At: Novelty, Bombay
Date of Release:

11th February 1955.

Directed By:

B. R. CHOPRA



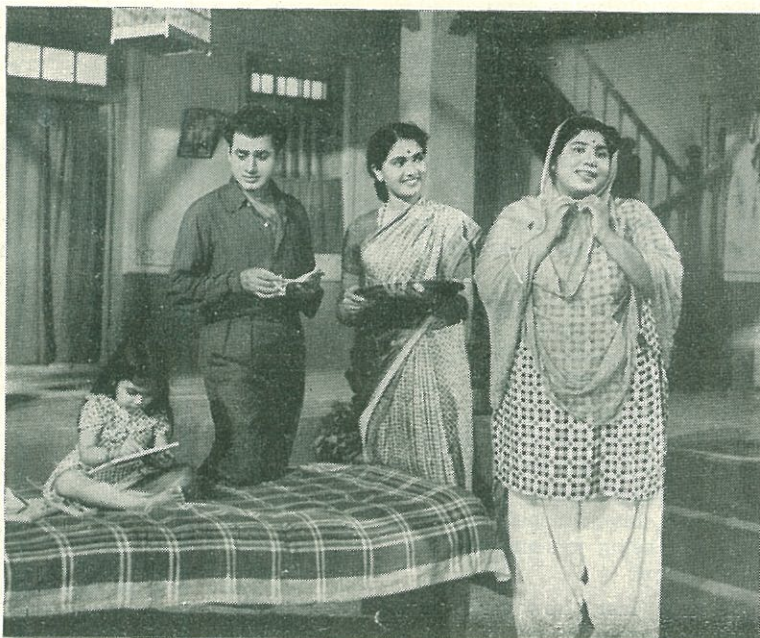
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Neighbours often spy on domestic bliss and seeing the happiness of others do their own day-dreaming. The fat one wonders what makes Sulochana so happy with the sad-faced Shekhar in "Bindiya", a domestic story.

is neither too pleasant nor too painful. Sound recording is passable. The dialogue is generally interesting and a couple of lyrics are well worded. The music is quite pleasant. Though none-too-impressive the direction is adequate for an average entertainer.

From the players Meena Kumari as Zarina does quite well. Shekhar plays Akbar and seems to do his best with his castor oil

face. Smriti Biswas does some usual singing and swinging as Noori. As Nawab Safdar Jung Kumar gives a good and convincing performance while Jeevan and Agha respectively playing Ibrahim and Yusuf give crude but popular performances.

In short, "Chandni Chowk" tells a familiar story in a tolerable manner and becomes an average entertainer.

OUR REVIEW

Saigal's Satire Misses Its Mark

"Railway Platform" Mildly Entertaining Picture

Claimed to be an "off-beat story of an off-track train", Saigal Productions' "Railway Platform" actually emerges as an off-grade attempt at some oft-done satire. It is a satire which is forceful at places and forced at others, colourful now and colourless then, convincing here and confused there.

Ramesh Saigal, who has written the story, the screenplay, the dialogue and even played a bit-role, uses the picture to mock at the money-ruled world and its vices and vulgarities, its humbugs and hypocrisies, at rich dandies and flashy dolls, at pompous princelings and crooked priests, at mammon-worshipping human

monsters and God-fearing fools. But while mocking at others, Ramesh Saigal manages to provide ample occasions to be mocked at himself as a film-maker. In his enthusiasm to lampoon things, beliefs and human types, he lumps the scenes, muddles the screenplay, throws sense of characterization to winds, confounds the theme and closes the picture with a thoroughly silly and anti-climactic ending. The picture, thus, lacks the precise insight and incisiveness of a satire and the overall impression it leaves is confusion and even pointlessness. It is, however, a picture with many interesting moments and with a satirical theme sloppily portrayed.

Scene for satire is set when a train suddenly halts at a tiny, forlorn wayside station because of the rails ahead having been washed away by floods and the passengers are informed to expect the train to resume journey only after twenty-four hours. The passengers begin getting out of the train grumbling, to make more inquiries and to worry about their food and water.

24-HOUR TALE

Among the inconvenienced passengers happen to be Ram, a young, unemployed graduate, his young sister and old mother; Indira, a princess who is quietly running away from her father who wants to force her to marry a man she does not like; Kavi, a long-haired, cynical and armless poet; a washerman and his bulldozer of a wife; a crowd of colourfully clad, Westernized males and females and an acutely money-conscious Marwari and his child-wife. And the place where they are forced to halt happens to be part of a State called Andher Nagri which is ruled by Indira's father.

The passengers learn from the station master that no food or water was available at the station and that the only place where they could hope to get some food and water was a grocery shop alongside a well a few furlongs inside the desolate place.

In the information, the money-conscious Marwari, Nasibchand

RAILWAY PLATFORM

Producers: Saigal Productions
Language: Hindustani
Story, Dialogue & Screenplay: Ramesh Saigal
Lyrics: Sahir Ludhianavi
Music: Madan Mohan
Sound: Y. M. Wagle
Photography: Dronacharya
Cast: Nalini Jaywant, Sheila Ramani, Sunil Dutt, Johnny Walker etc.

Released At: Royal Opera House, Bombay
Date of Release: 28th January 1955.

Directed By:

RAMESH SAIGAL

sees a rare opportunity for making some quick money and at once darts to the place and after paying Rs. 140 to the grocer assumes the ownership of the whole shop and the well for twenty-four hours. When other stranded passengers arrive at the shop they find Nasibchand selling things at exorbitant rates and charging money even for a glass of water, and it is only now that the simple grocer and his buxom daughter, Naina, regretfully realize the greedy motive behind Nasibchand's odd deal.

From now on the main satire continues to be around greedy Nasibchand's hectic efforts to cash on the stranded passengers' hardship and helplessness while minor satirical shots are fired at the Westernized persons who form themselves into an exclusive



Ruminating over the day's romance is a favourite mental exercise with women. It ends in devising new tricks for the next day's session. Vyjayantimala is good at the game in "Taj", a romantic tale.



A young man in a hurry for a bride is an impatient creature who wants other people to explain his disappointments. Agha demands an explanation from Sajjan and Lalita Pawar and Vanaja expect trouble in "Do Dulhe", a great entertainer from United Film Arts.

group and spend their time boozing and dancing, at the crafty priest who with an eye on his dinner starts a 'puja' around a handy idol and begins collecting money from innocent God-lovers, at Nasibchand's little wife who keeps repeating like a parrot that every human act is preordained by God, and at others apart from some random shots.

During these noisy twenty-four hours Ram manages to catch the appreciative eye of quite a few females. First there is the grocer's buxom daughter Naina who falls in the well and when Ram rescues her falls in love with him. Then it is Indira, the princess, who after some preliminary play of moods finds herself irresistibly attracted to Ram, without knowing that he has rushed the news of her whereabouts to her father in order to win a cash reward offered by her father. Hoping that he will have a rosy future with a princess as his wife, Ram agrees to marry Indira at midnight. But the ceremony is interrupted by the arrival of the ruler of the State who succeeds in changing his daughter's mind after making Ram confess that in agreeing to marry Indira he did think of her wealth. After that Ram rejects the reward and instead gets married to Naina. The next morning as the passengers get back on the train to resume their journey, the greedy Nasibchand grows a generous mood after receiving a severe beating from the passengers who for once

lose their patience with his cunning greed, and presents all his twenty-four hours' profits to the newly-married couple. As the train starts again the picture comes to an end.

ERRATIC PRODUCTION

By bringing the picture to this conclusion, Ramesh Saigal makes himself comparable to the man who first pumps hard at a stove to cook something and then just when the stove is ready to generate some heat, opens the exhaust. The way he brings about a lightning change of heart in the greedy Marwari after having used him as his chief butt of satire, Ramesh Saigal thoroughly dissipates his theme and spoils the satirical purpose of the picture. Besides this, even after making due allowance for exaggeration in a satire, there are too many incredible happenings in the picture and all the things that happen fail to convince as happening within a period of twenty-four hours.

The production values are average. Sets are mediocre and at places a bad choice, this being primarily an outdoor picture. Dronacharya's photography is generally effective but sound recording is too erratic. The dialogue is interesting but not clever enough for an effective satire. Music is thoroughly uninteresting while only a couple of lyrics are tolerable. Sahir Ludhianvi's retort to Pradeep's popular but pedestrian song in "Nastik" is not so brilliant as one can expect from him. The

direction is average technically and confused thematically.

From the players Nalini Jaywant, as Naina, while stumbling into wells, riding on human backs and jumping into wrestling bouts gets ample opportunity to emphasize her avoirdupois. Her acting is rather exaggerated. Sheila Ramani looks almost hideous as the princess and merely adds to the number of females in the picture. Johnny Walker as the Marwari turns out some enjoyable

work. The newcomer Sunil Dutt as Ram is quite presentable but he brings the torture of his voice from Radio Ceylon to the screen. His voice has too much of a Punjabi twang and it is dramatically untrained. From the rest, Manmohan Krishna as the poet, Raj Mehra as the ruler and Leela Mishra as the mother do some usual work.

In short, though as a satire "Railway Platform" is clumsy and confused, as entertainment it has quite a few interesting moments.

OUR REVIEW

"Halla Gulla" Provides Some Topsy-Turvy Fun

Bhagwan Again At His Old Game

Bhagwan Art Productions' "Halla Gulla" is Bhagwan's usual brand of noisy entertainment plus some literary poaching. The picture contains Bhagwan's usual tomfoolery, samba swings, rumba roars, fist fights and other crude, noisy and slapstick ingredients superimposed on a story which appears to be a carbon copy of the gripping story of the Mexican film "The Pearl".

Though under the retouching of Bhagwan and his team the story, which was intended to be a poignant theme by its original creator, is murdered mercilessly, "Halla Gulla" manages to be the kind of entertainment over which Bhagwan's fans love to roar and whistle. If nothing else, through such films Bhagwan has become a popular trainer for the boys who sing and swing in Bombay streets during various festivals.

GALS AND GANGSTERS

The story has Bhagwan and Sajjan landing in a supposedly neighbouring country of India after a shipwreck. Soon after landing in this land of sarongs and pearl-fishers, the two strangers meet gals and gangsters, make friends and foes and while Bhagwan, hobnobs with local crooks for some time and throws himself into a flirtation with a local belle, Sajjan lands in a love affair with Asha, the daughter of a wealthy Indian merchant. The millionaire merchant, however, frowns upon his daughter's romance and tries to force her to marry another

HALLA GULLA

Producers: Bhagwan Art Productions
Language: Hindustani
Story: Devendra Mukherji
Screenplay: V. Madgulkar
Music: Nissar & Chic Chocolate
Photography: Shankar A. Palav
Cast: Bhagwan, Sajjan, Shakila, Leela Gupte etc.
Released At: Kamal, Bombay
Date of Release: 11th February 1955.

Directed By:
BHAGWAN

man. But Bhagwan kidnaps the bridegroom at the moment of the wedding and putting Sajjan in his place gets Sajjan married to Asha. This infuriates Asha's father more who decides to disown Asha.

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Bhagwan take to diving for pearls and Bhagwan soon hauls a huge pearl, about as big as a table tennis ball. Sajjan grabs that pearl, realizes its value while trying to sell it in the local market and then almost becomes crazy with greed and the fear of thieves. He quarrels with Asha and Bhagwan and, by this time having had a child, taking his child along starts on a trek to find a suitable price for the pearl. He is followed by crooks who want to kill him for the pearl. But Bhagwan rushes to his rescue in time and after a farcical battle with the crooks everything ends happily with Sajjan throwing away the pearl as the cause of lot of trouble and reuniting with his wife and reconciling with the father-in-law.

MASS APPEAL

It is useless to try to locate the force and poignancy of the ori-

ginal Mexican tale in Bhagwan's 'borrowed' and 'retouched' version. In spite of this, "Halla Gulla" is a noisy farce revealing a crude and familiar pattern of entertainment. The production values are mediocre with unimpressive sets, tolerable photography and sound recording, generally stupid dialogue, familiarly-tuned songs and freakish direction.

From the players, Bhagwan does what he has always done. Sajjan is not bad. Shakila as Asha has little to do except providing a pretty face in the picture. Leela Gupte as Bhagwan's sweetheart does some gyrating. The rest are as ugly a crowd as in any other Bhagwan picture.

In short, "Halla Gulla" is a noisy, farcical entertainment with popular appeal for some people, but others need at least two big whiskies before they can find it tolerable.

scheme to send Renu on a long and fatal journey to Mussoorie fails to take shape because of the interference of Preeti, another relative about, he one day gets the child kidnapped. But proving smarter than the gang of professional crooks, little Renu manages to escape and is picked up by Mangu and Kamchor, two grab-and-run vagrants.

Unable to find Renu's house, the kind-hearted Mangu decides to keep her under his protection. That leads to a series of silly and senseless things but mainly a long chase between the crooks and Renu's protectors with the whole boring nonsense ending with a violent clash between the police and the criminals and the criminals being wiped out.

RAMANI DISGUSTING

The picture is a pretty boring and insipid mess and except the sweet but clumsily portrayed relationship between Mangu and the harassed child there is hardly anything pleasant in it. The production values are mediocre. Sets are poor. Photography is erratic. Sound recording is average. The dialogue and lyrics are trite while music is tolerable in bits. The direction is clumsy and amateurish.

Sheikh Mukhtar in the title role

inflicts most of the strain on the camera and does little else except emphasizing his size. Nigar Sultana plays his simple and rustic beloved and strains the imagination. Sheila Ramani as Preeti merely wiggles her anatomy and almost disgusts when her gyrations become too exaggerated. Mukri indulges in his usual pranks as Kamchor while N. A. Ansari makes a silly villain. From the rest, Baby Shashi who plays little Renu gives the best performance in this silly picture.

In short, "Mangu" is a silly, shoddy picture seeing which is wasting time and money and inviting a headache.

MANGU

Producers: Sheikh Mukhtar Productions
Language: Hindustani
Story, Screenplay & Dialogue: Tahir Lucknowi
Lyrics: Majrooh Sultanpuri etc.
Music: O. P. Nayyar and Md. Shafi
Photography: S. Srivastava
Sound: Dinshaw Billimoria
Cast: Nigar Sultana, Sheila Ramani, Sheikh Mukhtar, Ansari, Mukri etc.
Released At: Super, Bombay
Date of Release: 11th February 1955.
Directed By: N. A. ANSARI

OUR REVIEW

"Mangu" Provides A Headache To Picturegoers

Sheikh Mukhtar Produces Another Mess

Sheikh Mukhtar's "Mangu", like many of his previous pictures, is a poor, clumsy and boring pic-

ture, to see which is to invite a headache and to turn one's evening into a sorry experience. Apparently produced with little money and less brains it is a picture which provides neither entertainment nor any evidence of intelligence.

For a story the picture has some silly stuff dealing with a scientifically-inclined crook called Shorey who calls himself a doctor and works on a serum by injecting which he hopes to rob his victims of their thinking faculty and make them obey his orders. In this ignoble task, Shorey is assisted by Flora, supposed to be a German female, and a regular gang of other crooks.

TALE OF CROOKS

As the picture starts, Shorey has developed the serum to the stage where it can turn a person into Shorey's obedient slave for quite a few minutes and Shorey has already bumped off from this planet his wealthy uncle. He has, however, still to do away with the uncle's widow and her little daughter Renu. When Shorey's



Nirupa Roy is a professional goddess of the screen and playing the virtuous roles has made her a bit sensitive. She is once again seen in "Shree Ganesh Vivah", a heavenly romance.



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Women take the most fantastic poses to allure men. Man is their entire life and game and to capture and keep him is their religion. Exceptions are, of course, there but they are in the Lok Sabha. Shakila is not in the danger of being a Member of Parliament but she puts millions in danger in "Shahi Chor", a thriller.

Rs. 5/- will be paid for every letter published in this section.

TAKE A BOW, VENUS!

"As an admirer of the Yogic Asanas, I must congratulate you on your happy choice of lovely Venus Bannerjee for their exposition in the February 1955 issue of "filmindia". It is a matter of gratification mingled with pride, that her multifarious activities connected with screen work notwithstanding, this star can find time for and has the grit to go through these "asanas" daily. She is indeed not Venus in name only—she is the embodiment of all that that goddess of that name stands for.

"I make bold to say that these "asanas" are very beneficial for maintenance of health and for keeping fit. They are immensely helpful in building the curves and contours that go with a beautiful body. Most of our ladies put on weight and develop a big waistline in their middle age. This detracts much from their attractive appearance. If our girls would devote 15 minutes a day to the practise of these "asanas" in their twenties, such an eventuality would never arise.

"In this land of hero worship, many young men and women are apt to imitate their favourite film stars. If these photographs will inspire a love for physical culture in the minds of young women—and I am confident that they will—then you shall have rendered a yeoman service by popularizing it through the pages of your esteemed magazine.

"May I appeal to some of our producers also to include some scenes in their films de-

picting feats of physical culture? They can utilize the services of Venus Bannerjee with advantage in this connection. It is needless to point out that such films will have a tremendous educative value."

LUDHIANA.

Prem Nath Sud.

YOUR TURN, BOBBY

"The addition of Mr. Talyarkhan's services for "filmindia" adds another feather to the cap of this great journalist. Sport lovers among "filmindia" fans would go all out to welcome this new addition. One who can have any pretension to a study of our sport journals will at once show his predilection for the fiery pen that this brilliant critic, Bobby, wields. A discernible figure in commentators' box, Mr. Talyarkhan has also cast a magnetic spell over the sport lovers by reason of his fearless crusade against all that is stinking in our sports today.

"This new feature from the pen of this lynx-eyed critic which is but another facet of this many-sided journal that "filmindia" is, I am sure, will enhance its reputation. This is exactly how "filmindia" has grown in stature from day to day. The master technique that the editor employs to make "filmindia" more readable and presentable to the fans entitles him to encomiums unreservedly."

ARRAH.

Prem Chandra Sinha.

ASK NEHRU

"One evil with the democratic way of government is that it is not always the country's

most befitting men who rule the roost. Sometimes people at the helm are so thoroughly incapable and inefficient that they become the misfortune of their motherland. And I doubt if India is very fortunate in this respect. Some of the people in our government are so inexperienced and unsuitable for their jobs that only we, illiterate nation as we are, can tolerate them. Showing a deplorable lack of commonsense, some of them even refuse to learn and be considerate, and keep some of their own whims on the shelf for some time without forcing them on people. The basis of democracy is popularity. And many of them regard it as an unnecessary and unuseful virtue once they are in their chairs.

"You have but pointed out only one glaring case of this kind in "The Dogmas Of A Doctor" in the New Year Number. And how strange it is for all those who have known you for some time to find your article full of understatement! But then perhaps it could not be helped. Reason: Keskar's unpopularity is too immense for mere words. But why is Dr. Keskar still in the chair in spite of his unpopularity? Has he any decorative values for the cabinet?"

PILANI.

Shiv K. Parti.

KILL AND WORSHIP

"U. P. Government have decided to produce a film on the life and work of Nirala (Pt. Surya Kant Tripathi Nirala) renowned Hindi poet of India. This news is good and worth appreciating as we usually do not expect any-

thing of this sort from our popular Congress governments.

"There is however a dark side to this as well. The U. P. Government have already decided to send Nirala to a Mental Hospital at Agra for his treatment. It is heart-breaking news for his well-wishers as well as the Hindi-loving people. Would it not be better if he is sent to some foreign country for expert treatment? Saving the living will be a better tribute than immortalizing the dead. Don't you think so?"

MAINPURI.

Vir B. S. Chauhan.

CALLING INDIA

"I wish to thank my unknown friend who so kindly sent me a copy of the 'filmindia' and I was thrilled to read the magazine, and the pages of 'Woes and Echoes' were outstanding as a readers' forum. I have a request to all the readers of 'filmindia'.

"We, the Brotherhood of Nations, New Zealand, are holding an exhibition late this year and we are looking for drawings, paintings, dressed dolls in native costume, or any other works of art from all countries of the world.

"I am sure the readers of 'filmindia' can help us. We, the Brotherhood of Nations, in New Zealand, will show to the youth of this country what the youth in other lands do in the way of Art and Culture.

"Let us see what the youth of India do in the way of Drawing, Painting, etc. Please send all the articles to the Secretary, Brotherhood of Nations, 16 Westcott Street, Dallington, Christchurch, New Zealand."

D. A. Mason.

CHRISTCHURCH (NEW ZEALAND).

ALL ALIKE IN ART

"One of the most forceful film reviews I

have ever read was yours of 'Hamlet'. Though at first sight the ruthlessly detailed condemnation might seem rather amazing, yet I believe it was just right and proper on your part to deal with it in detail since 'Hamlet' is one of the world's supreme masterpieces in literature and any interpretation of it must be viewed with analytical intelligence.

"We in Calcutta have not been so fortunate (or should I say unfortunate?) as yet to see this Sahuian 'Omelette' of the great Shakespearean drama 'Hamlet', yet since the drama itself is such an immortal work of Shakespeare, as all students of English literature know, many people just dismiss the very idea of the film with a shrug of the shoulders observing that 'you can't expect much from an Indian version of it'. Still we had thought that the very nature of its being difficult to interpret on the screen may cause reviewers to review it with some leniency, and more so from you as Kishore Sahu happens to be your close friend, but it was really a treat to go through the severe criticism that Mr. Sahu had to suffer at your hands; and I dare say, those who shout about your partiality must have to lick their filthy sputum, since you have once again proved that friends or no friends, Baburao makes no concessions whatsoever where criticism is concerned—and that indeed is the very essence of good criticism."

CALCUTTA.

H. S. Hanspal.

THEY LOSE IF THEY DON'T

"Not a day sooner has your leading article in the February issue come to us. The first Five-Year Plan evidently threatens to touch only the fringe of our hydra-headed problems. Thus it has left us groping in the dark and there is no knowing how our planners are going to alleviate the misery of the nation afflicted with cantankerous problems from all

sides. Without sharing the gloominess of such pessimists as display an unhealthy avidity to write an epitaph on our 5-Year Plan, I would like to assert that there have been grievous blunders at many points in implementing this Plan.

"If we are to be any the better for this white elephant that this experiment is, which threatens to achieve precious little at enormous cost to the nation running into astronomical figures, the architects of our destiny must accept your considered suggestions in toto. Also, if there is to be any meaning in our leaders' exhortation to us to make sacrifices, the doubtful benefits of which would accrue to future generations, we must be reassured that things would be done in the right manner. That lends all the more significance to your counsel being heeded all right."

ARRAH.

Prem Chandra Sinha.

RAM RAJYA HERITAGE

"Within the last nine months 33841 monkeys have been exported from India. These, our ancestors, (vide Darwin) brought us a cool six and a half lakh rupees. This is a tidy sum, is it not? We export live monkeys, dead cows and half-alive, half-dead ambassadors. The first two earn much more for us. The balance? The balance can be worked out only by an Indian statistician or an Indian monkey."

BOMBAY.

N. K. Wadhvani.

THE CARAVAN MATTERS

"Now Dhebar has become the Congress President. I remember Matthew Arnold's description of Shelley: 'An ineffective angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain'. But will Dhebar beat his wings at all? As long as Mother is there, the chick

Statues are always harmless because cold marble never hurts, in spite of the warmth of art in them. But cold women do, for in their warm flesh is the heat of passion which burns male hearts and ruins human lives. Stripping a leg is old Cleopatra's trick which brought Caesar to her feet. Kuldip Kaur proves that she has nothing new to learn, in spite of her fat Punjabi leg, in 'Raja Birbal', a Mughal tale.





In youth is it at all necessary to lift the veil and bring the moon out of the cloud? But then women need emphasis to be sure of effect. Shyama brings new life to the screen in "Haseena", a tale that can be told only about a beautiful woman.

must, by its very nature, seek the shelter of the motherly wing.

"The question whether Shri Dhebar will or will not act independently of Pandit Nehru does not arise. For Dhebar will not 'want' to act independently. The Congress will have another real President only when it can no more look to Nehru, this is what a common man in the street says. One really pities Dhebar. Verily, some have greatness thrust upon them, and those some, it seems, include our Dhebar Bhai!"

KALYAN CAMP.

Mrs. Lalitadevi.

MASS MURDER IS WAR

"At Avadi Pandit Nehru revived a dead (or unconscious?) mike by tapping it with his pen. And the news was carried by the P.T.I. and flashed on the front pages by newspapers. Once upon a time, long long ago, I had spoken before a mike and done exactly the same thing. But, of course, I was not reported by the P.T.I. Nehru is news, but I am not. Why? Because I have succeeded on a small scale while Nehru has failed on a grand one!"

BOMBAY.

H. G. Jugat.

ALL SUICIDE BOUND

"I read the article written under the caption 'Why Our Stars Fail?' in the February issue

When a woman of experience meets a callow colt, she drops her years and goes back to her teens of desire. The younger brothers usually provide this rejuvenating recipe to the 'bhabhis' in a family. Bharat Bhushan is learning his first kitchen secrets from Nirupa Roy in "Teen Bhai", a domestic romance.

of "filmindia" in "Bombay Calling" with too much interest. Convey my sincere thanks to 'Judas' for supplying some important and interesting statistics regarding our film industry.

"This article has come out at an appropriate time when our film industry is sinking day by day and the star craze is growing in our producers. The pity is that our producers don't even try to educate themselves properly with the money they earn. I am cent per cent definite in my opinion that it will take years for our producers and stars to learn the good qualities, habits and talents from foreign stars. (I am not referring to pictures of violence, sex and crime.)

"The question is, if our producers and stars have any intelligence and sense of responsibility, they must endeavour to understand the eight principles laid down by Baburao Patel, the defender and adviser of the Indian film industry and put them in action properly with the help of some educated persons.

"I quite agree with Baburao Patel for his principle No. 6 in which he said that stars should avoid public appearances. I would like to state an instance here for the interest of my co-readers. When some time back a film stars' cricket carnival was held in Calcutta, some of the stars like Nimmi, Smriti Biswas, Meena, Sheila Ramani, etc. had come all the way from Bombay to this place only to show their obvious defects but not to play cricket. Film fans threw peels of oranges and bananas on the faces of these stars. When Nimmi approached for money collection someone remarked "Our local prostitutes are far better than this potato-faced Nimmi." When Meena went near the fans for collection of money with the escort of police some people threw oranges on her face and even spat on her face. When Gope, the comedian stood near us for batting someone called him "Oh, bunder ka laddo, come here and have a pumpkin and a cigarette." When Smriti Biswas was sipping Coca-Cola someone said "Oh, majee, eithikey-ek-bar-suney javuna." When Begum Para came near us

to pick up a ball, one called her "Hey W. P. Engine, kaisa hai." Like this many people have hurled and abused in a filthy language. Now fans have lost all desire of seeing stars again in public. So they must listen to the advice given by our editor to keep their profession going on for a long time like Hollywood stars."

HOWRAH.

V. L. Narayana.

OLD GAME

"I thank you heartily for your article "Gates of Hell" in January issue which was later reproduced in "Leader" on 30th January and in "New Times" on 7th February 1955. It was a true and much needed exposition of the hell-spots of an apparent fairyland which has been responsible for misleading many a youth. Instances are not lacking where young boys and girls in search of film fame have ruined their lives.

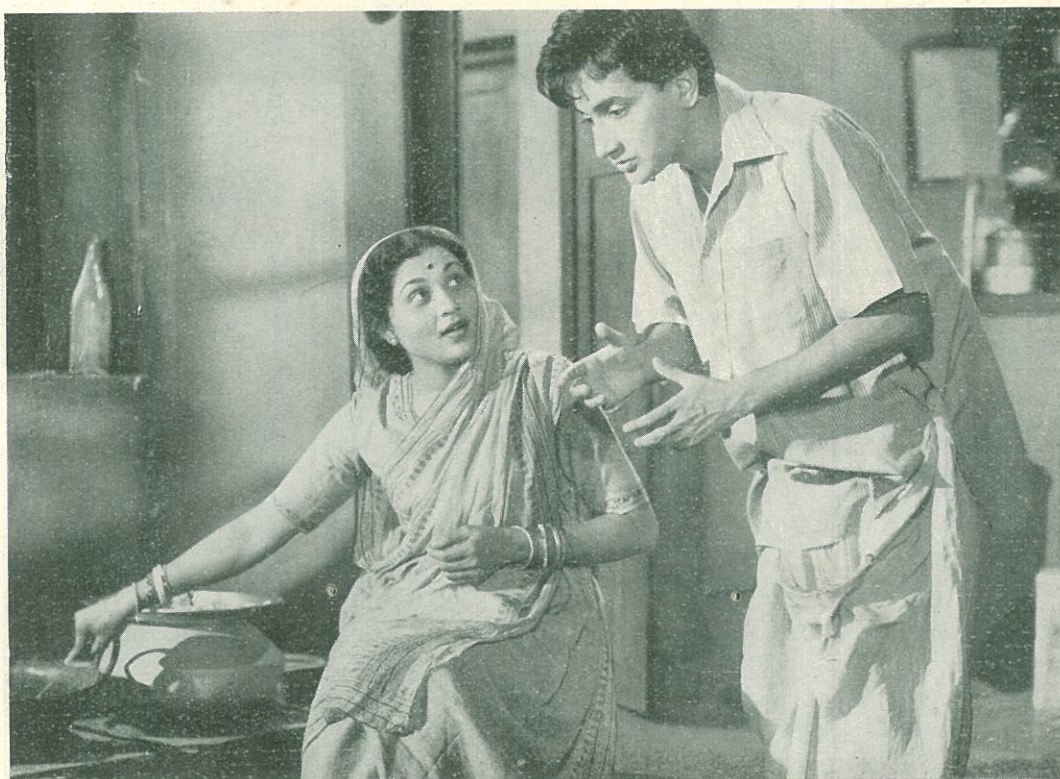
"On the other hand certain bogus film concerns in India are cheating young boys and girls who seek employment in cinema companies as actors and actresses. Such bogus film concerns are advertising in film journals all over India, asking young men and girls to apply for selection for leading roles in their forthcoming films. From among the numerous applications received the so-called managing agents take care to select those people, only those who belong to some distant places and are not in a position to readily verify the status or standing of their concerns. Money is collected from them as application fee, registration fee and in various other ways. After collecting enough money, the office is closed down and then it reappears at a new address repeating the same game."

ALLAHABAD.

Laliteshwari Saran.

NO FRIENDSHIP IN WORK

"I remember aright that some reader had commented that your review of the film "Kali Ghata" was better than the film itself. So fascinating and captivating was its appeal,



indeed! I believe the same is true of your review of "Hamlet" also with the only difference that the film in this case has sharply disillusioned us about the Sahu genius. Now coming to an appraisal of your review, I dare say that I have yet to see a more intelligent study and understanding of dramatic values. The intellectual facet of your review is par excellence. The penetrating analysis of this Shakespearean drama at once enlightens and educates us. The film has been aptly and adequately tested on the touchstone of real values of dramatic art. After a perusal of your writing one is tempted to believe that Kishore Sahu could not intelligently comprehend the true spirit of "Hamlet". Or who knows there was some difficulty in grasping even the letter of it!

"Incidentally, it becomes crystal clear once more that you shower encomiums only where it is due. Though you patted Kishore Sahu on his back for his pleasing melodrama "Kali Ghata" you could not look upon "Hamlet" with favour for the potent reason that "Hamlet" has been reduced to a farce by making a travesty of the original drama."

ARRAH.

Prem Chandra Sinha.

STEADY ROCKS

"Ashok Kumar Productions' first offering "Parineeta" still fresh in the mind, I went to see his much-boosted "Samaj" in the local "Roxy" with great expectation. But I returned home very much disappointed—feeling like the most cheated and tortured man. Right from the beginning to the end, "Samaj" is a boring and stupid picture which makes one disgusted and squirm with boredom a hundred times in his seat. It is indeed very sad that Ashok Kumar, the romantic hero of over two decades, who is also ripe in experience, should have produced such a trash.

"In the July 1954 issue of "filmindia" you have rightly said that beaten by time and weather even rocks change their shapes and complexion, but we do not know of what stuff the average film producer in India is made that even after years of flogging

criticism he refuses to be any less idiotic today than he was forty years ago."

CALCUTTA.

J. L. Kholbhetaria.

TELL OTHERS

"All parents would do well to thank the wise man who calls himself Judas for writing such a frank and disillusioning description of what may become of the young fools who run away from their homes to become Nargis, Dilip Kumar, etc. in "Bombay Calling" of the January "filmindia".

"It is not easy to guess correctly how many homes this lucid article of his will save from worry and unhappiness as also the future of many young lives. The dangers and diseases which he has described to be waiting for the hasty enthusiasts will make them think twice before they decide to leave for the awaiting "gates of hell". But of course that is only possible if the parents are careful and do not save themselves the pains of telling the youngsters the facts which Judas has pointed out, every now and then. Judas has done very well to take concrete examples of certain artistes to prove that life in the film industry is not all glamour and riches. "filmindia" is the only magazine which is really interested in its readers and not only in their money. And I feel sure I will always be able to say that."

PILANI.

Shiv K. Parti.

TRUTH IS POISON

"Radio Moscow has visited its wrath upon Kasturbhai Lalbhai for telling the truth, as he saw it, about Russia during his recent visit to that Eldorado of workers. Russian living is fantastically costly, Russian machinery of "poor quality", and Russian engineers "out of touch" with world developments—those were Lalbhai's findings and he has been tactless enough to say them aloud. Perhaps he ought to have known that to secretive Soviets, telling the truth can be the greatest insult."

KALYAN CAMP.

Kumari Ratna.

TELL NEHRU

"Your article "Gates of Hell" reproduced in the "Leader" weekly of Allahabad has become extremely popular. Through the Readers' Forum' readers are demanding that this article of "filmindia" should be translated into every language, and also be broadcast from radio stations. Nothing could be a greater compliment to your magazine than this.

"I have been reading your magazine for a very long time. Your editorials have been superb. This is my first chance to write to you. I want to congratulate you for your excellent editorial (January "filmindia") on Dr. Keskar's misguided policies. It should be an eye-opener for the government and the sooner Dr. Keskar is replaced the better."

ALLAHABAD.

Virendra Singh Datta.

COMMUNIST POISON

"Have you heard that in Austria judges are going to strike for higher pay? A case of justice denied to a Justice, if you ask me.... If there is anything definitely omnipresent in this secular world except a doubtful God, it is a strike. Men and women, boys and girls, students and teachers, dirty-collared factory workers and white-collared office clerks, ink-stained journalists and coal-stained mine workers, sweepers and barbers and now judges, in fact, to quote a nursery rhyme, everybody including "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker" has resorted to strike.

"Why? Because that, presumably, is the one way to worship the "Goddess of Getting On", as Ruskin called it. Ruskin asked: "Do you think men may come and men may go, but mills go on for ever?" The modern answer is the striker's answer and it is a resigned "Yes".

KALYAN.

Mrs. Lalitadevi.

CHARACTER ALSO BORROWED

"Our government insist upon our using Indian-made things and it is also good nationalism to do so but take an example of Indian-made pencils: "Rattan" is the best pencil of Indian make available in the market. In my enthusiasm for swadeshi, I have been using "Rattan" since last many months. It is with pain that I must report my disappointment in finding these pencils brittle in the extreme.

"Indian cheese stinks within days. Indian colours run out. Indian butter is adulterated Indian ghee is mixed. Indian milk is watery. Nothing made in India seems to have any standard quality.

"I wish the government periodically inspected the quality of such Indian products as are afforded tariff protection against foreign competition at the cost of the consumers. The present standards of most Indian products are an exploitation of our swadeshi sentiments."

BOMBAY.

H. G. Jugat.

An old-fashioned wife is the greatest shock in the life of a modern lover. When she brings to his tired legs the medicine of Sita and Savitri, he is afraid they will lose their tone and rhythm for rumba and samba. But Jamuna is too attractive a proposition for Rama Rao to be easily put off in "Naya Admi", a social theme.



PICTURES IN MAKING

GEMINI STUDIOS (Madras)

"Do Dulhe", produced by United Film Arts in association with Gemini, has been completed by director K. G. Mahadevan in the scheduled time. Starring pretty Shyama opposite Sajjan and supported by talented artistes like Vanaja, David, Agha, Kanhaiyalal, B. M. Vyas and Lalita Pawar, "Do Dulhe" is an intelligent comedy heightened by some intrinsic comical situations. Producer S. S. Vasan, who always plans things on a spectacular scale, is releasing "Do Dulhe" all over India in April. For his next "Insaniyat", Producer Vasan has signed Bharat Bhushan to play the hero. The rest of the cast is being selected soon but from the way the preparations are being made, "Insaniyat" will probably turn out to be one of the screen classics, based as it is on Sheridan's "Pizzaro".

PAKSHIRAJA STUDIOS (Coimbatore)

Essentially a man of action, Producer-director S. M. S. Naidu not only completed his "Azaad" in record time but released it all over India—in Bombay, on March 18, at many theatres simultaneously. "Azaad" stars Dilip Kumar and Meena Kumari and has action galore. Dilip is up to a hundred different tricks, all designed to win Meena Kumari's love, be it as a bandit or as a bearded adviser. The utter versatility of this role makes "Azaad" extremely entertaining and judging from the large crowds that are flocking to see this picture, we can safely say that "Azaad" has hit the box-office target. The supporting cast of "Azaad" consists of Om Prakash, Raj Mehra, Shammi, Badri Prasad, Pran, Nazir, Murad, Ramesh Sinha and Seema.

SHRI VISHWA BHARATI FILMS LTD. (Bombay)

Since the day Bharat Bhushan thrilled his numerous fans by his fine portrayal as Baiju the musician in "Baiju Bawra", film producers have not resisted the temptation of casting him in similar moulds. In "Basant Bahar"

Bharat once again plays the musician, a fiery one who lived during the days of Tippoo Sultan. The locale, however, is different being Mysore, the "Garden City of India", which affords a beautiful background for this tale of wild passions and haunting melodies. Nimmi, with her lovely eyes, portrays the yearning of the musician's beloved. Producer R. Chandra tells us that in "Basant Bahar" he will go all out to make it a great, emotional picture. Direction is by Raja Nawathe.

BIMAL ROY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Bimal Roy began the shooting of "Devdas" at the Mohan Studios, Andheri, after months of deliberation. The reason is that "Devdas" is not merely a famous novel written by the renowned Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. "Devdas" produced by New Theatres in 1936 became a classic of the screen, bringing to the forefront the great Saigal whose inimitable songs, "Dukh ke ab din" and "Balam aye baso more manmen" haunt the nation even today. Now Dilip Kumar, the favourite tragic hero of the Indian screen, plays the immortal role of Devdas and filmgoers expect their favourite director Bimal Roy to make "Devdas" an outstanding picture. Suchitra Sen,



Male attire adds more sex to a female and makes her more dangerous. Pretty Nirupa Roy breaks more hearts in "Unchi Haveli", a thrilling romance of olden days.

Chunilal, another important role in this tragic love story. S. D. Burman is in charge of music while Rajinder Singh Bedi has written the Hindi dialogue.

Gemini's "Do Dulhe" Starts Invading India—Dilip Kumar Steals Hearts As Bandit In "Azaad"—Bharat Bhushan Becomes A Musician Again—Bimal Roy's "Devdas" Starts Its Love Song—Arora's "Hoor-e-Arab" Ready For Romantic Arabs—AVM's "Shiv Bhakta" Ready For The Screen—Nargis To Play Mother In "Mother India".

the charming Bengali actress who has taken Bengal by storm, plays Parvati while curvaceous Vyjayantimala is cast as Chandra-mukhi. Veteran Motilal is cast as

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer P. N. Arora's "Hoor-e-Arab" is scheduled for release at the Lamington, Bombay. Starring

Chitra, Shashikala, Pradeep Kumar and Sajjan, "Hoor-e-Arab" is an entertaining tale of Arabs with the requisite excitement to thrill film fans. Some of the tunes by Ghulam Mohammed are attractive. At the studios, "Chitralekha" starring Vyjayantimala is making steady progress.

AVM PRODUCTIONS (Madras)

AVM's first mythological in Hindi, "Shiv Bhakta", starring Shahu Modak, Padmini, Pandari, Bai, Anant Kumar and others, is ready for release and is expected to come on the screen sometime in April. Shahu Modak has an intriguing role to play in "Shiv Bhakta" because though a "god" of the silver screen and a staunch follower of Swami Vivekanand in private life, he is an atheist in this picture denouncing God in quite an aggressive manner. The dialogue of "Shiv Bhakta" has been written by Mohanlal Bajpai. Lyrics by the well-known Nepali

indeed! I believe the same is true of your review of "Hamlet" also with the only difference that the film in this case has sharply disillusioned us about the Sahu genius. Now coming to an appraisal of your review, I dare say that I have yet to see a more intelligent and understanding of dramatic values. The penetrating analysis of drama at once



The poor have no ornaments but they have pots and buckets which rent collectors take when distress punctuates their life. Yakub has an unpleasant role to play in "Phir Baje Shehnai", a domestic theme.

have been suitably set to music by Chitragupta. Direction is by H. L. N. Simha. Meanwhile "Bhai Bhai", starring Ashok Kumar, Kishore Kumar, Nimmi, Nirupa Roy, Meena Shorey and Om Prakash, and directed by M. V. Raman, is more than half-way through. "Bhai Bhai" is a touching social with the emphasis on human relations in society. Some catchy melodies have been composed by Madan Mohan. Rajendra Krishna has written the dialogue and lyrics.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

The agonizing search for a suitable heroine to play in "Mother India" has ended at last. The coveted role in this Geva-colour social goes to Nargis, because of her fine personality and versatility of talent. In "Mother India", Nargis has the best role of her career and a gamut of emotions to portray, beginning from a newly married young wife to a fond mother who finally shoots down her truant, erring son. And with Mehboob's sensitive direction, we know that Nargis will have to give her best in this beautiful story of village life. Dilip Kumar, however, will not play the role of the son as originally intended, as fans have always accepted this romantic pair of "Andaz" and "Deedar" as lovers.

criticism he refuses to be a picture. "Street Light" stars day than he was forty Vyhyama and Karan Dewan as the romantic lovers, sighing for each other under the street lights. The supporting cast features Shammi, Rajen Haksar, Protima Devi, Maruti and Manju. Some of the distribution rights of "Street Light" have been already sold.

ROOPNAGAR LTD. (Bombay)

"Fifty-Fifty", a social on modern life, produced and directed by R. L. Malhotra, is reported to contain an unusual story. Starring Nalini Jaywant opposite M. Rajan, "Fifty-Fifty" is evidently based on the principle of doubling joys and halving sorrows and some of the rushes promise an out-of-the-way picture. Lyrics are by Rajendra Krishna while music is by Madan Mohan.

MARS & MOVIES (Bombay)

Producer-director Amiya Chakrabarty is shooting regularly "Seema" starring Nutan and Balraj Sahni since the day he performed its muhurt. With two top stars and an emotional story, we expect director Amiya to make "Seema" a thrilling experience.

DOSSI FILMS LTD. (Bombay)

Director Nandlal Jaswantlal has completed a good bit of "Taj" starring Vyjayantimala and Pradeep Kumar. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown", wrote Shakespeare and in this line is framed the entire conflict for power, riches and glamour that brings misery and sorrow in its wake. It is this struggle that is beautifully picturized in "Taj". Others in the cast are Jeevan, Ullhas, Amar, Shakuntala, Kamoo and Bipin Gupta.

GOEL CINE CORPORATION (Bombay)

Pandit Mukhram Sharma, considered to be Indian screen's top writer today, is again reported to have written a moving story "Vachan". This story stars Geeta Bali and Balraj and introduces three newcomers, Neelma, Brij and Rajendra Kumar.

SHAH PICTURES (Bombay)

Charming Shakila seems to be the ideal choice for Arabian fantasies. In "Sakhi Hatim", produced by Ramniklal N. Shah, Shakila plays the heroine supported by Noor, Diljeet, Chitra and Hiralal and lends to the picture

many exciting moments. Direction is by Nanubhai Vakil.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer Kardar released "Yasmin" starring Vyjayantimala and Suresh at Calcutta and Delhi where it is doing good business. "Yasmin" is based on that old popular film "Son Of Sheikh" and contains thrilling action, sword fights, catchy music and tantalizing dances. In Bombay "Yasmin" is scheduled for release at the Liberty.

MESSRS. FAVOURITE FILMS (Bombay)

"Adhikar", starring Usha Kiran and Kishore Kumar and directed by Mohan Segal, is running to packed houses at the Krishna, Bombay. Its simple, human story by Pandit Mukhram Sharma seems to have appealed to the masses. Producer-director S. U. Sunny's "Uran Khatola" is scheduled for an early release at the Imperial, Bombay. "Uran Khatola" produced by Sunny Art Productions stars Nimmi, Dilip Kumar and Suryakumari and is a love tale translated on the screen with beautiful photography by Fali Mistri and lovely music by Naushad. From all reports, it looks as if "Uran Khatola" will turn out to be another hit. Sunny's last picture "Babul" was a great box-office success.



When the trap remains empty, a woman starts thinking seriously of the rat she missed. Nigar Sultana's designs do not seem to have caught the chap in "Madhur Milan", a thrilling tale of love.

Reviewed

By Our
Special
Correspondent

[This is not a malicious tirade campaign against bad and dangerous violence and other anti-social elements. Good pictures don't need themselves. But bad and dangerous pictures have to only reviews of bad and dangerous pictures. The crime, country, all them- therefore contains

STAR RATINGS: * Disgusting and Highly Objectionable; ** Very Poor—Not Worth The Money; *** Not So Bad.

* SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS (Universal-International)

CAST: Tony Curtis, Julie Adams, George Nader

We invite the special attention of our censors to the picture "Six Bridges To Cross" based on a story entitled "They Stole \$2,500,000—And Got Away With It", which in turn is based upon an actual case of sensational holdup that was staged in Boston some time ago. Following a handsome, smiling gangster from his delinquent juvenility to his criminal manhood, "Six Bridges To Cross" painstakingly packs into one and a half hours of the screen time, about twenty criminal and vicious years of a confirmed criminal who kicks away every opportunity to reform and lead a decent life and instead continues to wallow in the grime of crime, murder, violence, robbery and numerous other vices and rackets. In spite of a probation sentence in his younger days, in spite of a later term in the reformatory, in spite of a five-year imprisonment in State Prison, in spite of the perpetual advice of a friendly police officer to lead a respectable life and in spite of the opportunity to turn a new leaf in life offered by his marriage to a young woman, this smiling, handsome gangster remains a gangster and continues to be in love with a career of crime till the end of his life which is brought about when his body is riddled with bullets. A portrayal of such a stubborn, vicious and criminal career on the screen is bad enough and unpleasant enough, but this picture adds an edge to the obnoxiousness of the theme by carefully trying to glorify this incorrigible criminal and calculatedly trying to portray him in a sympathetic light. This unpleasant criminal's role is conceived and portrayed in such a manner as to make him appear an appealing character on the screen and even when he meets his deserved violent end, the punishment is administered in a way as to lend him the halo of heroism and to inspire in the audience a lingering sympathy for him. We would like to know if our country's screens are to be allowed to be used for the purpose of glorifying hardened criminals and for spreading crime in our country. If not, then "Six Bridges To Cross" must be banned in India, its prints confiscated and burnt in the public square.

Tony Curtis is a young hoodlum living in a Boston slum. He wins the friendship of George Nader, a raw recruit in the police, when Nader injures him during an arrest and then, anxious to veer him away from a life of crime, secures his freedom on probation. Nader's advice and friendship, however, do not prevent Curtis from further crimes though he returns Nader's friendliness by giving him information on robberies committed by others in the area. As Nader rises to be a detective, Curtis grows into a full-fledged gangster and reveals his solidarity with fellow-gangsters when in order to save a gangster-friend he agrees to be sentenced to the reformatory on a false charge of statutory rape. When he comes out Nader and his wife try to make him happy and to set him on a respectable course in life. But they fail and Curtis' criminal activities land him in State Prison for a five-year term. After serving the latest sentence Curtis gets involved in more rackets and soon becomes a rich racketeer with all the luxuries around him. He however continues to act as a stool pigeon for Nader and in turn receives Nader's connivance at his crimes committed outside Nader's jurisdiction. And when Curtis decides to marry Anabel Shaw, a young widow he falls in love with, and talks about changing his old ways, Nader accepts his word. But soon after appearing to be leading a straight life in the legitimate business of operating a chain of service stations, Curtis gives rise to new suspicions in Nader when near one of Curtis' gas stations a gang of masked mobsters holds up the office of an armoured car service and gets away with \$2,500,000. The method of the crime makes Nader suspect Curtis behind the holdup even though at the time of the crime Curtis was with Nader. As Anabel also finds reason to suspect Curtis, she decides to leave him. Subsequently, finding Nader's career and reputation at stake because of friendship with him, Curtis plans to give Nader a chance to clear his name. After informing Nader, Curtis collects his gang-

sters in a warehouse and then announces his decision to return the huge loot and surrender himself. But not approving of the idea, his henchmen turn their guns towards him and Curtis actually gives up his criminal career only when he dies under a shower of bullets. Just before he dies, however, Curtis reveals where the loot is hidden.

Final Verdict: This is an obnoxious picture of crime and racketeering and with its calculated glorification of an incorrigible gangster, it teaches and encourages crime. Every inch of this dirty, dangerous picture must be banned.

* THE BIG COMBO (Allied Artists)

CAST: Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte, Brian Donlevy

Sex, sadism, crime and violence are the ingredients which constitute this picture which seeks to entertain and educate the picture-goers through a brazen and screaming portrayal of naked crime and gangsterism. The picture contains murders, kidnappings, violent clashes, sex scenes and other sordid and demoralizing sights which can only repel a decent spectator. As a piece of utterly unpleasant, criminal entertainment, "The Big Combo" deserves to be banned in the interests of the people.

The story deals with Cornel Wilde, a lieutenant-detective, who is out to nab Richard Conte, the boss of a well organised crime syndicate. Seeing that already much money had been spent in a vain pursuit of Conte, Wilde's superior tries to dissuade him from further operations against Conte. But Wilde remains determined in his decision and soon learns that Conte's girl-friend, Jean Wallace, was trying to part company from the gangster. Conte also gets the scent of Jean's desire and deposes two of his gunmen, Lee Van Cleef and Earl Holliman, to keep a watch on her. Pursuing the investigation Wilde comes up with the information that Conte had become the crime syndicate chief after murdering the former boss and that he had also managed to send his wife, Helen Walker, to an insane asylum in order to keep her from opening her mouth about the murder. After persistent efforts Wilde succeeds in locating Helen and preparing a final case against Conte. By now Conte becomes frantic to keep himself safe and realizing that Brian Donlevy, his henchman, knew more about Conte's past than was desirable, Conte orders Van Cleef and Holliman to murder Donlevy. After Donlevy is murdered, Conte tries to kill the two gangsters also who had murdered Donlevy. In the end Conte makes a last attempt to escape and kidnaps Jean, but Wilde and the police finally capture the gangster and land Jean to safety.

Final Verdict: Filled with murders and gangsters, crime and violence, sex and sadism, this is an utterly ugly and distasteful picture and deserves to be banned.

* NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL (Warner Bros.)

CAST: Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte, Marilyn Maxwell, Anne Bancroft

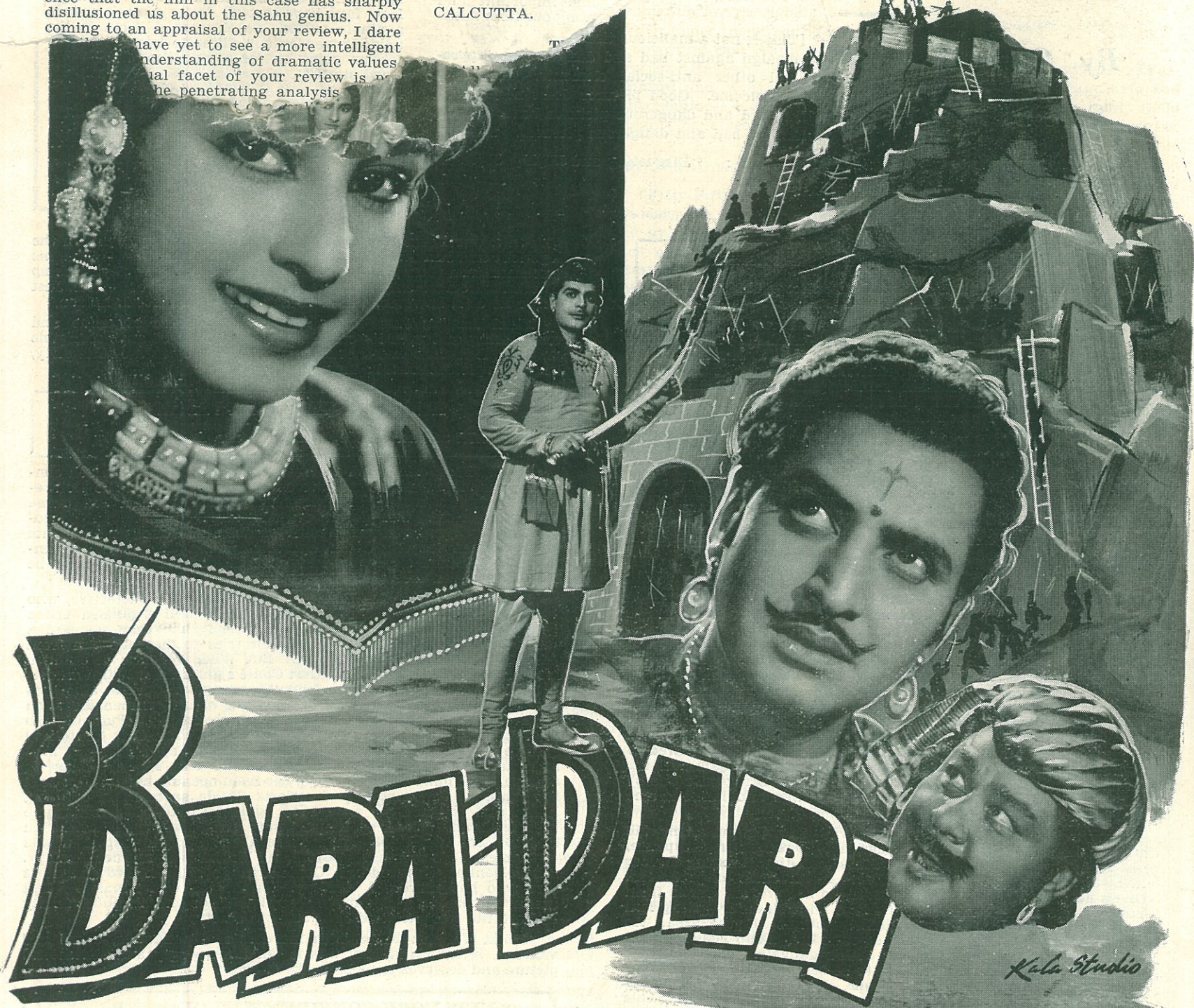
"New York Confidential" is another blood-washed, corpse-strewn and crime-ridden picture which makes us wonder where the American nation is finally going to land if Hollywood continues to produce such anti-social pictures. Producing pictures which contain sordid themes and framing the ugly careers of criminals is one of the worst anti-social acts that can be done in the name of art and entertainment. And yet Hollywood, without being bothered by any social or patriotic sentiments, is constantly turning out one stinking crime picture after another while the American people, like a mass of dumb ignoramuses, passively watch their nation gradually being turned into a criminal colony by Hollywood's criminal and immoral pictures. But we must see to it that Indians do not behave like the dumb Americans in the matter of protecting their society from entertainment that is dirty, dangerous and obnoxious.

filmindia

Presents

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criticism he refuses to be a day than he was forty years
CALCUTTA.



BARA DARI

बारा-दुरी

Starring

JABEEN • AJIT • PRAN • CHANDRA SHEKHAR • ACHLA
MURAD • RAMESH THAKUR • KESARI • MANGLA • B. GOPE

MUSIC: **NASHAD.**

PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY: **K. AMARNATH**

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Women always get shocked when men misbehave over women. These poor innocent souls just cannot understand why men should quarrel over them. Lalita Pawar and Vanaja share an intriguing situation in "Do Dulhe", a social entertainer.

"New York Confidential" is such a kind of entertainment dealing with gangsters, racketeers, murderers and organized crime. It is difficult to count the number of murders that are committed in this picture and of the criminals who crowd this picture and who seem to turn up in any and every place from lavish suites in New York skyscrapers to Washington lobbies. This picture constitutes a positive menace to society and must be banned entirely without the slightest hesitation.

The story has Broderick Crawford, a crime lord, who runs a powerful crime syndicate from a luxurious suite in a New York skyscraper. For a show he has also some legitimate business to operate, apart from his numerous rackets. Crawford reveals his ruthlessness when Ted Hecht, a small cog in his huge crime wheel, proves guilty of indiscipline and Crawford summons Richard Conte from Chicago ordering him to murder Hecht. As per orders Conte murders Hecht and does it so well that Crawford promotes him to be stationed in New York for bigger jobs. Meanwhile an anti-crime committee headed by Charles Evans moves the immigration authorities to force J. Carrol Naish, Crawford's faithful henchman, to leave the country. The committee, however, still lacks some reliable evidence against Crawford. Disgusted with Crawford's shady activities his daughter, Anne Bancroft, leaves the home while Crawford rushes Conte to trace her. Conte succeeds in tracing her but decides not to inform Crawford. When Crawford's girl-friend Marilyn Maxwell makes advances to Conte, he is clever enough to ignore her and prove his loyalty to Crawford. Later, the crime syndicate's lobbyist in Washington doublecrosses the organization in connection with an oil deal and the infuriated Crawford decides to punish him with murder. Crawford's three henchmen carry out his orders and murder the lobbyist but they complicate matters by killing a policeman also. The fear that the three gunmen may prove dangerous if arrested by the police, leads to Conte killing two of them but the third one manages to escape and surrendering himself to Evans expresses readiness to become a prosecution witness. At the turn of the events Crawford decides to talk himself before the authorities as a last resort to save himself. But the crime syndicate orders Conte to kill Crawford before he can take the dangerous step. In spite of all his relations with Crawford, Conte murders him in cold blood. In the end Conte is himself murdered when the new syndicate boss Onslow Stevens reaches the conclusion that Conte knows too many things about the syndicate good for the health of a living man.

Final Verdict: Loaded with crime, racketeering and murders and sex and brutality, this is a dangerous, anti-social and highly objectionable picture and must be banned outright.

* NEW ORLEANS UNCENSORED (Columbia)

CAST : Arthur Franz, Beverly Garland, Michael Ansara

Whether this disgusting picture of dockside violence and racketeering uncensors New Orleans or not, our censors must ban it outright as a sordid, unpleasant show of crime, violence and brutality. Against the background of New Orleans waterfront, this

usual screen nearly one of those num add to the crime in our wor hesitatingly.

In order ruling business on the Mississippi R. only leaving the Navy, hunts for work on the he meets Bill Henry, the hiring boss, Franz learns that only those are hired who are prepared to give a part of their wages to Michael Ansara, an influential racketeer about the waterfront. Franz gets the job after accepting the condition and develops friendship with Henry, Henry's wife Beverly Garland and her brother Stacy Harris. Franz soon realizes that Henry is in league with Ansara as he finds Henry conniving at the pilfering of a valuable cargo. But when Henry decides to start his own stevedoring business and part company with Ansara, the racketeer disapproves his decision and fearing competition deposes one of his henchmen to kill Henry. Suspecting that Ansara was planning to murder Henry, Beverly pleads before Franz for help. Franz is convinced of the plot when an attempt is made to murder Harris in such a way as to involve Franz, and he immediately goes to the authorities to reveal all he knows about Ansara's racketeering. In order to detect the organised pilferers, the authorities plan to place a transmitter-oscillator in a load of cargo. Ansara manages to learn about this plan and steers clear of the trap but he gets Franz severely punished by being beaten to unconsciousness. Getting up from the beating Franz enters into a final battle with Ansara, whose henchmen were trying to intimidate some union picketers, and brings the picture to an end with Ansara falling from the pier to his death.

Final Verdict : This is an ugly, sordid picture loaded with crime, violence and racketeering. Its mild documentary flavour is a hoax and a mere cover for exploiting crime and violence. The picture must be banned as an unwholesome piece of entertainment.

* WYOMING RENEGADES (Columbia)

CAST : Phil Carey, Gene Evans, Martha Hyer

"Wyoming Renegades" is a bloody and brawling Western loaded with lawlessness, cold-blooded shootings, holdups, raids and robberies. Revolving round a gang of ruthless outlaws and set in the Wyoming of 1890's, the picture sketches a long unpleasant essay on violence and brutality. Since a picture packed with jail attacks, holdups, brutal fights, furious gun duels and other ugly and sordid actions and characters cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a wholesome piece of entertainment, "Wyoming Renegades" deserves to be banned if we wish to promote peace, virtue and non-violence in India.

The story has Phil Carey, an ex-outlaw, deciding to lead a straight and peaceful life after serving a term in prison. After his release Carey returns to Broken Bow and assures the sheriff, Roy Roberts, that he was going to be a law-abiding citizen and lead a peaceful life with Martha Hyer, the daughter of Don Beddoe, the local banker, whom he proposed to marry. Carey lets his decision to quit the life of outlawing be known also to Gene Evans, the head of the gang of outlaws whose member Carey formerly was and to William Bishop, Evans' chief henchman. At first the townspeople show no mood to accept Carey among them but Douglas Kennedy, an undercover Pinkerton agent, tries to convince the people that Carey deserved an opportunity to reform. Carey and Kennedy then become partners in a blacksmith shop. Once when Carey gets the scent of the outlaws' plan to holdup the local bank, he suggests to the sheriff that the bank's money may be transferred to the jail for safe deposit. But Bishop manages to learn about the transfer of money from the bank to the jail and soon the outlaws attack the jail and escape with the money. The incident leads to Carey becoming a suspect and so he escapes from the town along with Kennedy believing that Kennedy is also wanted by the law. With a view to helping the authorities to capture the outlaws, both Carey and Kennedy join Evans' gang. Learning that a big shipment of money was on its way out of the town, Evans prepares to holdup the train but Kennedy quietly rushes a warning to the authorities. Finding the train carrying no money after the hold-up, Evans and his henchmen give a merciless beating to Carey and Kennedy but a furious gun battle in the end results in the outlaws either being killed or captured. Having finally proved that he was on the side of the law, Carey looks forward to happy days with Martha.

Final Verdict: This is a disgusting picture of crime, violence, brutality and bloodshed and deserves to be banned straightaway.

indeed! I believe the same is true of your review of "Hamlet" also with the only difference that the film in this case has sharply disillusioned us about the Sahu genius. Now coming to an appraisal of your review, I dare say, have yet to see a more intelligent

Chanel, understanding of dramatic values these are names, a penetrating analysis out the fashion world at a loss. But flowers. fumes are heavenly, exotic, and turn themselves from head thralling, intoxicating. I still to foot with fragrant blossoms, prefer flowers. In a favoured and steal your heart away. Perland like ours nature provides haps they know the true wealth

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CALCUTTA.

NATURE'S

The traditional Indian way of wearing flowers in the chignon is charming enough, but if you want to vary, you can. Flowers can play a very varied role in your wardrobe. They can act as jewels, as posies, as hair-dressers, and even as embroidery. It is essential to remember that one must never overdo the effect, or one is apt to be mistaken for a walking advertisement for the Horticultural Society. When you wear flowers they should enhance your ensemble, not smother it.

Try wearing flowers as jewels.

Which would you desire, ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, rings or brooches? Take your pick. For all jewels choose a small hardy flower, like Jasmine, Corn-flower, Daisy, Cactus Flower, or Oleander. String them through some fine flexible wire and twist them round your rings, bracelets or some simple necklace.

Loop this flowered wire into a tight circle and pin it in the centre of your hairline like a 'Tikka'. Make a slightly larger loop and string the flowers only on one side. Slip this over the

ears showing the flowered portion like an ear-length ear-ring.

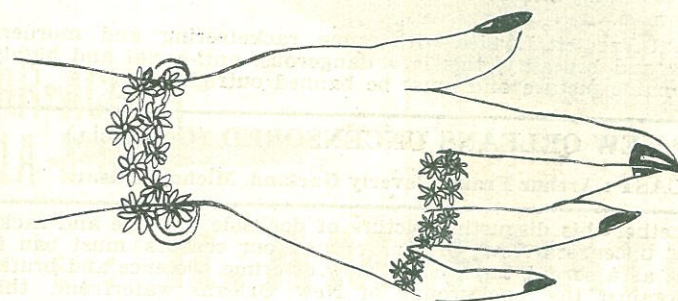
Pin an exotic brooch of roses, orchids, or lilies touched here and there by delicate ferns, on your left shoulder over the sari pallu, and you have a beautiful brooch. Repeat the little bunch of flowers on the chignon, just over the right ear, for extra effect, and subtle balance.

Flowers as hair-dresses! There is always the usual Veni or circlet of flowers round the chignon, but there is something else. If you have long hair, try rolling it into three horizontal rolls across the back of the head, stretching from



many a beautiful bloom throughout the varied seasons. Why not a dual purpose. Unlike perfumes avail of them? Where there's a which one can only smell, or will there are dozens of new and jewels one can only see, flowers exciting ways. One has only to lend fragrance to your presence look at our village brides. In and beauty to your appearance.

By UMA SONDHI



JEWEL

ear to ear. Use stiff electric wire. This will give the hair adequate support. The three rolls should be placed slightly apart from each other. Now take a thick garland of flowers and wind them round and between the rolls in a grace-



ful zig-zag. With a little practice you will find this rather an easy and becoming style.

For those with shorter hair,

this other style is just right. Comb it all on to the right side and gather it behind the ear casually with a comb, or black ribbon. Let the hair cascade in a mass of curls, over the right shoulder, and pin little white starry flowers all over the curls with grips or wire. The effect? Exotic!

There is nothing original about posies, but that depends on where you fasten them. Gather yourself a pretty bunch of roses, daisies, carnations, lilies, hibiscus, and a few delicate ferns. Tie the stems together and pin them on to a plain coloured bag. If you can lay hands on an old 'saridon' file, then fill it with water and dip the stems into it. Carefully fasten the file to the flowers with some wire. The posy should be arranged to cover the flowers and be careful not to jog your bag



too much, or the results may be disastrous.

And now for some embroidery! One is forever embroidering flowers onto one's saris, why not use the actual ones? This is no joke either! Here is how you can do it. Choose a very simple choli and sari, preferably self-shaded (pastel) and borderless. On the palloo, make about nine or ten thread 'eyes', the kind you make to fasten hooks with. Scatter these 'eyes' all over the palloo area. Now select durable hard-stemmed flowers and fix one in each eye, as you would in a man's buttonhole, on his lapel. Pink or blue corn-flowers on a lemon sari, or red, white, and pink carnations on a deep blue sari will look very effective. Tuck your palloo across the waist in front to display the unique 'embroidery' better. The flowers will last about 2½ to 3 hours, long enough for a cocktail party. But then even if they wilt you can always invade the garden or some handy vases!

There are very few things that flowers cannot replace, and yet they themselves are quite irreplaceable. Remember that always, and favour the flowers.



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criticism he refuses to be day than he was forty years ago.
CALCUTTA.

TWOSOMES

Lace and net are at the heart of this matching set of clothes. The sari-wearer at right displays an off-the-shoulder choli in bright green cotton. One of the latest khaddar materials in this colour would be ideal. One can, of course, use any other material. The neck, waist and sleeves are trimmed with lace. The sari is in pale green dotted net, likewise trimmed with lace. Rows of lace decorate the skirt area and the palloo.

The kamiz too has a low neckline and is edged with the same lace. This trimming runs down the entire length of the centre opening, accompanied by large buttons. A pale green dotted net dopatta and a pale green crepe shalwar complete the ensemble. The lace and buttons in both cases can either be white, or if you can manage it, the exact shade as the net.



BELOW LEFT : This almost looks attractive on the choli as well as the sari. The floral print, in chiffon. Sari and blouse of the same material. The colour of the choli matches the theme colour of the print.



By UMA SONDHI

ABOVE RIGHT : This Katori-cut choli is hardly a new fashion as India's village maidens have indulged in it for quite some time now. Here, however, is a striking way to wear it. Arrange the stripes of your material to dramatize the cut and insert the same material along the skirt area and palloo of the sari. The kamiz worn by the neighbouring lady is cut in the same fashion. This adds a striking new note to kamizes and is easily adaptable. Red material with white stripes, navy blue with white, or yellow with black stripes will look outstanding with plain saris and shalwars.

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ACCENT ON TAFFETA



At right is an ancient painting come to life. This gharara in mustard taffeta has plenty of lace applied all over it to give it the delicate look. Just to break the monotony in the lace effect, leave space of 6" all round after the first 6" of black lace at the bottom. The kamiz, also in the same coloured taffeta, has lace on the bodice and the edge of the sleeves. The dopatta has 4" of lace and black tassels.

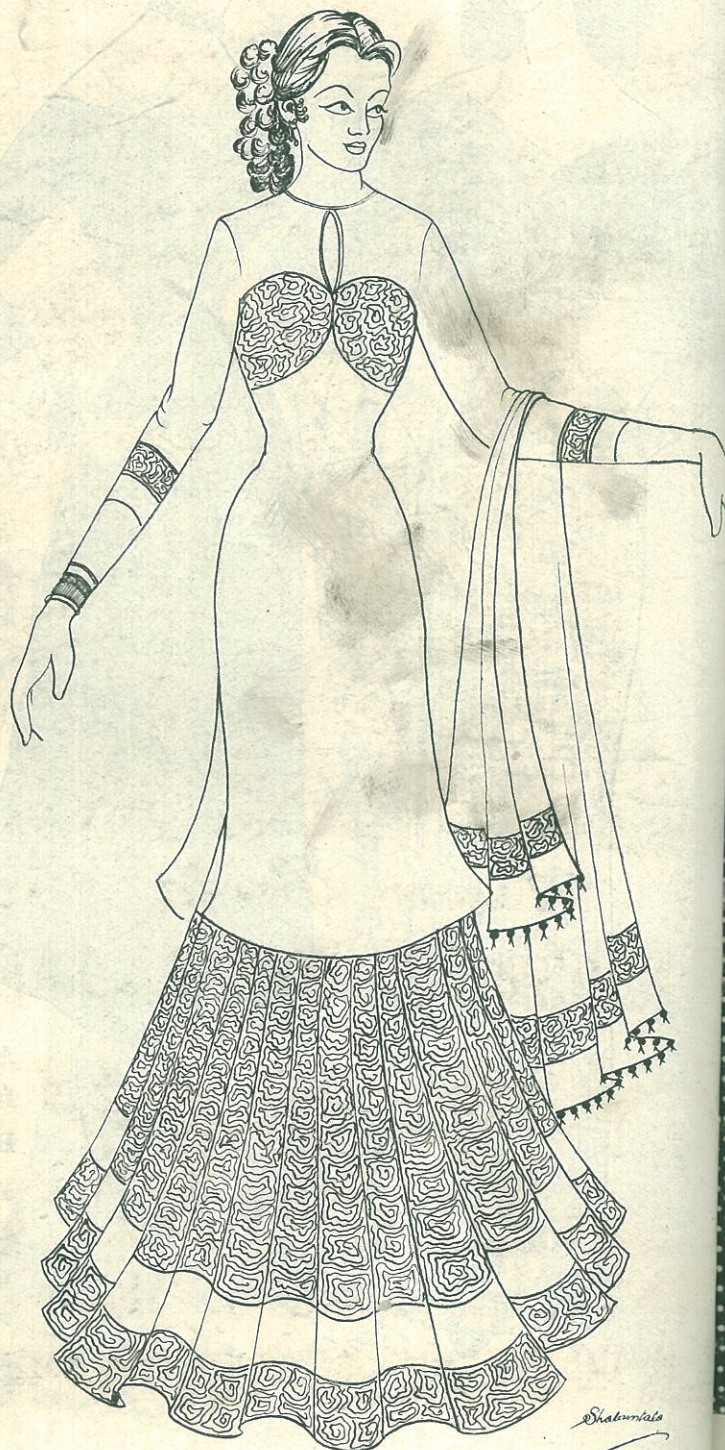
Note the hair style. When the woman's hair is short, she can dress it in the style shown with a lovely brooch to hold the curls at the back of the head.

By SHAKUNTALA

Women's fashions are as many and varied as their fleeting moods. There are a hundred different ways of making the gharara-kamiz combinations to add new beauty to the irresistible feminine curves.

At left is a gharara in silver-grey taffeta with black applied lace work. The kamiz is also in the same material with the exception of the sleeves, the neck and the yoke which are in black lace cuffed with taffeta bands at the elbow. The dopatta to match is in silver-grey edged with black lace.

Silver-grey-black combination looks most fetching at night. So wear it for a dinner party. To give the ensemble a completely oriental look, do the hair in Indian style and wear heavy ear-rings.



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and the "immortal singer" sang
his last song
the earth did not tremble, the
skies did not fall but **TIPOO SULTAN**,
the greatest soldier of the Indian History,
wept like a child -----

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